

# Dianthus Caryophyllus

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Character:	<a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream's Sister Drista (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Dream SMP Ensemble</a> , <a href="#">Grayson   Purpled (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Justin   TimeDeo</a> , <a href="#">Luke   LukeOrSomething</a> , <a href="#">Bitzel (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Kit   Wispexe</a> , <a href="#">Darryl Noveschosch</a> , <a href="#">Zak Ahmed</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Eret (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Niki   Nihachu</a> , <a href="#">Other(s)</a> , <a href="#">Cara   CaptainPuffy</a>
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# Dianthus Caryophyllus

by [Nachaan\\_kun](#)

## Summary

Dianthus Caryophyllus  
[ di•anthus ca•ryophyl•lus ]  
n.

Disdain, Disappointment, Rejection

OR

A Writer! Tommyinnit with a sprinkle of angst, jealousy, friendship and discovery

## Notes

This is originally posted in Wattpad! Link in end notes :>>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## **prelude**

If you're going to describe the Craft family, then you're definitely going to say the word "perfect"

But if you're going to ask the youngest, then he's going to say the word "dysfunctional"

Philza Watson Craft, a father of three is the chief executive officer of the Sleepy Boys Inc. and Co. who's managing information technology graduates and the role of designing and creating original game's hits such as Minecraft making him the richest person in L'manburg Avenue.

Wilbur Soot Craft, the leading singer of a well known band called "Lovejoy", is the oldest twin by only forty five minutes. Occasionally, a harem of unknown girls is swarming around him during each and every hour. Either asking for a photograph or wanting Wilbur's attention. The brunette's strength is Science and Mathematics and one of the top five students in Esempi High.

Technoblade Craft, the younger twin, is the very much opposite of his said twin. He's quiet, secretive, mature, and has such personalities that you can never find on the other. He dyed his hair pink, making the rest know exactly whose which. A reigning champion of the famous fencing club and part of the list of top five. Strength's are Literature, History and English with a side rivalry of the top one and in sparring, Dream WasTaken whose mother is the owner of the Esempi High.

Lastly and finally, Thomas Innit Craft. The rebel and the youngest of the family. If he considered the Craft family as his family, that is. He's unnecessarily brash and loud, making the others outside of the family take a dislike to him. Thomas or Tommy, as he identifies himself, even has the knowledge of his family hating him which he's surprisingly alright with seeing as the feeling is mutual. His grades are average but not able to satisfy his father. If his family never introduced him as the youngest son, then the individuals can't believe he's even part of the Craft family household.

Tommy has a best friend who's name is Tubbo Underscore with his father, Jschlatt Underscore, as a business partner of Tommy's own father making both as a close family and work friend. Tommy and Tubbo met when they were still in diapers leaving them as childhood close friends. The others can see them as brothers, in fact.

Aside from Tommy's family problems and never ending favoritisms, all was well. He was even sure no one or anything was getting in his way of having the unforgettable freshman year of his university life.

Key word : *was*

Enter : Ranboo Beloved

Tommy never regretted an act he did in all his life, deciding as "worth it" in the end. That is until he introduced Ranboo to both his best friend and family. The chance of having a great high school year is already ruined.

In cue, an anonymous group of individuals took a surprise, liking on him making Tommy friends with people he never knew possible to be friends with.

In cue, a secret profession the boy took a liking to, who never, in a thousand years, expected to even have the talent to begin with.

## alstroemaria , companionship

### Chapter Summary

One week, one day, seven hours, fourteen minutes and six seconds. It is one week, one day, seven hours, now fifteen minutes and ten seconds ever since Thomas Innit Craft introduced Ranboo Beloved to the Craft household. It has been two weeks, three days, seven hours, eleven minutes and seven seconds ever since Tubbo Underscore and Ranboo Beloved first met. Tommy hates every second of it.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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You can say that he's being selfish. In fact, he knows he's one. But you can't blame him for being internally hurt. If you're seeing his own perspective then you can see how every hour, no one gives a fuck about the youngest Craft, especially his own family. Ever since his mother died due to a sudden car accident, the only remaining light of the family turned shut and off, the household began to change. The once loving Wilbur Soot Craft who's usually singing his little and baby brother to sleep became distant and cold to Tommy. The once caring Technoblade Craft who's helping Tommy's homework and reading him different stories that even Tommy can't understand turned ignorant and not even sharing a single glance towards Tommy. The once laughing Philza Watson Craft, now buried himself in paperwork and only focused on his favorite twins. Tommy can't blame his father though, his older brothers were more successful than him, even in their first freshman year in high school. Good grades, handsome faces, popular, respectful, obedient. Whereas Tommy?

Although, Tommy tried his best. When Tommy was still in his early elementary, he had straight A's. Joining academic clubs that can help his academic reputation. Pay attention to class. He did it all just to make Phil proud of him. Was it worth it? A bit seeing as he learned different things such as being independent and practiced himself to study alone without any help. He even learned how to cook when he was eight when his family 'accidentally' left him to go to a museum the twin always wanted to go with no food to eat and money to use on. He learned how to wash his clothes when he was nine. Such things, he learned at such a young age.

No one knows about this. Neither does his best friend, Tubbo Underscore. He wants to keep it that way. He doesn't want to be receiving unwanted help and pitiful looks that will throw right on his face.

Speaking of Tubbo Underscore, both went on different challenges and passed victorious together. When Tommy was called to the guidance office when he misbehaved in class several times the first time, Tubbo didn't tell his father nor his brothers. When Tubbo failed his math test that he worked hard on, Tommy lied to his father that he got a high and a passing grade.

But when Ranboo Beloved, a new first year student in Esempi High, entered Tommy's life. All happy things changed and the worse one became much worse.

Techno ruffles his brown, fluffy hair. A simple act Tommy remembers when Techno used to do that when they were younger. Phil laughed at Ranboo's rather bad jokes. Wilbur let him listen to his band's songs that weren't even yet released. Tubbo hangs out with him a lot, declining Tommy's own offers to hang out.

Tommy did not say a word about it, though. Not wanting to cause any more problems, leaving it as it is. Tommy was baffled. Why did Ranboo also become distant when Tommy was his first friend in Esempi High, once he introduced him to Tubbo then hesitantly to his own family?

He's not going to be surprised when Phil will adopt Ranboo at this point.

Lying on his bed at eight in the evening, with a distant laughter heard probably from downstairs of the Craft manor, Tommy has a lot of things to do. Homework, cleaning, studying, all kinds of productive things that his father expected him to follow or to make it a routine. Instead, the youngest just stared at the room's ceiling. His huge room was filled with clothes on each corner of his black, marbled, floor. His study table and corner is filled with scattered school materials. Random papers, whether clean or not, pencils, crayons, pens, clips, fasteners, folders are laying on the circular small table with its drawers not closed. His second desk, where his PC, laptops, mouse, keyboard, were in are not even better. Small bits and pieces of crumbs were in between different keys in the keyboard as well as on the far left corner of the tall, wooden desk. He had been playing Minecraft, a game his father had invented with the help of his employees, while eating junk foods by himself considering the decline response from his best friend, earlier at noon till six since it is Sunday, last day of the weekend.

He has been unmotivated recently. Starting with the third day of school. He doesn't care if either his brothers or his father will walk in, while forgetting how many years have passed since they have walked inside Tommy's room.

His stomach grumbles. He groaned

He refused to eat dinner with his family who's surprisingly complete today. You see, Wilbur normally spends the day with his group of friends. Niki, Eret, Fundy and a few others Tommy is not familiar with. Or Wilbur is with the members of his own band. Techno is usually in his room on weekends, locking himself up to study, read or find new fencing techniques to win, or just straight out practicing at the backyard. While Phil is at work or office, signing documents or preparing a presentation of a new game, he needs to present it to the boards even though it's Sunday, a day where all families and friends are supposed to bond or spend quality time together. But today is different. Schlatt, Tubbo and Ranboo were invited to the dinner. Yes, Phil did invite Tommy to join which obviously, he denied saying he has some stuff to do. It's partially a lie since he literally has lots to do.

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However, from the endless staring at the ceiling, Tommy fell fast asleep with both his feet on the pillows and his head on the far end of the bed, making it an opposite position to sleep.

Tommy groaned. His back aching from the way he slept in this uncomfortable position all night with no pillows nor blanket. It's three thirty in the morning. Normally, his alarm woke him up at exactly five thirty to get dressed and cook himself a breakfast to avoid his family. But it's one of those days where he randomly wakes up in the middle of the night, or in the early morning, and is unable to go back to sleep. Walking groggily towards his bathroom door, he took a glance at his glass window and noticed it was still dark outside. He shrugged and continued his way to wash his face and brush his teeth.

Among all members of the Craft Family, Thomas usually wakes up the first. Going unnoticed by his own family about this fact, he used this advantage to do whatever he wanted without any interruption. Another unknown fact was that he loves to answer his homeworks and do his room chores early in the morning with his family still sleeping. It may be weird but he somehow receives motivation when the sun is about to rise up, the birds chirping, no noises outside the youngest bedroom's door. However, he won't deny the fact that sometimes, he won't bother to wake up early just to get motivation. Especially when he stays up all night doing absolutely nothing.

Closing the bathroom door, Tommy started to pick up the trash around his room, sweeping the floor, making his bed, brushing off the crumbs in his keyboard, folding his clothes while sorting which one is to wash and the other to keep in his closet on the process, keeping the materials in their rightful places and stacking the papers. He then sat on his gaming chair, turning on his PC and rummaging his unfinished essay and started working.

An hour later and he is finally done. He stacks his science, english and mathematics worksheets inside his red and white backpack while putting his fully charged phone, laptop that surprisingly fit inside his medium size backpack, spare money, and pens and pencils that he didn't manage to bring in with him last time. The rest of his necessary school things are in his locker anyways, so he didn't need to worry about that.

He already changed into his iconic red and white short sleeve shirt, a pair of navy blue pants and black shoes with his school ID around his neck and his white coloured watch that reads; 5:02 am. Grabbing his backpack, walking towards the door, he also decided to grab his indigo bulky jacket since he doesn't want to walk outside, freezing. Finally, he's good to go.

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His school is a good ten minute walk. So he's hundred percent sure, the school bell will ring an hour later the minute he'll arrive. An hour to explore the whole school or neighborhood if you're bored from the university he guesses. This is the main perks of being early which is Tommy's main favorite in going and walking to school.

Munching his protein bar as his breakfast, he stood in front of the famous Esempi High, a top tier university with advanced learning and teaching, sighing. Tommy's mood began to shift negatively, knowing this isn't going to be good similar to his past two weeks. He just wished something that could be considered as good news would come to him. He once again sighed, breathing heavily. A new day in hell.

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Arriving in his classroom, he steps inside with his face looking down at his watch. 5:30 am. Still early so the classroom is probably empty. His English teacher, the first subject on a Monday morning, will arrive at 7:40 through 8 while the rest of his classmates will arrive at 6 through 8:40 or even 9, especially the late ones, estimate. He didn't really expect a student, cross that out, four students in fact who are talking to each other that he's not familiar with, at this time of day. Instead of going to his usual seat which is at the back and coincidentally where the blonde girl whose hair has been lifted up into a ponytail, is seated with her seatmate who is also the same color. He picked a seat with three chairs in front of them. And two after a brunette and dirty blonde teen is seated this early. This seat where Tommy Innit is currently sitting rather comfortably but awkwardly is the seat where he sat with Tubbo on the first day of freshman year.

Hanging his school bag at his side around the handle of the metal and wooden desk chair, he pulled up his earbuds and plucked them in his phone to play his favorite tunes. Specifically, "Perfume", his brother's own song in his new EP. It's his favorite among all and he hates the fact that Ranboo was able to force Tommy's own brother to add it in the album. He despises Ranboo Beloved. But hey, the song is a bop and even if his brother doesn't care about him, Tommy Innit will always be with open arms.

Lost in his own thoughts, he didn't hear his name being called by one of the students at the back. He winced at the loud shout to get his attention. Tommy paused the song, taking off his left earbud while the right stayed on and turned around with a confused face. " Uh— did you call me?"

"Yes, actually" The petite dirty blonde boy answered, the shortest among the four inside the room they were in. Yes, that counts the girl to be taller than him just an inch. "Hi! Just a query, do you know where the principal's office is?"

"Yes?" Tommy hesitantly replied

"Great! Can you tell us where it is? We're new students you see and we're not even sure if this is the right class" The brunette's turned to reply

"New students? Well uhm— this is English class if your first subject's English. While the principal's office is located at the very upper floor, near the seniors bathroom across the grounds" Tommy said, his upper body now turning in front of them

"Thanks! Our brothers are being bitches and won't even guide us which is which just because we lost a bet" The girl huffed for a second then quickly changed her mood. "I'm Drista by the way! Drista WasTaken!"

"I'm Luke OrSomething! Thank you so much! Don't mind my last name. My own father doesn't even know that last name existed"

"I'm Bitzel Bay. Nice to meet you"

"Really Luke? I'm Purpled Bedwars uh— by the way"

"What the fuck"

Chapter End Notes

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## **pink carnation , I'll never forget you**

### Chapter Summary

Not in a million years did Tommy expect to be talking, even if it's rather short and just them asking a question, the famous four. It was supposed to be six although he thinks the other two are just running late. On his first day of his freshman year, there was a rumor going around that the youngest WasTaken, as well as her best friends, will be attending classes in Esempi High. Tommy didn't believe those rumors though, never did. He believed once back then and the outcome was a disappointment.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Not in a million years did Tommy expect to be talking, even if it's rather short and just them asking a question, the famous four. It was supposed to be six although he thinks the other two are just running late. On his first day of his freshman year, there was a rumor going around that the youngest WasTaken, as well as her best friends, will be attending classes in Esempi High. Tommy didn't believe those rumors though, never did. He believed once back then and the outcome was a disappointment.

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*Drista WasTaken*, the youngest daughter of Puffy WasTaken or the Captain of the university. A troublemaker after his older brother, Dream WasTaken. Unlike him, she can easily get away with it. All the time.

*Luke OrSomething*, an only son of the most well known artist in the industry. His real last name is actually unknown and still yet to be discovered but he's keeping that secret up to his own grave. No one knows why or what it is except for his close and trusted friends as well as his parents.

*Bitzel Bay*, an only son of a respected politician. He dislikes the job though. He's great at chemistry and physics, at least that's what the town says. Don't make him mad or else you'll regret being born. Oh, he's a theater kid, and has won hundreds of awards from all different districts and countries whenever he comes along with his father.

*Purpled Bedwars*, Drista and Dream WasTaken's close cousin and Punz Bedwars' younger brother.

Both his and his brother's parents are usually in their very own casino, visiting friends or in their lighthouse. No, they're not neglectful considering the fact they always spend their weekend or even an entire month with their children regularly to catch up. Just watch your tongue, Purpled knows everything and won't be afraid to use it for his own advantage.

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Tommyinnit, as he calls himself nowadays, combining his preferred nickname and middle name, does not believe those said rumors or even try to acknowledge it since he has bigger things to look after in his life. He can't help but wonder, why wait for two weeks to start classes? Rich kids, he supposed.

"Hello?" Drista waves her hand frantically, trying her best to catch the other's attention, "Are you in there?"

Tommy snaps at his thinking, getting back his attention in the present. "Yeah?"

"We're asking what's your name" Drista deadpanned

"Huh?" Tommy tilts his head, "My name is uhm— Thomas Innit Craft? Tommy is just good, though"

"You're a Craft?" Purpled jumps in the conversation, "Dude, your siblings—"

Here we go again, Tommy thought. Talking to him to compliment either of his brothers. He gave up to be better or to appease his family but it hurts talking trash about him all the damn time.

"— fucking sucks" Purpled continued. Luke turned around from his seat to smack Purpled for a sensitive comment. "Ouch"

"Don't worry big man, it's true" Tommy dismissively said, "You can talk shit about them, I don't really care. The feeling is mutual anyways"

Bitzel gasped dramatically, the theater kid he is. However, the reaction is to be expected. It's not everyday your sibling hates you seriously and not just a simple sibling rivalry. "The fuck? Really?"

"Yeah" A simple reply came from Tommy's mouth

"Aren't you— you know? Their brother?" Luke slowly said, watching his own tongue

"So what? They don't treat me as one and vice versa so— what's the matter with talking shit to them?" Tommy scoffed and stayed silent. Already saying too much. When you say too many things, the more questions will come back right at you and that's not what Tommy would want. Worse, this is four out of the famous six he's talking to and if the rumor about Purpled is true, it'll be his worst nightmare. He hates attention as much as he hates his brothers.

"Oh" Purpled and Luke chorused. The others did not expect that answer as well as the two who just spoke. An awkward tension loomed inside the classroom walls that lasted about a minute. Bitzel scratching his head, Purpled stared at Tommy's soul that seems like forever, Tommy sulking at the said stare and turned his head in front of the chalkboard, Luke fidgeting, his gaze was focused on the window, watching small drops of water from the drizzle that's forming into a rain sooner or later, slid down the glass windows. Drista? Drista is smiling through it all.

"You're pretty cool, want to eat lunch with us later?" Drista invited the third blonde from the far front, easily. Heads turned to face her with mixed emotions.

"What?!" Purpled yelled in disbelief, "We don't even know this kid!"

**"I'M NOT A FUCKING KID YOU'RE BITCH ASS FACE FUCK"**

"That's new. Can I use it for future reference? All credits are yours of course" Bitzel pushed back his pair of glasses, not facing Drista but facing Tommy. The other nodded, befuddled by his statement. What?

Ignoring the other two, Luke faced the only girl. "Dris, look. I also want to invite him but you know about Time. He has a critical eye and is too stern for his own sake. He has anger issues that cannot be controlled unlike Bitz. If we're going to invite Tommy, we're not sure if he's going to make it. You do remember our fifth grade right?"

Drusta shuddered. Yeah, she does remember their fifth grade where someone bugged Time about joining their little "squad" and ends up crying at the end of class. Why does Time have to be so strict?

"I'M RIGHT HERE?!?"

"Not only Time, but *him* too" Purpled cut in once again, "He's the oldest and will snitch at anyone if we do something reckless. Except for Time that is. He's overprotective when it comes to us. We don't even know about Tommy that much except he's brothers with the Technoblade and the Wilbur Soot who's, by the way, rivals with our own friends. They hate them and vice versa"

"For fuck sake, I'm right here!"

"I know Tommy. Not sure about these three"

"Thank you Bitzel"

"No problem, mate"

"Look Purp, Lu. It won't hurt if we try? Besides, the others had it coming whenever we invited them anyways. They're always annoying Time and him. Or, just there for gossip. I'm sure Tommy is different!" Drusta protested

"What are they even talking about?"

"Our boss and his pretend *twin*. Also, prepare for them since Drusta will do anything to get what she wants"

"I did not sign up for this"

"I'll back you up, don't you ever worry"

"This is where I'm going to die isn't it?"

The classroom doors opened with loud noises accompanied making the rest jump with surprise. The sudden interruptions were cut off by two brunettes. Tommy sighed in relief, at least it's not a professor that will scold them for being too loud nor students that will ruin his own entertainment with a sprinkle of his suffering by letting out loud squeals and annoying talks that will surely be again directed towards the famous four at the back of him. Instead, it was them. The other famous two who's now joining the other four by sitting in front of Luke and Bitzel. The black sunglasses one remained standing, watching the four intensely then switch at Tommy. The other gulped.

"Hey boss! Fancy seeing you here" Bitzel grinned. Sweat dripping. When did it become so hot when it's literally starting to rain outside?

"What's the matter here?" The one who's standing up said, voice serious. The one who's sat nodded in agreement, eyes finding it amusing about the whole scene

"Nothing!" Luke laughed nervously. Face dreading seeing as Time is not in a good mood. Probably because his alarm didn't wake him up at four or something he usually does that failed. "We're just uh— fighting?" Purpled facepalmed

"Can we please eat with Tommy? He's lonely" Drista pouted, eyes wide. Her puppy face is not going to work

"Excuse me but I'm not fucking lonely" Eyes drifted towards Tommy who's huffing. Why is he even in this mess anyway? He just answered Drista's question and the last thing he expects is to end up here.

"Who are you?" The one who sit down, asked the blonde who's one chair down in front

"Me? I'm Tommyinnit of course!" Tommy rolled his eyes with playful smile, "The biggest man in this university! Scratch that, this whole world!" Purpled closed his eyes and buried his face in his pair of hands, leaning in. He does not want to see the aftermath of this chaotic mess.

"Theseus?" The one who's standing up muttered. Eyes began to widen behind his glasses. The rest

who's watching the duo tenses. Including the anonymous one who's sitting down. They heard the name once during a huge nervous breakdown and when one particular student that they didn't know mocked the name, things went ugly real fast. They didn't try to mention the name ever again.

Tommy on the other hand perked up. Where did this idiot know the name? No one called him that except—"Achilles?"

"We're calling each other Greek gods now? Cool! I'll be Iphiclus" It was Purpled's turn to smack Bitzel. But this time, it wasn't gentle like Luke's.

For the first time in a while, Tommy cried out of happiness.

He left his phone on the chair's desk and ran towards Justin Deo Time. Thomas Innit Craft cried and stayed in Justin Deo Time's embrace for two minutes without being aware of the looks they received from the others. Nobody could blame him though. Seeing his close childhood best friend that could rival Tubbo's place for such a long time after the brunette moved to Earth Esempi District in high school is a dream come true. It feels just like yesterday where Deo said his last goodbye to Tommy and swore in their "claimed land" which is a playground, by the way, to never forget him.

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*"Do you real'y have t' leave De'?" A five year old Tommy said, his bottom lips quivering and stopping himself to cry which failed miserably in Deo's arms*

*"I have too Toms" Deo held his best friend tightly, not wanting to let go. "My father lost his job and my mother found a cheap place there. I'm sorry"*

*"S' alri'ght" Tommy sniffed yet still didn't let go, "I'll miss you"*

*"I'll miss you too bubba" Deo looked at Tommy straight in the face, "I swear to this ground. Our ground. That I won't ever forget you nor our friendship. You're my first friend and I thank you for all the good times we had. I'll miss you and I love you Theseus"*

*"I swear to this ground. Our ground. That I won't forget you nor our friendship. You've always been there for me all the time and I thank you for supporting and understanding me. I know it wasn't easy and I thank you for trying your very best. I'll miss you and I love you, Achilles"*

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"How are you? It's been a long time. How's aunty and uncle? Are you staying here? Please say yes. How did you become so tall anyway? You we're shorter than me back then you know! And, not to mention, you were a messy kid back then you know? What the fuck happened?"

TimeDeo, as he preferred, chuckled lightheartedly. Still not aware of the gaping expressions that were expressed by the others. Chuckling? TimeDeo? Something doesn't add up. As much as they want to speak up, they are terrified of their boss at the moment so they did the most logical thing, shutting up. "God, Toms. I'm glad you haven't changed at all. You're still the sunshine I knew"

Tommy felt his cheeks heating up, clearly embarrassed and not used by the nickname. He's not used to someone calling him sunshine. As much as the nickname filled his heart with fondness coming from Deo, the other half of him loathes that nickname. It reminds him of those times where Wilbur usually calls him that when he was younger. He's not sure if his own brother called Beloved that nickname too. It isn't really surprising.

"I'm alright amor, mom and dad missed you and I'm sure they'll be happy to see you again. Speaking of, are you free later when classes are done? I'm planning to take you to the mansion to meet mom and dad. Yes, I'll be staying here permanently. I'll be going out of town or could try during school breaks though and I'm pretty sure you'll be invited all the time. My parents don't take no as an answer and I'm sure you know that — If you'd like of course! Have you heard about puberty Toms? It hits me pretty hard, you know? Same as you but you're still the adorable kitten I know"

A couple of heads went back and forth at the duo who's talking excitedly in front of them. Looking confused, amused and amazed about how their boss is acting. They never saw Time or, Deo so— soft. As a child nonetheless. So this is the Theseus their boss was talking about. Whom their boss was looking for him basically everywhere the famous six went for either vacation or business trips. This is surely not what they expect.

But before they could say anything to lessen their confusion, they quickly zipped their mouth when a flock of fellow classmates came rushing in.

Before they could notice the famous six, Tommy changed his seats, grabbing his things unorganized like he is, and went one row back making him in front of Wisp and Deo to be close to

his childhood friend. Achilles. Justin Deo Time, the second rightful heir of his family's business. A son to a well respected family. A well respected family that not even the Craft's can compete with.

## Chapter End Notes

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## coriander , hidden worth

### Chapter Summary

The whole class was annoyingly amusing. When Thomas was six, he believed there's no such things that can prove that the mentioned word actually doesn't exist. The words; annoying and amusing can't be combined. It won't make sense, end of discussion.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The whole class was annoyingly amusing. When Thomas was six, he believed there's no such things that can prove that the mentioned word actually doesn't exist. The words; annoying and amusing can't be combined. It won't make sense, end of discussion.

Back to the present, he can't help but admit that his six year old self was wrong. Absolutely wrong.

Whispers, talking, chattering, laughter, filled the space of the room. *Click. Clack.* Students walking or intentionally ran on the hallway where the classroom was located that weren't part of the class came looking and staring at them. Instantly locking eyes to the new students that were internally suffering secretly. Professors alike came inside the classroom for the opposite reason which Tommy was gratefully thankful for, shutting his fellow classmates up and controlling their volume at best. It was clearly annoying, all the screams and yelling and Tommy just wanted to skip class and his reason was this. Surely the teacher can excuse him? At the same time, he found it amusing to watch the six suffer for his odd reasons. Noticing Drista's irritating eye roll, Time's deadly glare whenever someone is approaching, Luke who's trying his best to not pay attention at his surroundings which Tommy salutes for, Bitzel's cracking patience, Purpled burying himself into his own arms which is on the chair's desk and Wisp, Tommy's assuming that's indeed his name, strained smile. That was until their English and Literature professor, Awe-Sam Nook walked straight right inside his classroom, not bothered to greet his first class of the week. Tommy gulped nervously.

Awe-Sam Nook is known to be the strictest yet an amazing intellectual in the university. His eyes moving to watch your every move, his stance proving to be guarding a necessary treasure with his head up high and confidently walking with his right hand holding his suitcase for work. The Warden of the school as the students may say. Thomas Craft Innit thought wrong. Actually the opposite of those descriptions. Although the student may agree he is strict but an experienced teacher, there's so much more than that. Professor Nook is observant, knowing what's wrong and can easily solve problems in the university. A right hand to the Esempi Captain, even! He teaches college students, seniors, sophomores and freshmen, who's taking the robotic elective and usually has free time for consultation. In other words, Professor Nook is much more different than any

other teachers Tommy may have. Literature and English as his favorite subject is a one point bonus as to why he is his favorite professor.

"What's all this nonsense? Your professors have been mentioning to me about this class being noisy without me around, first thing in the morning. You're freshmen for Prime's sake, you should be setting a good example"

Sitting back and watching free entertainment in front of him is also an amusing part. The English teacher scolded the class for what seems like forever. Several students winced at the loud and deep voice the Warden used to yell at, half of them ducked their heads low in shame and regret. Tommy's lips quirked. Too bad Ranboo and Tubbo missed out on this. Wonder where they are? The professor then introduced the new students, curled a brow up to his students, giving away a warning look to not do anything again similar to the first time. The whole class' attention was directed to the famous six the entire time, Tommy himself, curious as to what they're going to say.

"Good morning, I am Wisp Exe from the Antarctic Empire States. I like learning robotics and maybe build one in the future? Thank you" What left unsaid was that he is basically a royalty in the empire he lives in.

It took ten to fifteen minutes to move on to the actual lessons, considering the professor needs to discuss the school dynamics, instructions, rules and past lesson titles for them to read, study and catch up on after school which Purpled needs to hold back a groan. Not from a couple things they have to do in the start of the class that's assigned only for them but for that exact reminder the six memorized before they came in. Drista WasTaken, daughter of Puffy WasTaken has the privilege to know things beforehand due to the reason her mother is the owner and principal of her own university. The six even studied the past lessons of their subject the past month! They don't need to be reminded ten times for that matter.

When the class finally started their new lesson, Tommy sighed in relief. His eyes will certainly drop any second by now if they're going to continue the welcome ceremonies. Professor Nook began scribbling on the board using chalk. Different variations of lines turning into letters and words then a phrase. "Greek Mythologies: The Origins of Theseus"

In an instant, Tommy's blue oceanic eyes began to widen. Memories flooding back and flashing into his mind.

---

*"Techie?" A toddle reached out for his older brother*

*"Yes Toms?" A taller figure stopped his tracks, about to reach the handle of the bedroom's door. The figure turned his head to reach his little baby brother.*

*"Can you read me a story?" Tommy pleaded, pouting and clear blue eyes displaying. "Plea'? Can't sleep"*

*Technoblade's eyes soften, walking back to the bedside table. "Sure love, what book do you want me to read?"*

*"Anythin' please" Tommy bit back a yawn, "Your fav'rite?"*

*"My favorite?" Techno repeated, a smile plastered across his face. Tommy nodded, watching his older brother's every move. He began walking to the bookshelves that were placed on the bottom left corner from to where the bed was at, to where Tommy was at. He then grabbed a book, without looking through the other books seemingly memorized as to where his favorite book was at. He went back, now sitting right beside a sleepy Tommy. "Fine, Tommy?"*

*"Hm?"*

*"This, is the Origins of Theseus. The fallen hero"*

---

*"Thomas Innit Craft?" He shot up, his attention shifted back to the current reality. He noticed his classmates began to leave. Some are still inside but packing their textbooks that were recently out back to their school bags. The six waiting for him at the back. "Yes— sir?"*

*"Your essay please? The essay I assigned to all of you with the exception of the new students, last Friday?" Nook recalled. Tommy quickly stood up and opened his school bag to look for the said essay. Once he found it, he quickly walked to the professor's table to hand it in. His head lowered slightly as a formal thank you and a small sorry escaped from his tongue for being distracted. Tommy swore to himself he was just spacing out a second ago. He didn't know he spaced out for an hour and a half. He went back to his desk, stuffing everything in his bag, then went to leave together with some other students who's up to go to the next class.*

"Oh, Mr. Craft? Kindly stay for a moment or two"

Tommy stopped. The six who's about to walk a step closer towards the hallway also stopped. Dread slowly consuming Tommy's now nervous and frightened mind.

*Did I do something wrong? Am I about to get expelled? What did I do though? Was it because I got distracted earlier? Is it my essay?*

Subconsciously licking his upper lip then biting his lower lip, he shakes his head at Deo who's about to step in any moment by now. Giving the nonverbal signal to go ahead which Deo hastily complied, bringing the squad with him. Professor Nook stood up once both were alone inside the room after checking his record book which most teachers usually have. Tommy gulped, seemingly uncountable as of now. He gripped the shoulder straps of his backpack. Tick. Tock. The clock and rain doesn't help at all.

"Mister Craft, I've been observing this past two weeks, as I usually do" Professor Nook let out a small chuckle. That's probably the last sound he'll ever hear in his university life or worse, his own life. But if you think about it, it's actually fortunate— "Your works, specifically essays and writing outputs such as short stories I assigned all of you to write have been phenomenally splendid. It's well written and you have great potential to be a succeeding writer"

Tommy cannot believe what he's hearing. A small chuckle then now? This may be the best day in his life. Tommy smiled and can't help himself to preen from the compliment his favorite professor gave to him directly. "Thank you sir"

"This is the reason why I'm inviting you to the Literary Circle. A community full of students who have the potential to be a successful writer in the near future. Even if you don't want to be a writer for a career choice, perhaps it may be sort of a hobby to you, you are still welcome to join" Professor Nook lowered the volume of his own voice. "Well, of course if you'd want. We don't want to force you to join"

"But sir, not mean to be rude or disrespectful but I haven't—" Tommy bit his cheeks, "—heard about this club of sorts? Usually there's robotics but it is also an elective, fencing club, soccer and such. But not a writing club? Well there's a book club I suppose"

Sam chuckled, fully audible this time. Tommy got taken back, his brows furrowed in bewilderment and shock. "That is because it is quite hidden from the school society. It's quite an elective

although participation is not graded. Only myself, two other professors and the selected students knew about this. I trust you with utmost confidentiality so kindly don't tell this to anyone"

The other slowly nodded, still processing about all this. Several questions that needed to be answered filled his state of mind. Surely his brother Technoblade is a better fit at this? Wilbur can be as well since he wrote songs, poetry alike most of the time. Or is it because he's a Craft. Son of a chief executive officer and the younger brother of the powerful twins? Tommy frowned. "A-are you sure? My brother um, Technoblade is also a good writer as well as Wilbur since he is a poet, you know? I don't— I just don't see myself in the picture"

The older in front of him sighed heavily, seemingly expected and predicted this already. He put a hand on Tommy's shoulder making the younger blink, "Tommy, you are a talented being. Don't let words inside your head depict what you are. Yes, I admit, your brothers are also talented. The Crafts are all talented beings. But they're not fit, as you may say, for the spot I'm inviting you in. They each have different hobbies and likes. Mr. Technoblade is into sports, particularly fencing. Mr. Soot is into music and your father is into technology. Why not try different things out? For the sake of yourself and to discover stuff that you didn't even know about. A lost and found, a search and rescue. Do you get what I mean, Mr. Innit?"

Quickly, Tommy nodded. A part of him doesn't understand what his professor has been babbling this past minute. Swallowing an invisible food, he clicked his tongue. "Can I— Can I think about it? Maybe?"

"Of course, Mr. Innit" Nook stepped backwards, towards his seat. "The decision is yours. Feel free to decide all you want"

"Thank you, Professor Nook" Sam smiled, Tommy gave back a crooked smile as well.

"No problem Tommy. Don't let those comments and voices get you alright? Now, I believe you must now go. Your second class will start a few seconds by now. I apologize for the sudden call of attention. If you're indeed late, just tell your teacher I called you after class for a question and clarification, alright?"

"Yes sir, thank you sir!" Tommy bowed profusely, leaving a final glance and smile to his professor.

Once Tommy was out of sight, Sam once again sighed heavily. Head buried in both his hands. Now sitting on a chair with visible wooden material, a matching wooden table in front of him, he fights his urge to scold Phil. "What the hell did you do now Phil?"

## Chapter End Notes

I was supposed to post a new chapter much earlier but, my word document is being an actual bitch and decided to disappear the last minute so I have to rewrite it. Although, I can't decide which versions are better. The first one is much more detailed but this one held a mysterious aura for some reason. Wait— I'm supposed to be the author  
sjeisisneiks

I will shut up now since I will most likely give a spoiler. Thank you.

This is originally posted in Wattpad btw to those who are confused :>>

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## rosemary , remembrance

### Chapter Summary

Tommyinnit Craft was stuck in a haze that doesn't seem to fade away. A scribbled messy line was intentionally drawn inside his own mind. Sitting here with the famous six doesn't help. Although, they were kind enough to eat in a quiet and deserted place in the university that the blonde himself doesn't even know of, thankfully. Not wanting unneeded attention from students alike. Especially when Tubbo is somewhere in the crowd. Tommy chuckled lightly at the irony. Never in a thousand years would he be distrustful to his own best friend where he used to trust for years. He sighed heavily, attention shifting to the food he bought at the cafeteria earlier. Fish and chips. A jug of water beside the dish. He began to eat slowly.

### Chapter Notes

This is the shortest chapter that I've ever written when I started to write this fic. I am disappointed on myself :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommyinnit Craft was stuck in a haze that doesn't seem to fade away. A scribbled messy line was intentionally drawn inside his own mind. Sitting here with the famous six doesn't help. Although, they were kind enough to eat in a quiet and deserted place in the university that the blonde himself doesn't even know of, thankfully. Not wanting unneeded attention from students alike. Especially when Tubbo is somewhere in the crowd. Tommy chuckled lightly at the irony. Never in a thousand years would he be distrustful to his own best friend where he used to trust for years. He sighed heavily, attention shifting to the food he bought at the cafeteria earlier. Fish and chips. A jug of water beside the dish. He began to eat slowly.

"Are you good Toms?" Deo spoke softly, "Do you need more food? I can buy you more at the cafeteria"

"De, I'm good, alright? Besides, I've got some money with me to buy things I need. You seem to forget I'm a Craft" Tommy smiled. Deo intensely looks at the ocean blue eyed teenager beside him, looking for a particular something. Finding none, he huffed and continued eating.

"So," Wisp started slowly, facing Tommy. "When did you two meet? Boss didn't mention much

about you, you know?"

Purpled laughed at the older's bluntness while Deo glared immensely at his supposed twin. "We're childhood friends! He originally live here in Dream Esempi, specifically L'manburg Avenue which is in this very exact location but due to some circumstances, they have to move to somewhere in Earth Esempi"

"The Business Bay" Deo chimed in

"What?"

"I live in the Business Bay District, Earth Esempi" Deo cleared Theseus' confusion out, making the said person raise a curious brow. "The Business Bay? I haven't heard of that place before, is it a new city on Earth Esempi?"

Purpled nodded, "Business Bay is just two districts ahead from the Antarctic Empire States. It was said to be founded centuries back, even before the popular Pogtopia era and L'manburg destruction but it got abandoned after their ruler fled towards L'manburg while their right hand men whom the ruler trusted the most fled to different servers. The history was written in history books, more specifically in Earth Esempi History and Tales"

"Huh" Tommy muttered, gaining a new information that might be valuable for the near future

"Jeez Purps, we don't need to have a full history lesson about it! You're going to bore poor Tommy out" Drista snickered. Smirking.

"Well, he asked for it! I merely helped him by giving answers, Drista. I'm being helpful for once" Purpled playfully scowled, resuming to eat his lunch

"For once? Are you admitting yourself Purpled?" Drista continued on her usual teasing to the older blonde that was sitting on the opposite side from the girl's position making the said blonde gawk for a reaction

The banter continues on which the others completely ignore, except for Tommy who's watching the scene amusingly. The others obviously got used to the banter than the only Craft is. Tommy let out a giggle from watching the scene, oblivious from the fond smile that was placed on Luke's face. It's been awhile since Tommy has been relaxed and ignorant from his own problems and Luke can sense and see it. Luke isn't dumb. In fact, he's more observant than the rest. He can sense something is wrong in just a millisecond. New people included. Although, he keeps his observations to himself and only will share it if needed. He's not dumb to push the youngest Craft on his comfort zone but he will do anything to see a smile across his face and hear even a small giggle or a boisterous laugh.

"Do you still need to go to the Captain's office?" Luke got shaken off from his thoughts by a question that was made by the youngest Craft

"Yes actually" Bitzel replied, "It's still thirty minutes before the afternoon class starts so there is still time"

"Speaking of, where are your brothers by the way? Aren't you supposed to eat with them instead of here?" Tommy asked curiously, tilting his head to the right

"Don't get me wrong, I love my brother but he and his friends are all annoying and I don't want to get detention on my first day here in Esempi High" Purpled rolled his eyes, merely thinking about it

"Besides, our siblings have different groups of friends and we don't want to get separated as well as be out of place" Deo added. Tommy let out an understanding noise which more sounded like a hum, nodding along.

A few minutes later, the seven started packing their belongings up, not wanting to leave it behind and get a scolding later on, and cleaned their leftovers and food crumbs that were left on the floor. Afterwards, they were set to go.

The journey to the office was pleasantly boring, to say the least. A few talks here and there, nothing more. Tommy thought it was funny that the group had to avoid crowded places. A question popped in Tommy's mind while they walked, are the famous six really that popular to the

point they have to avoid people alike? Or are the people stereotyping themselves as well as the famous six? Wisp's answer was just a single shrug.

When they are finally outside of the Captain's office, standing in front of the maroon painted wooden door that leads to the office the six needs to be at, stepping on the marbled patterned floor on the '*PuffyWay*' as the students named it to be, Bitzel sighed dramatically. "We've reached the end mortals, this is where we part way and say our final farewells"

"I wish you all luck on your destined journey. May you all be safe upon arriving" Tommy saluted, his expression's aggressive with an aggressive pout and a scrunched up bridge nose.

Purpled rolled his eyes, done with his friend's antics. "Great. We have a second Bitzel. Absolutely, totally, great."

"But seriously though, Thank you *Toms* for guiding us here" Wisp thanked the younger. Drista, who's taking back by the sudden call of nickname, shifted her attention to the squad's boss, surprised by the grin that was plastered on Timedeo's face. This is getting weirder and weirder for her, honestly. Tommy, on the other hand, needs to get used to that nickname once again. He can't deny when he feels warm when being called by that name, only if it's Deo. But hey, it's not bad to add one more person to freely call him that. A part of him feeling nostalgia and a part of him feeling happiness. He just wished his family at least gave him that exact feeling when being called by a nickname instead of feeling an empty shallow that swell in his heart.

"Why does it feel like I'm dying?" Tommy awkwardly chuckled from his own joke

"Idiota, they're just saying thank you for Prime's sake" Deo huffed, "We'll be seeing you at dismissal seeing the fact that we six are excused for a school tour. We'll be seeing you, alright? Wait for us too"

"Yes mom" Tommy fondly rolled his eyes, now turning back and slowly walking towards his own destination. History Class.

---

5:00 pm. Finally done for the first school day for the third week. Surprisingly enough, Tommy can't wait for tomorrow. This day has been nothing but the best day. He reunited with Achilles, his

childhood friend neither his family nor Tubbo knew, he made friends (He hoped the feeling is mutual), got offered a helpful opportunity by his favorite professor, see his said professor laugh, chuckle and smile, got a ride home instead of walking and didn't saw Tubbo nor Ranboo inside and outside the class. Even though Tommy felt alone inside this massive manor he's living in, he is also happy his father is away for a business trip for three days and his brothers are hunting for their own apartment to live at when both are finally in college. He can finally hang out in the garden without any interruptions.

Tommy leaned on the sun loungers that were placed in front of the average size pool, both his hands under his head, his eyes closed. A cool breeze blows against his face, leaves dancing on the lawn. Everything feels perfect and relaxing as well as calm. Internally, his mind has been running in circles and clockwork from all these thoughts and questions that were formed in the individual's mind. Doubts and possible answers for the offer his teacher just offered him to, assignments, feelings and emotions and more confusing bunch. He didn't realize he was slowly falling asleep.

---

*He slowly regains consciousness, noises heard in the background. Tommy sit up, stretching. He looked around. It was already night time, hanging lights were on as well as vintage lanterns to avoid the surroundings being dim. Tommy stood up, rubbing his eyes while walking slowly towards the sliding door that leads to the dining hall where he and his supposed family eat. Instead of meeting a recently arrived Wilbur or Techno or perhaps his father, he was instead met a woman who's wearing an all black robes and a giant hat with black silk fabric dangling below the end lines of the hat that was sitting on top of the woman's head, making it impossible to identify the woman. Tommy slowly approached the woman, now noticing she's holding a baby on her arms. Tommy's eyes narrowed, the closer he gets, the voice became louder. The woman told her baby a tale, a fairytale?*

*"...Theseus didn't have the best relationship with his family for both his father and brother were always on trips as what his own father named it to be. Ever since his own mother passed away after he was born, his father and his brother left both him and Apollo, his older brother who he was usually close with among the twins, making Apollo a father figure to Theseus. Theseus may be a kid but his knowledge was beyond limits that normal children couldn't have. He is not oblivious, making him know that those 'dangerous trips' his father has always mentioned when explaining isn't just a normal trip. He knew Zephyrus favored Lycomedes rather than Theseus and Apollo themselves..."*

*Tommy's breath hitched, goosebumps ran in his spines. He never heard such a magical and majestic voice let alone the story himself. He supposed it was an original story seeing as there's no existent tale that he has ever heard and read of. He began to question as to why the woman's voice became lighter, softer and quieter each time she muttered a syllable. The last thing the freshman*

*student heard was a simple riddle. A phrase that has a confusing meaning behind those words and letters.*

*"This room is where the lost has been hidden. This room is where you will find where the lost is. This room leads you to different useless things. This room will guide you to important meanings"*

---

Tommy woke up with a gasp, noises heard in the background. He sits up, head looking everywhere and anywhere. It was already night time, hanging lights were on as well as vintage lanterns to avoid the surroundings being dim.

Heart's pounding and brain's searching. What was that?

#### Chapter End Notes

Highkey not proud on this one :')

I'll try to make the next chapter a bit better lmao

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## **mint , suspicion**

### Chapter Summary

"Hey Tommy"

"What Wilbur?"

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Hey Tommy"

"What Wilbur?"

"Dad left us each separate keys of the manor while he was away. It will be a bundle since it will open all doors here inside the manor. Library, attic, storage room and such. He expects you to be responsible with it"

"Why would he give us keys?"

"Because Wilbur and I won't be here all the time child" Techno butt in the conversation, holding a book while leaning on the wall, "We're looking for apartments to stay for college remember?"

"Yes. Ranboo and Tubbo are also given keys to the manor. Welcome them anytime alright? We know you dislike Ranboo but at least excuse your reasons for the sake of not disappointing dad" Wilbur gave a stern and a hateful glare to his younger brother which the other needs to control himself to avoid rolling his eyes in front of the brunette. Unbeknownst to the twins, dislike is an understatement.

"Whatever. Just leave the keys to the table. I'll get it after I'm done eating" Tommy brushed Wilbur off, putting his hands on his pockets and walking towards the kitchen to grab his food. Tommy turned left and easily went out of sight.

Technoblade walked slowly towards the single couch, distracting himself with a book. Wilbur,

however, focused his eyes on the distance, to where Tommy was recently at just a second ago. Techno, seeing his twin as it is, closed his mythology book with a brown hard cover with golden print. "Okay. What's up with you?"

"Tommy seems like a different person now, don't you think?" Wilbur hummed, glint present in both his mischievous eyes

"Of course Tommy is different now, he has grew up Wilbur whether you believe it or not" Techno deadpanned

"Hm, yeah yeah" Wilbur waved his hands, now unbothered. He walked the opposite way as to where Tommy walked to a minute ago, to where the grand two stairs that are both placed on the opposite side of each other on different walls but joining both stairs into one when you walk further towards the second floor. Techno clicked his tongue, lost on his own thoughts. He sighed. He shouldn't be this worried about Tommy right now, he still needs to study for a History test tomorrow.

---

Tommy slammed his door. Of course Ranboo is invited! He always is! Ranboo here, Ranboo there. Ugh. Tommy rolled his eyes in annoyance. However, his mood changed when he remembered the dream earlier. Or was it a nightmare? He doesn't know anymore. He quickly went to his study desk, looking frantically for a scratch of paper. When he found one, he grinned. A blue ink pen was waiting on top of the desk, waiting to be used to write on. The blonde opened the cover, placing the said cover randomly on top of the desk. He started to write the riddle he faintly remember before he completely forgets;

*"This room is where the lost has been hidden. This room is where you will find where the lost is. This room leads you to different useless things. This room will guide you to important meanings"*

Maybe he's overthinking. Or maybe he's not. Who knows? It's so ominous to the point he's curious as to what that dream was trying to say. Why of all people does he receive such a dream like that? Was it a sign? A sign to what then? Or is he just over thinking? There's no other choice if Tommy really wants to find out what he's trying to look for even if he doesn't know. Except for the fact that

he really needs to ask help from the only person he knows he can count on when solving riddles, Karl Jacobs.

He's just not sure if he can confront the senior, though

---

Second school day for the third week of school. Tommy woke up the usual, head's spinning as a result of sleeping late doing absolutely nothing. Well, at least he managed to write a decent essay for his english and literature subject. Since Professor Nook assigned the class a day ago to pick a mythology individual, Thomas picked *Achlys*. A goddess that symbolizes the mist of death as well as personification of misery and sadness. A figure depicted on Hercule's shield. A fact that intrigued him is in Homer mythology, Achlys is the mist which fogs or blind mortal eyes which happened often in death. It somewhat makes sense based on Greek mythology history. It reminded him of someone familiar yet unfamiliar at the same time. But if someone calls him a nerd he will punt that someone into oblivion.

Going down the stairs, dressing himself in a blue and white checkered polo shirt with a white undershirt paired with it and a pair of faded jeans, a pair of white sneakers to finish it up. He grabbed the group of keys that was put together into one with a dandelion colored keychain that was sitting on the open shelf beside a family picture. It was originally seven keychains with different keys combined together but Tommy thought the rest already got their own personal keys. For Ranboo and Tubbo's case, maybe Wilbur or Techno has the time to deliver those personally? Whatever, he shouldn't care this much. Besides, he expected this already anyway so it shouldn't matter. But why does he feel the same feeling whenever he gets pushed over the ledge by some bully he experienced years ago at the playground?

Running down the alleyway he rarely used for everyday activities except when he is running late which he is currently in the middle of the said incident, Tommy stopped his tracks, leaning forward, head facing his knees, trying his best to catch his breath, closing his eyes while he's at it. The alleyway was dark, a tall variation of walls surrounding the pathway. It seems to be your stereotypical horror ways where a character gets chased by a murderer. Rats running on top of the bundles of black wires and strings of cobwebs on corners were seen. Tommyinnit found the alleyway when he was eleven years old, purely by accident when he was wandering around the neighborhood, his family unaware as to where he went. He was skeptic and suspicious at first, although his eleven year old instinct is to ignore his logical sense which he refused to admit at the present times, it was stupid of him. The alleyway was found in between near Niki's parents bakeshop and pastries where her parents will lend the store to the female later on and a junk shop. Upon entering the shortcut route, you will be greeted by a dumpster, filled with garbage and trash by the local townspeople in the area. Even present Tommy doesn't know why his past self thinks it's best to enter here even though rich and average people with a respected reputation and a family name like him never went to this place before, describing it as '*disgusting*' and '*waste of space*'.

Standing straight, his back stretching, he didn't notice a backway plank door on the right wall he's facing. Has it been there before and didn't notice it? There was no door at all when he used this way as a shortcut back then. Could it be new? But he's pretty sure this way is abandoned. Since the walls are quite tall, he couldn't see a building that possibly may be the one where the door leads to. As much as his curiosity can kill a cat, he must go now seeing as it's already '7:30am' and a school ceremony starts at 8. Hesitating, he began to walk towards the shortcut exit rather quickly and swore to himself and nobody else, he will go back here and check it. It may have been a bad idea, but people call him a rebel for a reason.

---

Breathing heavily, he gulped the last drop of water from his jug, planning to refill it later. He was at yesterday's spot again, with the same people with him. Everyone was on their school uniform;

*White undershirt with a crimson red mandarin collar, 20 centimeters crimson red straps that went around the stomach, creamy white pleated skirt, oxford blue blazer with gold cuffs and underlinks, gold epaulets and gold buttons that went over the undershirt (It is optional to wear it during classes but it is needed to wear inside the university at all times, even when you're just holding it on your arms. It can be helpful during classes as well especially when all air conditioners are all functioning), a brown leather strap that lays diagonally across the upper half of the body and finally, knee black boots heels for girls.*

*For boys, however, are all the same except creamy white pants instead of a skirt and a black knee boots that went wore over the creamy pants for boys.*

Tommy was embarrassed to say the lease when he opened the laboratory doors to join the Chemistry class. Not only he forgot to wear his uniform, he forgot to bring his lab coat. He's sure Tubbo will report this to his father especially when he is sharing all subjects for today. Prime, was he this unlucky this whole time? Was yesterday a fluke? Or a break for him from being unlucky all the time? The famous six, who were separated for the first subject of the day, gave him sympathetic looks. At least they're not trying to hide the pity-struck faces. After morning classes, Bitzel insists to let Tommy borrow an extra set of uniform he owned, which Tommy tried to resist which let's just say, the famous six isn't having it. Although, Purpled might doesn't count seeing the fact that his pair of extraordinary purple lenses glint with nothing but only amusement. Now he's here, sitting on the bare grass with a shade covering his group of friends (is the feeling mutual? Tommy wondered) from the sunlight, including himself while eating their food.

"Why were you on the rush anyway to the point you forgot it's a uniform day? If you don't mind me asking. Didn't Professor Halo announce this to all of you a week earlier before we came here?" Drista asked, a lot of questions came at once from her mouth while Deo was about to make a comment out of it. Luke noticed the mood that surrounds his boss starting from the very beginning of the first subject. It's nothing new, really because Justin Deo Time is an asshole all the time.

"*Achilles*" Innit let out a warning sound growl. The others formed an 'O' shape when they saw their boss, who the others already got used to being irritating all the time, saw their boss hesitate and be defeated for the very first time instead of forming a snarky comment to get back the blonde. "Calm yourself. Prime! They're your friends for deities sake!"

"To answer your question Drista, I did my homework at the last minute since I got the hobby of doing my assignments at dawn. I took an hour and a half to finish plus cook my lunch and have to head off as soon as possible so I forgot to wear my uniform instead"

Wisp blinked, "You make your own food? Don't you have any cooks or butlers to get you ready? There's even a cafeteria here in the university, isn't it? Or even your mother or father can make you food the night before school starts? Hell, even Technoblade and Wilbur can buy you food here or make one, I have my faith that they can cook"

"Wisp, you bloody idiot" Deo grit his teeth, knuckles whitening from gripping air too hard. Tommy smiled sadly, hands soothing Deo from doing anything to Deo. "Yes, I make my own food. breakfast or lunch, it doesn't really matter. My family has cooks, butlers and whatsoever although, father insists on not waking them up before five thirty so that they can have enough rest to start the day. My mother died after I was just born. My father mostly buried himself in paperworks so it's better not to wake him up and Blade and Soot are still asleep at the time I wake up. I don't really spend my time with them since each of us are busy with separate works and I want it to be that way"

The group sat in silence, Tommy continued to eat his lunch, completely oblivious of the individuals' reactions around him. Deo can't help but chuckle at the situation he's currently in. He's not that completely serious, alright? It may be rare but it's a golden one when you hear him chuckle to a dark humorous joke or just a simple scenario. "You can laugh at my problems. I shall give also you permission to laugh at my next problems as well"

Before the rest could come up with a reply, a familiar clan of people managed to find the spot they were eating in and started to slowly walk towards them. Well, it's really not a clan, the people approaching were quite a few. One of them consists of Karl Jacobs, the person Tommy has been trying to look for every after class. Yesterday's memories came rushing back inside his forgetful brain, although he especially remembered his dream vividly. Why is he looking for Karl again? Oh right. The riddle. Wait, what's the riddle again?

"You better pay me up as soon as possible Dream, I knew they were in here the whole time" The shortest boy spoke up when they were already in the hearing range. Tommy noticed it was *The Feral Boys*. Top tier troublemakers yet top notch students in class. Popular for their reputation as well. Their chaoticness rivaled the famous six themselves.

"Ugh" Drista rolled her eyes in plain annoyance, "What are you doing here? Didn't mother say this is our spot on the campus?"

"Geez sis, I am just visiting you being the best brother you ever have and I knew" Quackity glared at the man in front of him, "That you're here with your friends"

"You already are here, you may now leave" Purpled strained smile morphed into a sly grin when he added, "dear cousin of mine"

"He got you there, Dream" Sapnap whispered, even though the others can still hear him

"Hello Deo" Karl nodded politely towards the other brunette which the other returned

On top of all interaction, this must be the weird one Tommy has ever encountered before. Not that he refuses that all interactions that include him are often weird and either has an awkward tension or a different one, this, currently, must be the terrifying one. He wasn't noticed at first, luckily for the very first time in this day for himself and he wants to remain it that way especially when Dream, the Dream, a rival of both his brothers with a different reason and the founding chief executive officer of Dream Esempi Foundation, the rival company of his father's current blooming business. Tommy can't help but admire the older blonde for being so freely talented while having fun at the same time. A business owner when it's founder was still in high school? A trained singer, dancer and performer and a professional fighter? With a growing popularity and friends with a high reputation? Son of the best mother in the entire universe as well having the freedom to goof around? That's what Tommy ever dreamed growing up.

"-is this?" George asked the group, heterochromia eyes looking up and down towards Tommy, judging his full existence

"Tommy? Is that you?" Karl squinted his pair of eyes to see the blonde clearly then brightened up

when he clarified towards himself that it was indeed, Tommy Innit. "I didn't expect you to see you here! It's been awhile since we have last met, I miss you!" He walked forward, ignoring the speculated gazes that's been giving towards the two who's in the middle of the spotlight, and hugged the blonde. Dropping his knees in an instant.

Tommy flushed in red from all the attention. He knew this would happen but certainly not the hug and an interaction coming from his favorite author. He expected that the brunette forgot him when he last interacted with the brunette a year ago. Which is a book signing event that the blonde went to. This is the exact reason why he's attending Esempi High University anyways. To meet his all time favorite author.

"Who's this Karl? He looks familiar" Quackity interrupted, curious just like everyone else in the spot they were in

"Oh! This is Tommy! I met him during my book signing event! He even got all the Tales of the SMP book set!" Karl smiled even wider, if that's even possible, which made Sapnap and Quackity's heart melt when they saw this adorable smile written on their boyfriend's face. Tommy meanwhile, got the urge to ask help from Deo or anyone he knew in a span of two days to just go to class early

"You're a *Craft*, aren't you?" Dream spoke all of the sudden making the others freeze, hearing the mentioned last name. The others mystified, the others sitting awkwardly

"What do you-" Karl tried to speak but soon got cut off by the younger blonde instead. "Yeah, I'm a Craft. Thomas Innit Craft. The youngest-" Tommy hesitated but continued anyway, "brother of the Craft twins. Got any problem with that?

Dream laughed lightheartedly, "Not at all! I'm sorry if I come off rude. I'm Dream WasTaken by the way! But I assume you already know since your brothers are my rival. But anyhow, pleasure to meet you! I hope you don't find my baby sister and baby cousin annoying. Mother will be disappointed"

"WHA— HEY!"

"I swear to Prime. If you call me your baby cousin one more time, I will kill you with my bare hands and I'll make sure to dance on top of your grave" Purpled icily glared at his older cousin which Drista follow suit leaving a pouty Dream on their amidst

"Why are you here anyway?" Drista asked, not bothering to take the icy glare off from her face

"I called them" Deo calmly stated which in return, a bunch of heads turned towards him, "Not necessarily them since I called Karl to get here only but I knew the feral boys are coming along. I assume Tommy wanted to talk to you Karl about some business"

"It's not literally a business? More like a favor?" Tommy rubbed his neck, smiling nervously at the other's response then changed into a realization reaction once he got over his loading state of mind. "How the fuck did you even know, *Time Deo*?"

"A magician never tells its secret Toms" Deo grinned. He yelped in surprise when Tommy slapped him in the back harshly. Letting out a series of pained phrases. "Ow. Ow. Fine, fine, fine. Prime. I hear you talking to yourself in Chemistry class okay?"

"Creep"

"I WAS TRYING TO HELP YOU—"

Karl chuckled, "I didn't know you knew *Justin*, Tommy? But to answer your question, sure! I am free after the afternoon classes will end if you wish to speak to me in private if you want to?"

#### Chapter End Notes

I'm planning to change my update schedule for this fic. Normally, I tried my best to keep up a Thursday upload schedule but since second semester started a week ago, I decided to change it. Probably Monday or a Wednesday? Not sure lmao. Why is school so fuckn hard? Idrk

Hope you enjoy this chapter though!! I wanted to write a decent chapter length to get back from the previous chapter!!

Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated! Feel free to do so! Thank you <33

New fan fiction I've written under the works in [Singer cc! Tommy hours :> : Somehwere Only We Know — Nachaan](#)

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## dahlias , discovery

### Chapter Summary

*"What's wrong with Techno anyways? He's been bitchy these days" The younger rolled his eyes, laying his head in Wilbur's shoulders, mad at the younger twin's arrogance he displayed before shutting himself in isolation*

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*"What's wrong with Techno anyways? He's been bitchy these days" The younger rolled his eyes, laying his head in Wilbur's shoulders, mad at the younger twin's arrogance he displayed before shutting himself in isolation*

*Wilbur, who's reading notes from the guitar note sheet that was distributed from his private music tutor, chuckled. Quickly replacing a false scandalized look, "Tommy! Where did you learn that-that disgraceful and nasty word! Oh how the mighty has fallen!"*

*"You're being a dramatic bitch you fuck face" The said younger huffed, "But seriously, what is Techno's problem?"*

*"He got frustrated that Dream won in their fencing duel competition a week ago. Don't worry, he'll get over it once Techno will state a rematch and ends up the victorious"*

*"Who's this Dream guy anyway? It's a weird name" Tommy frowned, looking at his older brother questioningly*

*"Dream is his rival. That's basically it" Wilbur shakes his head in faint disbelief, "Honestly, why could both just agree to the fact that not every competition or games they participated has the same*

*winner? But I don't blame Tech though, Dream is much stronger than him and has a useful and powerful action stance that Techno couldn't achieve no matter how he tries. Dream is powerful, Toms, always remember that. Whenever he wants it, he gets it. He's the one who pulls the strings while Foolish, his older brother, makes them"*

*"What does his older brother do with this? I thought we're talking about this teletubbie?" Tommy tilts his head which his older brother finds it endearing*

*"Don't judge the book by its cover, I suppose" Wilbur hummed, getting his attention back to the white sheet with blank ink he's holding*

*"What the fuck do you mean by that? First his older brother and now a book and a cover? What?" Tommy kept on asking several questions that had randomly popped in his mind while thinking but Wilbur Soot Craft paid no mind, smiling while listening to his brother's whiny tone. Dream is the demon in disguise. His brother is simply an enigma.*

---

Huh. Dream is actually a fun guy. Gogy, as what Tommy now called him, followed by Drista and then Purpled (It all started by accident when Tommy stuffed his mouth full and instead of saying goggles that George lowkey flexed for no apparent reason. it came out as 'gogy' which leaves an embarrassed Tommy behind (don't worry, he recovered from shame minutes later). He is not really a snob as what most girls are saying (Probably because they're jealous). Sapnap is sweet and is pining for his boyfriends when in private (Rumor thought that Sapnap has anger issues that needs to be taken care of. Well, at least Bitzel can control his while Deo doesn't care in a thousand years of petty rumors). Quackity can vibe Tommy's rumor and Karl- Karl has the same oblivious and adorable personality. Nothing changed.

Then why does Wilbur and Techno dislike the group so much?

---

*George NotFound*, a model to all leading fashion brands worldwide. There's a possibility he's training to be an actor as well. Not only some believed that he's a brat and a snob, half of the school population believes that he's dating Dream WasTaken as well. But based on Tommy's speculation, he believes that both are an old married couple who banter a lot. A senior.

*Quackity HQ* is the youngest owner of a casino, specifically the Las Nevadas Nation with neither any parental figure or friend's experienced guidance to manage the mentioned business and help the casino business successfully grow. In public display, Tommy thought Purpled and he loathes each other. He guesses he was wrong. They still argue with each other though most of the time they are together. How do they know each other? Probably because of a similar business running around in the background. A sophomore.

*Sapnap Halo*. People still can't believe (even today) that his other adoptive father is Professor Bad Halo. The professor who would never tolerate, even outside the campus, swear words even though Sapnap himself is known to swear a lot just to piss off his father (It gets worse when he introduced the Feral Boys to his adoptive parents). He's in a polyarmous relationship with Quackity HQ and Karl Jacobs. A quick caution, don't make him mad, don't interfere when he's mad, do not lay a finger to both his boyfriends and friends or else, you will meet a flying knife. He inherited the knife throwing and skills from his father. A senior.

*Karl Jacobs*. Does Tommy need to explain more? He's well known for his writing skills and a growing author as well. Wrote different stories that mostly involved time traveling (Karl mentioned to an interview that he loves time traveling trope with a bunch of angst) and Tommy's main favorite is the Tales of the SMP which he has the season one full set, all hard cover so it's more expensive than the original cover one. Tommy did not regret it though. Karl slipped up the fact in the middle of a conversation that he's currently working on the next parts of the series and Tommy almost fainted when he heard the news coming from the author himself. A sophomore. Overall, Tommy is hundred percent sure he's part of the Literary Circle.

*Oh shit- he completely forgot about that*

---

"So, *Toms!*" Karl hesitated for a small bit, "Can I call you that?"

"Uh- sure big man! I'm alright with it" Just bad memories. Tommy nervously smiled at the other

"What do you need me for?" Karl softly smiles, encouraging the younger to speak what exactly this favor is. Both just finally finished with their classes. Both are currently at the back of the massive school's campus, at the back of the brick wall that covers the inside, literally. For the first time in a while, Karl can finally breathe freely with the relaxing air without any stressful thoughts and finally be back to work for the next book. His first grading exam won't happen until next month so he has a small bit of time to spend writing and having fun with friends. Although, Sapnap, Quackity and friends usually remind him to take a break and he's thankful for that.

"Oh uhm" While Tommy is struggling to get the exact words, his hands searched frantically for the paper he had written this early and rushed morning hours ago. Once he finally got it, he directly faced the brunette. "I have this sort of a weird dream and it's not my usual dreams of getting women, world wars, world destruction, meeting a queen of the other universe, deaths and jumping off a cliff but it's a dream of this woman that looked like death and is about to possess you but she's holding a baby in her arms and telling this tale that's quite unheard of? And at the end, she recited a riddle? Here" Tommy handed the scratch paper that he tore from his school notebook where he wrote the riddle, "I wrote the riddle before I completely forgot about it. The point is, my favor is maybe, I don't know. Maybe decode the puzzle? I'm not really into puzzles or riddles for this case and usually have hard times when solving one. I- It's alright if you don't help me at all!! Or-"

---

*"This room is where the lost has been hidden. This room is where you will find where the lost is. This room leads you to different useless things. This room will guide you to important meanings"*

---

"For my personal opinion, it must be a storage place or an attic. Most families who have antiques or stuff that have an importance or background to them but are completely useless or simply put, don't have any place to store it into are usually found in the attic, backyard or a storage room. It's basically a lost and found place maybe except the fact that you are extra lucky to actually find the one you are hopelessly searching for. There's a bunch of useless things, I bet and maybe there are some important aspects of the object you're trying to look for. But in short, it must be where you place all your necessary and unnecessary things in" Karl handed the paper back to Tommy who has been hit by the sudden realization. "Your dream is an interesting one though. Especially when you still clearly remember it until now. If I'm you, I would definitely get in the bottom of this. What can I say? Curiosity kills the cat"

"Huh? Oh- yeah! Definitely. But I never see the riddle that way so thank you so much for helping me out!" Tommy profusely bowed to the older, which the brunette frantically waved his hands in dismissal, seemingly new from the action. "I hope I didn't burden you that much. Maybe I'm wasting your time? If so, I am so sorry"

"Oh my goodness Tommy" Karl fondly chuckles, "Do not worry alright? I love to help people! Besides, I'm free for today anyway and I have taken an adoration towards you. Hope you don't mind"

Adoration? Tommy tilts his head in confusion. What does he mean by that? He mentally shakes his head and gratefully smiles, ignoring what he said. "I think Justin and the others are looking for you. I believe Wisp is driving the group to each destination, including yourself?"

"Oh! Yeah! They won't listen to me this time when I refused" Tommy laughed, "Thank you so much Karl! See you tomorrow!"

"Make sure to tell me what exactly you find alright!?" Karl jokes as the blonde run off

"I will!!" A faint voice rings in a distance the blonde has run off to

Karl sighed contently, crossing his arms and hugging himself. It's been chilly this past week, although it was already expected since the weather forecast mentioned it beforehand, Karl can't help himself to forget to bring his jacket with him. Always borrowing one from either Sapnap or Quackity. But anyhow, Professor Nook is right. That boy is such a wonder. He hoped Tommy would *join* the circle someday. But for now, he needs to find his boyfriends. Those bloody idiots.

---

Tommy entered the quiet manor. It's not surprising. He got used to the quiet ages ago but he can't refuse that he missed the loud chattering behind those ivory walls that made up the exterior base of the mansion. Since his family weren't present in the household, he reluctantly agreed to accept the ride that was offered to him by Wisp. Wisp, the only member amongst the squad that can drive. Well, Deo can but Tommy trusted Wisp's driving skill the most. It seems like the rest agreed with him in some way. The guards and maidservants greeted the younger politely and respectfully which the younger did return. Once he stepped foot inside, he immediately ran to his bedroom, shutting the door gently but excitedly.

Before setting out his adventure, he dressed himself first. Surprisingly, the class ended quite early. An hour before the dismissal time which is at three or four at most. This made Thomas Innit happy, setting his own adventure at an early pace. His own adventure that Tommy usually played with Wilby and Techie when he was younger.

Back to the present, he came out from the bathroom door, wearing a pair of comfortable red and white pajamas and a long sleeved navy blue shirt. He wouldn't go anywhere anyways as he loves his room more than anything else. Anyhow, he quickly grabbed his phone and the manor keys, then set out to start his expedition. Once he stepped foot outside of his room, he walked to the opposite direction where the known silent hallway has been located. The hallway where the manor's library, Phil's office and a study room where the twins usually study during exams start since it's just across the library and it is also the quietest section of all the rooms by the way. Since the library held the biggest section and the biggest room than any other section, there's a storage room at the farthest end of the hallway. Tommy thinks the storage room is quite useless since there's barely anything inside that said room.

Atleast that's what he believe.

He has never been inside that room, his brothers insisting that there's nothing behind it, just a piece of useless crap whenever he asks about the room when he was young and oblivious. But whenever he comes closer to the room or even in this hallway, it always feels sacred and quite forbidden to enter. But here we are, standing in front of the sacred room, the storage room key inside the doorknob. He got worried when it almost won't budge but sighed in relief when he forcibly opened the door.

Stepping inside, coughing from the sudden disruption of dust, his brothers were surely wrong when there's nothing inside. Or perhaps they know but they didn't tell the youngest? He looked around, absolutely amazed by how vintage but worn out these objects hidden in this lonely room. He looked around with no idea what he's looking for. He's just grateful that all of the workers here in the Craft manor are either resting in their headquarters rooms which are downstairs or preparing everything in particular downstairs for when the twins will arrive. Meaning, no one will report this rebellion act of his to his father nor his brothers.

He's sure he'll be inside this room for *a while*.

---

Screw it. *Awhile* is an understatement.

*'Am I really sure that there's no attic here or a secret room that I didn't know in this fucking huge mansion? Because all I see are just clothes'* Tommy breathed in and out heavily, tired from all the searching. He can't believe searching for a lost thing in this small and cramped room is so exhausting. He looked outside from the open door, the sunlight kissed the marble floor and Tommy knew the sun was about to set. Although, he isn't bothered. He knew both Techno and Wilbur would arrive later in the evening. There's a possible chance that Techno will arrive first rather than his own twin brother.

Shifting his attention back to the tiny spaced room, his eyes looked everything and everywhere at once. He is hundred percent sure that he looked at every cramped area. But all he found was a random souvenir keychain, medium sized luggages that would probably be filled up with a bunch of worn out clothes, a random log, unused pillows, fabrics, silver utensils and random objects lying around.

Unless, there's something inside that *purple luggage*?

He lift out a curious brow, walking and crouching once the said luggage is in front of him. For a moment, he struggled to zip it open, always being stuck along the way of opening. Probably due to the fact that it's old and been placed in this dim storage room for quite awhile. Upon successfully opening it, Tommy is struck by surprise of what is inside.

It has a second medieval handbag inside of a modern luggage? What kind of sorcery is this?

Tommy expected quite a lot of objects that may be inside of that luggage he recently opened but none of those objects consists of a faded and dusty brown handbag for Prime's sake. He hesitantly and slowly lifted the handbag to his lap as he was completely sitting on the uncleaned wooden floor (Tommy thought the storage room had a marble floor similar to the outside of the room, but he was wrong once again). Expecting a zipper to open it, he was met with a beige strap that has a crimson button sewn at the edge of the leather strap. Unbuttoning it from the loose button hole that was meant to lock the handbag in place, it was once again an utter surprise when he was met with a brown 5x6 personalized leather journal, a black with golden trimming fountain pen that has a half-filled bottle ink that comes together with the type of pen, old type of paper that seemingly been stained purposely by a cup of coffee based on Tommy's intuition and an another steampunk medieval renaissance leather journal with a button lock. He noticed the time ticking just outside the storage room, '*4:00 pm*'. He was astonished by how the time flies by rather quickly. Grunting from the uncomfortable position he was in, he stood up and stretched his back, grabbing the brown handbag, he peeked his head to look at each corner like he usually do before stepping on the marble floor of the hallway.

He placed the things he decided to scrimmage back to their original place making sure no one would find out he sneaked in the storage room. Or else there will be major consequences.

---

*"Welcome home Wilby" Tommy rushed down the stairs to hug his brother but slowed down when Wilbur's expression was nothing but plain anger and jealousy? "What happened Wilby?"*

*The other said nothing for a minute which worried the youngest. His brother has just come home with a gig from a bar with his so-called band for the whole night, the blonde waiting for him to arrive home to listen to one of his newly written songs that hasn't been released yet to his members. He promised to play it to him when he gets back but Tommy couldn't wait for the sun to rise so he just patiently waits instead. He didn't expect it to be this when he got home.*

*"Stay away from Dream, Tommy. He's a bad influence" Wilbur huffed, rushing towards his room and slammed the door which can be heard from downstairs because of the loud volume. Tommy flinched from the loud noise.*

*He promised...*

---

It's been years. Tommy is still waiting.

---

## Chapter End Notes

I honestly thought I wrote 3000 or more than words for this one since this took me a goddamn while.

We have feral boys, dream team, business boys, golden duo, \*insert Karl and Tommy's duo name\* (*please I fockin love em*) and \*insert Tommy and Drista duo name\* (mischief duo anyone??) introduction and slight/huge interaction atm!! Wait more to find more interactions for the future chapter!!

But anyways, hope you enjoy this chapter! What do you think is written in the journals?

Kudos, bookmarks and comments are greatly appreciated! Tysm in advance!! <33

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## carnations , motherhood

### Chapter Summary

Upon arriving in his bedroom, he let himself fall on his golden antique bed, face buried in his void black sheets with the handbag thrown on his side. He groaned for the umpteenth time this day. He decided to force himself to sit on his bed, which he successfully did and opened once again the handbag. He doesn't want to be rude by reading anyone's personal journal. Although, if I think about it, the journals might be empty if he won't look at it. For a while, he sat there, doubting his decisions and thoughts. A voice back inside his head screamed to open it for Prime's sake to satisfy his curiosity. If this is the answer to the riddle he dreamed a night back, then something might be going on. This might be why the woman in his dreams is telling him to look around and open his eyes to see things clearly. So he indeed opened the first journal, the 5x6 brown personalized journal, unbuttoned it to open.

### Chapter Notes

Me projecting to Tommy be like : **writing a whole effing fic**

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Upon arriving in his bedroom, he let himself fall on his golden antique bed, face buried in his void black sheets with the handbag thrown on his side. He groaned for the umpteenth time this day. He decided to force himself to sit on his bed, which he successfully did and opened once again the handbag. He doesn't want to be rude by reading anyone's personal journal. Although, if I think about it, the journals might be empty if he won't look at it. For a while, he sat there, doubting his decisions and thoughts. A voice back inside his head screamed to open it for Prime's sake to satisfy his curiosity. If this is the answer to the riddle he dreamed a night back, then something might be going on. This might be why the woman in his dreams is telling him to look around and open his eyes to see things clearly. So he indeed opened the first journal, the 5x6 brown personalized journal, unbuttoned it to open.

He found a bunch of messy handwriting on the first page he land across to.

---

*As Theseus and Apollo left the kingdom of Terra, they began to start their journey. A journey that will change their life forever.*

---

Tommy read the first line, interested at what the person who wrote this is going at. Shifting his gaze, he changed his position as well as his attention to the paragraph right below of the first phrase.

---

*Arriving at the first kingdom they landed across first, the first kingdom that appeared in the map Apollo was holding, Theseus looked around while Apollo focused on his map. The kingdom is plainly beautiful. Green and lively trees surround the Old Dune, a community house that is made up with bricks, a flat roof made up with cobbles and glass windows squished at the bottom layer. Black roses and daffodils and gerbera daisies were planted on the wooden pathway towards the simple oak door that leads to the inside of the Old Dune. "This place is majestic Apollo" Theseus boasted, cheerfulness and excitement fills his heart. "What kingdom is this?"*

*"I seem to not know, Theseus," Apollo sighed in defeat, unable to find the name of this peaceful kingdom. "There's no name written on the map, I believe. This place might be abandoned"*

*"That's unfortunate" Theseus slouched. A moment later, he quickly straightened his back, blue eyes expressing his new thought. "There's a light coming from that Old Dune we're standing in front of, there's a possible chance someone is inside?"*

*"Huh" Apollo tilted his head, "There's indeed a light. I did not know you could be observant, Theseus" Apollo stepped towards the dirt pathway. The farther he is, the weaker the protest coming from the younger one has become.*

---

Thomas Innit Craft got taken back from reality. Who wrote this? The handwriting is phenomenal. No one could contrast this in his own opinion. It looks like a font he came across when he used a writing application in his computer to work on a project but sadly, didn't get to use it. It was far better than a printer, closest in similarity is a typewriter machine used to write and create books back in the old times. He was even doubting that the words written in the paper is not an actual handwritten work. Somehow, it brings back childhood times, nostalgia and a sense of *deja vu*. As he looked at the back of the leather journal, he noticed a silver cursive handwriting displayed at the bottom right. It seems to be stencilize by the maker of the book, completing the personalized journal. A simple, "Lady D. " written at the back. It might be unnoticeable when far away, if you are completely blind then you might also never see it when near but Tommy is definitely not. It was perhaps a brand, maybe but it can also be the name of the person who owned the journal or the whole set of medieval way writing materials that's pretty expensive and quite useless if you don't have any sense of style and passion that involves writing. Tommy's supposed talent was what his professor had said.

He began to read the next few lines again, indulging with it towards the next minutes later. Forgetting the second journal that comes with it. Those few minutes is a literal term and was not a metaphor.

---

*Apollo entered first, Theseus following behind. The inside is not as grand as Theseus was expecting. It's mostly empty with chests scattered with no pattern on the weirdly made floor. Instead of standing on a stable materialized floor, they are walking filled with workbenches. An odd sight. This may be a commoner's place rather than a kingdom the both were hopelessly searching for. Before saying his thoughts to Apollo, three men came down from the spiral designed stairs. All three were talking, mentioning names both weren't familiar with. They all halted when they saw the wandering non biological brothers staring at them nonchalantly. They all rested in undeaften silence and a staring competition, waiting for someone to speak up. "Who are you two?"*

---

He flipped to the next page, wanting to know what's next to this simple story. All he met is just a blank page with a black ink blotchy dot at the center. That's sad for him. He was thinking of maybe the lines that the trio who came down is an old friend to both Apollo, Theseus or either one of them.

He put down the notebook on his gigantic fluffy cushioned bed, the item still open to the last page the writer last wrote before they disappear. He'll decide what to do with it later. But, he ignored and skipped the other items inside the handbag, getting the second journal out from the closed space they stayed for Prime's know-how long. Doing the same thing over again, he unbuttoned the notebook, scrimmaged a few pages until he read an interesting and intriguing note.

Finally settling a page, a page that settled itself to the middle of the leather journal, the teen began to read with an average tone.

---

*I woke up from a dream of mine, way earlier than my regular waking up time. It was a bit weird, I think. From what I can remember, I see a glimpse of myself talking to a random angel that's oddly treating me as a classified deity, a glimpse of destruction of a neighboring kingdom, exile of a teen that's too young to suffer and the sound of train and prison outbreak alarms. It was purely chaos and devastating to see people die yet I stood on a surface, watching them suffer and not helping. I just hope it's not a sign of anything stressful or negative that can ruin my day. Oh well.*

— *Lady D.*

---

It was Lady D. again, Tommy noted. His second theory is right then! Lady D. owns both journals and probably the whole handbag with objects inside too. Tommy needs to check a pen name sewn on the handbag later or a sign that the owner of the journal also owns the handbag. It's dumb and stupid, now Tommy realized. Of course they own the handbag! Two of their notebooks are inside the said handbag! Really, Innit?

He noticed the date, it really is old. Years back before he himself had been born to this awful universe. Years back before the twins he called themselves brothers were even born. Who the fuck is this person?

---

03.10.1999

*I just vomited in the early morning which is odd because I don't feel sick nor weak at all. My husband checked my temperature but it was plain normal. I feel better now though, a food my husband bought for me heals the weird sickness away. Prime, I love him*

— *Lady D.*

---

Ew. Tommy rolled his eyes. Romance. Disgusting.

---

03.15.1999

*It's the fifth day and this stomach bug still won't go away. Headaches are now present. Guess the vomiting needs a companion now.*

*I have the urge to write something. I missed writing random stories that popped up in my head. My husband told me to write something, just like in the old times where I published different books I wrote before I got married but I don't know what to write!!! Why is this so difficult? But, now reading my past entries, I suddenly remember my dream five days ago. Explosions, exile, killing, blood, creatures and all that gore.*

*I want to write a book about it. But I don't know where to start. Help me, dear Prime.*

—Lady D.

---

03.15.1999

*Here's the ideas I daydreamed about when my husband went to work and I'm here in this living room all alone after doing house chores. Can't wait to share this with my husband! :*

— Trixtin is the Goddess of Death, fell in love and married to a mortal and made him her Angel of Death plus making him immortal because of the godly role. The husband's name is Zephyrus (I just love Greek deities. leave me be). They have one son who is Apollo. Since Trixtin is a goddess, she cannot leave her realm making it impossible to visit her family in the overworld. (I'm working on how Apollo and Zephyrus live in the overworld which is the "mortal realm" by the way and not the underworld Trixtin realm"). A child fighter with no parents, making him an orphan was found by Zephyrus and decided to adopt him. Later finding out that his name is Lycomedes. Lycomedes is quiet most of the time making Apollo annoyed at the silence. (Apollo and Lycomedes have the same age). When Trixtin came to visit her beloved family, both her and her husband were surprised. Trixtin found a child the same time Zephyrus came home with Lycomedes and she named the baby in her arms Theseus. They became a whole happy family later on

— Until it's not. Lycomedes started to hear voices after he came home with a trip with Zephyrus to the temple or a random deity shrine (It's a bit cool if it's a blood deity temple. Who's the blood god again in Greek mythology again?). The voices screamed blood and violence (Yup. It's fitting for Lycomedes). Out of uncontrollable pressure, Lycomedes almost hurt a toddler Theseus.

— Apollo maybe protected Theseus so he got hurt instead? So, forcing Zephyrus to take Lycomedes out for travel until he can control it. They told Apollo, Zephyrus' biological son that they'll be back for a week, leaving a stack of food for them to eat and emeralds to pay for something they need (emeralds as money anyone??).

— They did not come home at all (maybe?)

— Apollo got Theseus and decided to move into another kingdom? Which is the Kingdom of Terra. Theseus met a lot of people as well as forming his own pact while his brother wandered around to sing community songs.

— Until a few years later, both decided to move out again seeing the fact that the Kingdom of Terra will be destroyed by the neighboring kingdom, Ideozudour Empire. Making the Chaosbane, Theseus' guild, separate in their own pathways. They later find out that the Ideozudour Empire is built by their own family. Lycomedes and Zephyrus which cause chaos and rage from Apollo. Theseus did not know them personally since he was in fact a toddler back when they left, but Apollo surely does.

— They left without knowing the great danger looming ahead.

---

There are multiple lists of ideas written below and after that Tommy couldn't finish reading in just a day. Although, he seems curious as to why the story of the other journal is unfinished. The author who wrote this didn't even write the characters background story, just a list of ideas. As he tried to read the prompts written, he didn't notice the time passing and the gates opening on the front.

He slowly read the list, mind clocking clockwise of all the made ideas inside his head. Whenever he reads a book or even just a story idea on the internet or a book, he won't stop thinking and daydreaming about it. He smiled, lost in his own thoughts, seemingly forgot the question in his mind. Who is Lady D.?

A knock on his door lifts him up from his maladaptive daydream.

"Who is it?" Tommy called, already in his way to hide the handbag and journals under his set of pillows. He doesn't want anyone to find out about it. Besides, if anyone does then they'll probably know where it comes from which is the restricted storage room. It will lead to more consequences. He doesn't want anyone to borrow the writing materials, he's been selfish in his own life so why not now?

"Sir Ranboo and Sir Tubbo are downstairs, young master" *Eryn Cyberonix*, son of the manor gardener which Phil thankfully let him stay with his father inside the manor. He's his childhood friend, although became distant when Tommy met Tubbo and started elementary school.

Maybe he should try reconcile their friendship once again.

Eryn usually calls him the title, "young master" whenever his family is out or somewhere without him. Maybe as a joke or in a respectful manner that Tommy hates at all. It all started when his father scolded him for being disrespectful to the youngest Craft.

But, why did Ranboo and Tubbo enter the manor uninvited?

"Coming" Tommy called. Sighing in exhaustion from the so-called expedition and frustration of the sudden guests, he get up and hide the handbag under his bed, he'll decide what to do with it later.

---

Ranboo looked up, his attention shifting to the right part of the grand side by side staircase. Techno told him to come here whenever he needed something or decided to hang out and he really wanted to talk to Wilbur for a music idea without knowing they are both away at the moment. He asked a person who's probably the same age as him which Tubbo recognized later on where Techno and Wilbur are but he replied to just wait in the living room, below the grand stairs. Both shrugged while looking at each other and complied the said instruction.

Instead of seeing Wilbur or Techno or even Phil. He was met with a cold figure walking down slowly instead. Tubbo immediately stood up with a bright smile on his face, happy to see his best friend.

When the figure came down, they met face to face with Tubbo and Ranboo. It was Thomas Innit

Craft, the youngest and the rebel as what the rumor says around the village when he and his sister first moved in the neighborhood. When he met him the first time, the blonde was actually sweet and kind in his own way. He just didn't know why he became ignorant, mean and distant recently.

He plastered a brave smile towards Tommy. Eyes trying their best to stare directly at Tommy like he did to him. Blue oceanic dull eyes stare into his soul intensely which Tubbo however, was oblivious to. Ranboo gulped. Tommy crossed his arms, leaned on the side wall and tilted his head, showing a threatening side. "What are you both doing here?"

"Tommy! How are you boss man? It's been a while huh?" Tubbo chuckled lightheartedly but seeing the throwing daggers Tommy gave indirectly, he stopped and smile awkwardly

"I'm fine Tubbo, definitely. Back to the question, what are you two doing here?" Tommy repeated the question

"Oh! Uh— we were looking for Techno and Wilbur? Ranboo had something to suggest to Wilbur and wanted to try fencing with Techno! Have you seen them?" Tubbo's smile changed, instead of a strain smile, his smile went wider and energetic

"Of course I have seen them, Tubbo. They're my brothers and I am theirs as well as living the same roof are we not?" Tommy rolled his eyes, trying to play it playfully. This made Ranboo uneasy.

"They're out, searching for apartments as they say for college after they'll graduate

"B-but— Phil mentioned t-they have multiple houses outside the village t-they can use for— for college?" Ranboo squeaked out

Tommy stared blankly at Ranboo, his stare changed towards Ranboo instead of Tubbo's. "They're stupid. Wanting to stay anew they said. It's not my decision anyways"

"O-oh" Ranboo licked his lips nervously

"Tommy! I think you're scaring Ranboo" Tubbo pointed out. Prime bless him for being such a good friend. Ranboo shakes his head, refusing it all. "No! Not at all. I'm just kind of nervous to be here, that's all!"

Tommy smiles innocently. "Why are you nervous to be here? You normally come here both invited and uninvited most of the time, anyways" Tommy stood straight, hands and arms on top of his abdomen. "They're going to be here later, just wait here in the living room or walk back to your home and be back later. I assume you can do that so I'm off" Tommy walked back, both Tubbo and Ranboo saw Eryn walking behind like a lost puppy.

Tubbo patted Ranboo's shoulder, annoyed and frustrated towards his once best friend. "Don't mind him, he can be such a dick sometimes. He'll come around. I'll talk to him tomorrow for you boss man"

"There's no need Bee, maybe he just had a bad day after all?" Ranboo scratched his head. In the back of his mind, he wonders what's wrong with Tommy. Meeting him is the most important event in his life, his friendship can't compare to Tubbo's. It just felt different when hanging out with him. He'll come around tomorrow, definitely. If not, he'll try his best to talk to Tommy. His friend and his allium.

---

Before closing his room door, Eryn noticed the distress coming from his childhood acquaintance. He asked, "Are you alright, young master?"

"Calling me that doesn't help at all, Ryn" Tommy grinned, calling him the nickname he used to call back then

Eryn smirked, fond eyes directing to Tommy's. "Fine, fine. I'm off now then! I'll leave you be. You probably have a lot of things to do and I still have to buy groceries for the kitchen. Bye Kraken!"

Tommy watched him go, shaking his head and huffed with a smile across his face. Closing his door, he grabbed the handbag and journals, walking towards the study desk. Crouching and sitting on the floor since the circular table is low, he scrimmaged once again to the story journal. Not the medieval diary or whatever it's called before. Instead of opening the very first page, he lifted the back cover instead. Didn't get to check it at first.

He was caught off guard of the text written.

---

*Theseus, by the time you are reading this, I probably gave these to you when you are in the right age or, I already went to a paradise oh so beautiful, waiting for all of you.*

*Whatever you are thinking right now, don't forget to follow your guts. It's not always your heart and mind.*

*I love you baby and I'm always here for you even when I'm already gone*

*— Mom, Lady D., Lady Death*

---

He felt like he knew his mother the best even when he didn't meet her at all.

Chapter End Notes

This took a fookin while. Like literally. Wtf

School is not helping at all. We got assigned to multiple presentation report and now a foockin essay. Help 😭😭

I just finished this roughly an hour ago (including the editing), I decided to upload this today instead of waiting tomorrow so here it is!! I am already late for my writing schedule upload and I am really sorry about it, please forgive me—

Don't mind my grammar rn, I'm listening to a horror podcast and am distracted atm  
lmao

Ily guys sm!! <33

Thanks for waiting!!!

***Kudos, comments and bookmarks are appreciated! Thank you so much in advance!!***

***Question : What it is in Tommy's mind? I don't even know myself lol***

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## **violets , peace and tranquility**

### Chapter Summary

The class ended quite late, the students couldn't help themselves express their joy after Professor Sam finally dismissed their class. Wednesdays are always half days, the schedule changed after a sudden and unexpected commotion the previous year. This time, Tommy didn't forget to wear his uniform rather than civilian attire, already learning his lesson from yesterday. It was a good thing someone didn't snitch on either his supposed family members, being embarrassed from the whole campus was enough.

### Chapter Notes

HAPPY APRIL FOOLS!! (I'd say day but April 1 has probably ended for you guys as well as mine. Timezone sucks)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The class ended quite late, the students couldn't help themselves express their joy after Professor Sam finally dismissed their class. Wednesdays are always half days, the schedule changed after a sudden and unexpected commotion the previous year. This time, Tommy didn't forget to wear his uniform rather than civilian attire, already learning his lesson from yesterday. It was a good thing someone didn't snitch on either his supposed family members, being embarrassed from the whole campus was enough.

The blonde intentionally packs up his things, slowly. Wanting to talk to the professor alone. He had made up his mind about the offered opportunity the day before yesterday, a bit early for his own taste. He's not naive, thinking about his choices twice making people also describe him as indecisive. He was naive once, choosing the easy way out than the long passageway, he can and willing to admit that fact. It would definitely not affect him seeing it was in the past, way behind from the present.

Deo and the others went home ahead, unfortunately for both sides. Deo needs to attend a family meeting (Justin Deo Time swears he'll let Tommy meet his parents once again in a later rate), Bitzel's politician father sent out personal guards to escort the teen instead of letting Bitzel drive himself home (probably something important came up), Drista was called upon her mother's

request (groaning in annoyance on her way out), Wisp's family and himself promised to attend their annual family reunion (the bay couldn't understand why they would host a reunion in weekdays instead of weekends where almost everyone are free) and at last, Luke OrSomething is going to the airport where his older sister by just a year is waiting.

Tommy smiled, packing the last item inside the backpack. He noticed that Professor Nook is about to leave, making him rush to stop him from leaving abruptly without having the chance to discuss his decision. "Professor Sam? Can I— Can I talk to you? For a bit? If that's alright?"

In cue, Sam halted, turned around to face Tommy with a genuine fatherly smile plastered on his face. "Of course, Tommy" Sam went back to his desk and placed the black and white folders he's holding. Leaning his right hand on the table with his left on his waist, he waited for the teen to say a word. Little does the younger know, Sam knows exactly what he's about to say.

"U-uh" Tommy gripped his backpack's shoulder strap, biting his lower lip awkwardly. "About the offer you offered two days ago, i-is — is it still up?" Tommy met Sam's stern green eyes behind the graded paired glasses as he looked up. Awe-Sam Nook stared at the teen's soul for a moment, making Tommy's heart rate increase. A minute passed yet the teacher didn't bother to reply. The blonde wants to die right here where he's standing, imagining a gravestone with letters that spelt his name. He's wondering if his family would be there at the time of death. His family may replace him but he's sure they still love him even when the sole reason is just being the Craft's youngest brother and son. He didn't realize Sam was in front of him with folders being carried by his left hand. Did he even say what he's been trying to say for ages? Or is he just hallucinating?

"Of course" Sam lightheartedly shrugged, "We're still three weeks in for the school year, isn't it? You have the whole quarter to decide of your decision"

Tommy instantly stood straight, took a deep breath, not loosening the grip in both straps of his backpack, "I want to join the Literary Circle sir!" Eyes met the other, staring intensely. Look,

Tommy didn't mean to quite literally shout in front of his favorite teacher's face, okay? Ever since he made this decision, which was an hour later when he read his mother's back note, he's been waiting to let it out to someone. And that someone is specifically the teacher who offered the choice in the first place. It's alright! There's no need to be nervous, it was a pure accident. No need to be sorry—"Oh fuck! I'm sorry for yelling at you! Oh shit—I mean—I'm so sorry, Professor! Please don't expel me!"

Tommy profusely apologized. He's screwed. His father is going to kill him! Sam will report to the Captain and as far as he knows from Drista, there will be a teacher's meeting today! Oh goodness Prime —

Minimal laughter played in the background. Huh? Tommy opened his fearful eyes, Professor Nook is — laughing? "It's alright Tommy, no need to worry. At intense times like this, messing up is normal. I'm sorry but I can't help but laugh at your predicament. I sincerely apologize" Sam fixed his glasses, pushing the object back to see things clearly. "Anyhow, this is perfect timing, really! I'm about to meet the group and this is a perfect time to introduce you! Is it alright for you? Perhaps you have some walk to attend?"

Formal as ever, sir? "No! Not at all! I'm free for today! Deo and the others all have some traveling to get to so I'll be staying at home for the rest of the day!"

"Well then, let's get going. I'm sure the others are waiting" Sam smiled. Tommy tenses when the professor puts his free right hand on his shoulder. He soon relaxes when they leave the classroom together.

---

It's been minutes of walking and while looking around, Tommy noticed this part of the campus is restricted to freshmen and sophomores, even though only few seniors are allowed here and those who are indeed allowed need permission from Professor Sam or from the Captain herself. This area was found on the third floor of the campus. The floor where the main faculty and the famous PuffyWay is found. Esempi High is one of the largest universities in Dream Esempi. Tommy finds it amusing that Dream was literally named after this country.

Stopping, Tommy looked around. They are standing in front of a two way large wooden door with a small blurry glass in the middle. Tommy is sure that this place doesn't exist when he'll share this fact to any of his classmates. He absolutely knew his brothers didn't even know this place. The area was surrounded with standing shelves, empty boxes and two medium sized glass pane windows on the far back of the wall. The sunlight from the window hit the doorway, directly.

Sam knocked on the door. Shuffling and muffled noises from the inside of the room were heard on the outside. The door creaked, a peeping figure he didn't recognize because of where he's standing instantly lit up as Sam quietly talked to the figure. This is the sixth and definitely not the last he has seen his stern professor smile. He's not even sure if it's six!

The door opened widely, now noticing it was Professor Bad Halo who peeped from the door. It is ironic because he literally doesn't swear and tolerates swearing at all times and has a foster son, Sapnap Halo who's one of the swearing machines in the campus. He should be named as Good Halo to be in fact. People, students, and staff knew he's married. The golden with a tint of red when you look closely at the wedding ring with an expensive diamond on top that is wrapped in his ring finger nicely is proof he's married. Although students sometimes rumored that it was fake seeing that, Sapnap doesn't mention his father at all and they never saw Bad's husband pick both of them up at the end of the school day.

Snapping from his thoughts, Sam motioned him inside the room with a smiling Bad Halo on the lead. Sam then closed the door once the three were fully inside. Tommy was met with a high roof and the chandelier designed vertically on the said high flat roof. The floor was made of pure dark oak wood, shelves full of books varying from colors and height surround the area, then pressing

against the mocha painted concrete wall. Unlike the campus' library, this room has only one floor which he's standing on right now although, it feels like it has a second floor because of the tall and never ending bookshelves that goes from the bottom to the top. Eight brown tall ladders lean against one of the bookshelves on both sides. It was purely beautiful! It's not that huge compared to the university's library, but it was plainly captivating for a writing guy like him.

He didn't realize that a group of friends he is definitely familiar with, watched him ponder the surroundings. Together with them are two teachers, one who walked with him towards here and the one who he met on the room's doorway. Bad Halo smiled gently, "Welcome to the Literary Circle Mister Craft! We are glad you finally joined us! Sam, here, has told us all about you, which he never did before to a student, at all. So I can't help but be interested as to why you managed to catch his eye." Bad scrunched his nose and shakes his head, "But anyways, welcome once again to the Circle, Mister Craft"

"Oh— uh— Tommy is fine, actually" Tommy scratched his head, forcing a laugh

"The Captain couldn't join us since she has stuff to work on but you'll see her next club meeting" Sam informed not only the blonde, but to the rest of the members as well. "Anyhow, it is our tradition to have a get together whenever a new member joins. So let's start by forming ourselves a circle so we can proceed the said tradition"

Everyone shuffled themselves, walking, crouching and sitting down on the floor. The same type of chairs from most classrooms were stacked aside. Away from the middle. Although, there are also different types of chairs found inside the room he's randomly in, once upon a time. Few leather cushion chairs are placed in the corners with small rectangular card tables in front of it. The middle floor only has a simple empty space. He couldn't figure out if it was intentional or not. Probably intentional considering the fact that they know he's going to be here. How tough? He never said anything or hinted at his decision? He even decided it just yesterday.

---

"Now we're all set" Bad clapped his hands excitedly, "Let's begin by introducing our members and yourself last, is that alright Mister Craft?"

"You can call me Tommy, you know?" Tommy strained his smile, "But uh— sure?"

"Great! Let's begin!" Bad changed his sitting position before settling in, "I'll start! Hello everyone and hello Tommy! My name is Bad Halo, a History professor at Esempi High! Well— my full name is actually Bad Halo *Diamond*, just don't share that to anyone—"

'Diamond? That name seems oddly familiar,' Tommy noted. He's sure he heard that name somewhere, just don't know where or who. He's quite baffled, though. Why the loving fuck does Bad trust him so easily? Thomas Innit Craft is known to be a blabbermouth as well yet he doesn't care? What if he'll share this fact to someone and start a rumor? Prime fuck

"— I wrote the History of the Eggpire myself and a few books such as The Introduction of Badlands which my family and I are currently living in! That's it!" Bad continued. Is he this energetic?

"I'm Professor Awe-Sam Nook, as you know. English and Literature subject teacher, Robotics Elective teacher and Head of the Scholarship Department. Written mostly engineering books and plan to write more in the future. That is all" An intellectual. Nothing unusual.

"Let's now move on to the members. Fortunately, all of us here are complete so it's your lucky day Tommy"

"Yeah, most of us here are usually incomplete whenever a new member like you joins us. We have to re-introduce ourselves for the next meeting which is a bit tiring" Karl Jacobs shared. It's not that surprising since he is a famous fictional author worldwide so it's fair he's part of the Literary Circle. "You already know me although I'm Karl Jacobs. Author of many books such as The Maze, The Masquerade, The Lost City of Mizu, The Pit, The Village That Went Mad, uh— The Town That Never Was and— what was the last one?"

"The Haunted Mansion"

"Oh yeah! Thanks Dre! All of them are part of the Tales of the SMP series which you probably know of" Karl teased, making the younger blushed in embarrassment. He suddenly remembers how he boasted Karl's own books to him yesterday at noon during lunch. Prime, that was embarrassing.

"I'm Dream WasTaken, son of Puffy WasTaken as you probably know of" Someone huffed and muttered a word in lighthearted annoyance from the group. "I heard that Foolish! Anyhow, I just simply love to read books. That's quite all"

"He wrote fan fictions of him and his boyfriend a year ago until now"

"Shut up Foolish!"

"Anyways, My name is Foolish G. WasTaken, the oldest son of Puffy WasTaken and the favorite " Tommy heard a refusal from the group, probably from his own brother. "I'm actually a college student here in this university as well so you probably won't see me here in this part of the campus" Right. The college campus is across from this university which separated the college students and high school students. "I don't write but I love to read about different mythologies and histories in the medieval times. My course is Architecture but Sam's engineering books also help a ton. I just wanna share it so don't bother the fact that it's random" Foolish finished, "Welcome to the Literary Circle, Toms— I mean Thomas!"

"He literally hates being called *Thomas*, Foolish" Dream rolled his eyes from his brother's mistakes. "Shut up Dream"

How the *fuck* does he know that?

"Don't mind those two, I'm Tina Kitten! A junior and one of the beta readers of Karl's books! Don't usually write but I normally give out key points, ideas or story prompts and opinions about books or essays! So don't mind reaching out" Tina brightly smiles, "Welcome to the group by the way!"

"Good afternoon! I'm Hannah Rose Na, a sophomore and a book editor. I'm not that active in writing since I don't have any time to do unlike the rest of this group but I do have some drafts that I want finish" Hannah nodded slowly and smile a little, "It's nice to meet you, Tommy"

"Hi"

"Oh my Prime Boomer, don't be awkward and hurry the fuck up"

"Geez, sorry sis. But I'm Boomer Na, cool name am I right? I'm Hannah's twin brother, a sophomore obviously and a book publisher. I owned a literal publishing house, you should check it out if you need to publish a book or something related. But yeah, welcome Tommy"

"And that's it! We do have a few members but this club is just purely for fun and an escape from the actual academic activities inside the campus" Bad said, "Now, it's your turn Mister Craft. I mean Tommy, so sorry"

Tommy's cheeks hurt from smiling. He had been smiling this whole time, he doesn't want to come off as rude in first meetings. He'll just need to be comfortable first with the members and teachers then that's when the party will start. "No need to say sorry, Sir Halo. But— I'm Thomas Innit Craft, a freshman and I think that's it? I don't have any interesting life experiences, at the moment. My life is simply boring"

"You can share your hobbies, writing experiences, things that indicate about you, perhaps?" Bad suggested, "Also, it's a rule to never refer as sir, madame or any similar. Call us by our first names if you're comfortable with it. It's okay, really! Just please, don't swear"

"Fuck you"

"Dream!"

"L"

"Foolish!"

"Oh, alright? My hobbies are reading good books, specifically mystery and thriller and writing random things that pop into my head. I write mixed things. Poems, Essays if that counts, Short stories just to practice my writing and grammar. Although, I'm currently focusing on wanting to write a fictional story that somehow has all the genre? Does that make sense? But, yeah! That's all, I guess" The *'I don't even know why I'm here'* left unsaid.

"Cool! What's your latest project if I may ask?" Tina clapped her hands excitedly, "The rest of us have some pastime work to finish whenever it's a normal day when the Circle meets up or do you have any plans to publish a book or whatsoever?"

Tommy smiled sheepishly, his mind arguing on what to say. "Well, to be completely honest with you, I don't have any plans to publish anything just yet? Just testing out the water currently but I do have plans for work. Just, don't know where to start"

"That's alright. Everyone mostly has difficulties during the start of writing but when you continue later on, it feels like a basic chore for you to do. A tip is to write your ideas in a piece of paper, preferably sticky notes since you can stick it to the wall while writing, to set a goal for a chapter perhaps or just the main key points from the story. Additionally, it helps you avoid distraction from your set goal" Foolish explained which makes Tommy overwhelmed. He knew when joining a group, there would be no take backs. Tommy believes in the quote, *'finish what you started'*. But is it too late to back out now?

---

*Foolish WasTaken* with his pen name as, "**Totem**". The oldest amongst the WasTaken siblings and strictest when it comes to organization, logic accuracy. Although, half of the population describes him as an "enigma". Maybe because he's too unpredictable at times and the students don't really know him that much in comparison to his younger siblings. Taking an architecture course but writing poems to free the stress. *A first year college student.*

*Tina Kitten*, pen name as "**TK**" is one of the many trusted friends from Karl Jacobs. Both met during elementary and they have been close ever since. A beta reader, literature reviewer and helping fellow students by giving tips on essay writing, thesis defense and approach and mock case studies. Cute but deadly. *A junior.*

*Hannah Rose Na*, twin sister of Boomer Na and with her pen name as "**Hannahxxrose**". Doesn't usually write but if so, you are expected to find some murder mysteries prompts and a whole motherfucking notebook that's filled with clues and characters from the book she reads. Bickers with her twin just for fun. *A sophomore.*

*Boomer Na*, twin brother of Hannah Rose Na with an alias and pen name as "**Froggy Prince**" that originated from a friend. He owns a publisher house, a literature publisher and reviewer, book editor and everything that includes the process of publishing. Arguing with his sister because she started it first, at least that's what he always excused which is quite true. *A sophomore.*

---

Tommy always remembers those words Wilbur had said to him back when he was a naive kid. Words that are said to be describing the WasTaken brothers as a whole but seems to forget the inner half to make the whole complete. It can't be true. Foolish is good and he is talking to him right now about the Circle's embarrassing moments, forgetting that Tommy is new here. Why is he so comfortable with the blonde when both just first met officially?

He noticed the fond stares of his Literature professor and History teacher which he decided to just simply ignore.

The rest went back to their work. Either holding a pen, facing a laptop, typing with their keyboards, staring and floating in the mid and open air and hushed talkings. It seems — peaceful.

Professor Bad, or just Bad— he guesses, instructs them to have the rest of the time do whatever they want to. This is pog! Bad even bought them food for late lunch which was a lot. Tommy felt like he's eating on an expensive buffet because of the amount of food with the appetizers and desserts. Sam mentioned it is a celebration party for Tommy's arrival.

---

*"Does it have to be that grand?" Tommy asked. "Congratulations on beating us Tommy, it got updated with appetizers now!" Boomer amusingly boasted, patting Tommy's shoulder for expressing the beloved and most sarcastic but in a positive way, a congratulations. That was definitely not the answer to his question.*

---

Currently, the Circle settled in complete silence. Foolish already went to his own spot, in front of the massive clear glass window, only found on the left side after entering the room. There's a long horizontal wooden desk with high chairs in front, overlooking the garden with bright lavenders and apple blossoms. Everyone has different spots, Thomas Innit noticed. The teacher is in the far corner of the right side, Hannah and Boomer sat across from the teachers, them burying themselves with laptops, Karl sat with Foolish and Dream, although they are treating themselves as complete strangers since neither of them aren't talking, focusing on their own, personal task. On the other hand, Tommy found himself near the door, sitting with no one but entertaining himself from all the pretty and colorful butterflies that flew outside the glass window.

He grabbed his backpack that was sitting below the horizontal long and endless desk. He brought his mother's handbag, his favorite and extinct writing supplies from the olden' times were all found there and Tommy felt like his mother was there -- with them. For the first time in years, he didn't feel alone unlike before.

Letting both journals out from the said handbag, he also grabbed his phone from his inner pockets as well as his airpods. Scrolling different playlists at once, he found his old playlist.

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**"Dianthus Caryophyllus" - Tommyinnit**

↗ [Juliet — Cavetown](#)

↗ [I love you so — The Walters](#)

↗ [Two Birds — Regina Spektor](#)

↗ [Tired — Beabadoobee](#)

↗ [Alien Blues — Vundabar](#)

↗ [Somewhere Only We Know — Keane](#)

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He pressed the playlist and started working. As far as he can remember, he certainly didn't make this playlist at all or he was not the only one who made this playlist. Yeah, someone was with him when he made this. He tried to remember who or who those people he's with him that time but he still couldn't remember it.

But moving on,

He started up his laptop. He decided to continue the story his mother started but will change some of it. Obviously, keeping the main points. That is the utmost important part. But, nevertheless, he starts writing on his laptop. He slept later than his original sleeping schedule, making it messed up once again after he desperately tried to regain the normal schedule. In that span of time, Tommy started to write things in his mother's notebook, trusting his subconscious that this will be future Tommy's problem.

---

*Theseus met a friend. A friend so lovely, bubbly and short but chaotic and amusingly scary when he gets the perfect time. His name is Apophis. A friend that entertains him by his mutual goofiness. Apollo met a few friends as well. Soteria, a lovely human being. Nemesis, soft hearted with a clash of dangerous creativeness and finally, Proteus who's younger than both Theseus and Apophis. When Apollo first saw the younger shape shifting hybrid, he instantly got attached to him. Treating him as his own son, the same treatment Theseus gets when he is younger up to now.*

*Dolos, the person who first created the village, allowed them to stay in. The Village of Examinus Bane is not that known, only the quantity of 10 and less are living within it, even. Hypnos and Hephaestus, the right hand men and close friends of Dolos, have been helpful. Hypnos, a man who loves to sleep, isn't entirely present in most tours the brothers have taken in order to take a familiar feel of the village but, Hephaestus is completely different. A chaotic guy who normally takes the perfect opportunity to commit arson in every place and loves to steal pets in every chance he can get.*

*History has it, before Theseus and Apollo even arrived in The Village of Examinus Bane. Conflict arose between Hephaestus and Asclepius due to the reason, Hephaestus burned Asclepius, the town's healer, one of her many citrus limon tree's in its scientific name.*

*Along with that, Hephaestus may have burned himself in the process, making the fire grow worse. Although, the situation is unintelligible for Theseus' own understanding. If Hephaestus burned*

*himself, there's a several chances his body may not recover from the burns or in worst case scenarios, he possibly have died. Yet, neither Hephaestus, Asclepius nor Athena denied and didn't say anything about the speeding rumors.*

*In the middle of those tours, Theseus found two belongings randomly in an open area.*

---

Time flew by rather quickly for Tommy's taste, engulfed in his own business can be fun and distracting at times when a person such as him is in distress. Stretching his back bones and yawning, he looked at his surroundings. The sunlight was gone instead, replacing it with dull skies with a half formed moon in the sky. The rest are slowly packing their belongings. Did Sam or Bad say something while he was distracted? Probably. It's just that, from the music he's listening to, he was unable to hear anything.

Following suit, he closed his laptop, putting the journals back into the handbag and finally putting them together into the backpack. He grabbed his phone, paused the music and put the device into his pocket. He still didn't keep his airpods back into the lid, both pods remained in both his ears. He's still planning to listen to songs when he walks home.

"So, Tommy, how's your first day here?" Hannah suddenly spoke, thankfully wasn't loud enough for others to hear

"It's good and it's peaceful" Tommy calms himself from the sudden question. "I look forward for upcoming meetings"

"That's great! Glad you like it here" Hannah exclaimed in glee, "Are you free on weekends? Bad planned to take the group shopping and staying in his house"

How in Prime does she know that? "Uh— yeah! I think. My schedule during weekends is mostly empty. Let's just hope there's no tests to study, that'll suck"

"Yeah but I think there'll be none. The faculty are getting ready for the annual intramurals, you see" Hannah clasped her hands and smiled

"That'll be it for today" Bad smiled while announcing, eyes directed at Tommy. "Hopefully, you have a peaceful time here to everyone and a nice first time for you, Tommy. For the next meeting, I'll inform Hannah about it for her to announce to the rest. You're dismissed and have a happy Thursday ahead!"

It's funny that this seems like a special class Tommy accidentally attended. How there are two

teachers supervising the small group of students, how Bad ended the meeting and how students scurried towards the door. Finally stepping outside, the group didn't move. Standing still like the time has frozen. Did something happen?

"Toms, we would like to invite you to the Literary Circle's group chat!" Karl said, surprising Tommy.

"Sure?"

"We would like to ask for your number, silly!" Karl laughed

"You're asking me out? I'm still a minor dude—"

"Oh goodness, here we are again"

"This happened twice?"

"But sure, I was just kidding" Tommy chuckled in amusement. Unaware that the others are melting inside from the warm energy surrounding the area. Wondering as well if the teachers who are still inside heard the cute and bubbly lighthearted chuckle. "Here"

---

**Karl Jacobs added Unknown Number to the Literary Circle**

**Dream** : WELCOME TOMMY!!!!

**Totem** : HELKOO

---

"You need a pen name so that we can change your name in the group chat, Tommy" Tina offered, "Do you have one? It's alright if you don't since you have the rest of the week to decide"

One character's name comes to mind. *"Theseus"*. A name that seems to be meant for him. A name that first appeared in his mother's unfinished story. "That's my pen name" It seems like Lady Death made it for him even though Tommy is aware the name originated from Greek origins.

"Greek? That's actually cool" Foolish boasted the muttered something under his breath, "Why didn't I think of that?"

---

***Karl Jacobs changed Unknown Number's nickname into Theseus***

---

"Who's who, if you don't mind me asking, in the group chat, by the way?" Tommy asked. Thankfully he had thought of this question earlier than asking anyone who's part of the group later on which will be slightly awkward. He even needs to know how to bring it up to the conversation!

"I'm glad you asked. We refer to our pen names, as you can notice. I'm *Dream*, using my singer name. *Foolish* is Totem, *Tina* is TK, *Hannah's* is HannahxxRose, *Karl* as his own name, *Boomer* as Froggy Prince and lastly, the professors; Mom or *Puffy* as Captain Puffy, obviously. *Sam* as The Warden. And *Bad* as BBH. You can go wild in the chat, the teachers don't care. Except for Bad when it comes to swearing but we don't usually listen. The admins are the teachers and Karl and that's it" Dream thankfully informed the younger.

"Thanks," Tommy smiled, "Thank you for welcoming me into the group. See you tomorrow or on the weekends?"

"On behalf of us, Tommy, thank you as well for joining us. And yes, see you tomorrow or on the weekends" Sam who finally stepped outside, him and the other professor to just meet a group commotion, spoke. Sincerely thanking the younger for this day. "Goodbye and stay safe, everyone"

---

**Tina** : YOO

**Tina** : WE HAVE ANOTHER BROTHER IN THE FAMILY!!!

**Dream** : SUCK IT LOZERRZZ

**George** : It's Tommy, isn't it?

**Drista** : THAT'S UNFAIR

**Drista** : CAN WE PLEASE ADD TOMSY HERE ASAP

**Deo** : @**Dream** sucks to u he's my childhood best friend and we're platonically married

**Wisp** : @**Deo** EYO WHAT CHAPTER DID I SKIP????

**Foolish** : MARRIED??? YOU KNEW EACH OTHER??

**Karl** : CHILDHOOD BSFS??? WHAT

**Karl** : @**Deo** HOW DARE YOU KEEP THIS FROM ME

**Deo** : @**Karl** I DID NOT. I TOLD U ABOUT A CHILDHOOD FRIEND DIDN'T I??

**Karl** : I CAN'T REMEMBER

**Niki** : wth is happening here

**Quackity** : WHAT'S WITH THE CAPS LOCK????

---

*Purpled added Tommyinnit to "chaos"*

---

**Purpled** : @**Niki** There's your answer :D

IT'S FINALLY DONE!!!

Is not updating for a week a good prank for advance April Fools? No? Okay. Sorry.

But seriously, I have tons to do a week ago and wasn't able to write even just a paragraph so I deeply apologize BUT DO NOT FRET MY CHILDREN!! THIS IS THE LONGEST CHAPTER I'VE EVER WRITTEN. AND IF I SAY LONGEST, IT IS **THE LONGEST**. BELIEVE ME.

I normally write 2K - 3K words for this book but I write 5K WORDS FOR THIS CHAPTER. I COULDNT EVEN BELIEVE IT MYSELF EWKSSKWOS

How? You may ask? I don't know

So yeah :DD hopefully you like this chapter!!

We have the Literary Circle in, already. What may be the next interaction? And what adventures will Tommy experience? Find out more by leaving a kudos, comment and a bookmark!! Thank you so much in advance and thank you for reading!!

**READ THIS FAN FICTION BASED ON THE SONGS PROVIDED ABOVE!!**

[I love you so by Nachaan\\_kun](#)

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Find out more by reading the fic or the [whole series](#)

[Somewhere Only We Know by Nachaan\\_kun](#)

[Singer cc! Tommy hours :>](#)

Please don't be confused about my Wattpad username as "Nachaan" and ao3 username as "Nachaan\_kun". Both are the same. In fact, you can call me in both names or simply just "author". Since in ao3, you couldn't end your user name in simply just an underscore so I have to add something at the end. Thank you for understanding!

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## **zinnia , daily remembrance and lasting affection**

### Chapter Summary

*Huh?* A group chat? He checked the group members from the chat settings. Mostly everyone he knew has been added before him. All except— Wilbur, Techno, Tubbo and him. Ranboo Beloved. The perfect golden child. Although, he noticed Niki has been added, the only member from Wilbur's friend group who has been added to the group messages. Niki has always been in neutral terms when it comes to himself, he still can't trust her. There's a huge possible chance that she will rat him out to his so-called older brother. She'll possibly rat him out that he's been interacting with enemies, labeling him as a traitor of the family's name.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*Huh?* A group chat? He checked the group members from the chat settings. Mostly everyone he knew has been added before him. All except— Wilbur, Techno, Tubbo and him. Ranboo Beloved. The perfect golden child. Although, he noticed Niki has been added, the only member from Wilbur's friend group who has been added to the group messages. Niki has always been in neutral terms when it comes to himself, he still can't trust her. There's a huge possible chance that she will rat him out to his so-called older brother. She'll possibly rat him out that he's been interacting with enemies, labeling him as a traitor of the family's name.

Honestly, what's wrong with him? He can't blame him, he's been delusional from the start, anyways.

---

**chaos**

**Tommyinnit** : uhh

**Tommyinnit** : hello?

**George** : ah

**George** : the annoying child is here

**George** : welcome

**Tommyinnit** : okay first of all stfu second of all whatb am I doingbhere

**Purpled** : your here bc I added u?

**Tommyinnit** : still didn't answer my question big p

**Luke** : What's up with all thisnloeet case? m?

**Bitzel** : I bet they're tired from all the caps lock so they switched into lowercase

**Drista** : Bitzek, the only man who knows how to spell

**Bitzel** : Bitzek??

**Bitzel** : I'm offended

**Tommyinnit** : is it just me or this is the most chaotic gc I've ever been to

**Purpled** : its named "chaos" for a reason

**Purpled** : dumbass

---

*read*

---

Tommy rolled his eyes yet his fond smile remained. He was never added in chaotic and active group chats like this. The other group he's been added to is always so formal, academic related or

never active at all. Tommy sighed, putting his phone back in his right pocket, didn't even bother to respond to Purpled's reply. He's currently walking towards the alleyway, the same alleyway where he took shortcuts from the Craft manor to Esempi High University. The same shortcut he took the second day of the third week of his freshman year.

Looking around, his decision of going here might be stupid. Considering the fact that's it's already dark, with the dim yet functioning floor lamp lantern placed on either side of the alleyway with no pattern at all, with no one with him, it seems like he's in a horror movie where he's going to get chased down and killed at the end because of his stupidity. The eerie feeling is no better. Ignoring this feeling and trying his best to be optimistic which he is bad at, he continues to walk forward. Why is he here again?

Right, he's still curious if that door he saw a day ago is real or a part of his imagination. Tommy is sure he saw a door back when he was in a rush, he just can't figure out if it's fake or not.

A dirty dark wooden plank door with random graffiti art that comes with it. It's barely noticeable especially when at night, covered under the building shade in the morning as well as fitting in with the brick wall alongside it. Tommy pressed his right hand on the walls lightly. He continued walking slowly, humming the tune of Roadtrip. His favorite song Dream himself made and sang. Brushing the dirty and sprayed walls with his right hand, he eventually stopped. Snapping his head to the same direction, his eyes were met with a tall for a knob's size, metal bronze handle bar. Guess he wasn't imagining when he saw this plank door he's currently facing.

Gripping the straps from his bag rather tightly, he knocked at the door.

Alright, look. He may look stupid which he probably is, but it's the logical thing to do. He doesn't want to intrude on to whoever lives inside this abandoned looking place that's too small from the outside. And he knows he should mind his damn business but he's a mere teenager! Acts like one, looks like one, it all fits in. Can't you blame a kid for being curious?

The clock hits six. It's been a minute and no one answered. He knocked again. Then waited, and then again. Until several times later. No one answered the curious knock on the door.

This is the time where he's going to die just because he's too stupid and curious for his own sake. Just like in a horror movie, he was amused. He gulped audibly. Screw it.

He pushed the door, hand holding tightly and securely around the door's handle bar. His face morphed into a serious and concentrated one, Prime, this door is harder to open than the manor's storage room. Begrudgingly, he decided to forcibly open it with both his hands this time. Gathering all the force and power he could collect in order to open this stupid door he pathetically wasted this time at.

Wait—

Is this door locked? Tommy abruptly stopped and quickly looked for a keyhole but found nothing. Maybe from the inside? But that's impossible. No one answered his polite knocks, it looked abandoned, the place was literally trashed. His intuition screamed and deemed it impossible. So he tried to push and pull once again.

This time, it opened. The screech the door made gave shivers that scrawled through his spines. The chill he suddenly felt is somehow the feeling that someone was with him this whole time. Maybe this is the worst idea he ever had in this so-called life. Looking around, it was justified that no one was with him. No one was spying on him or even no one was stalking him. Alright.

He pushed the door even more in order to see what's inside further. But all he can see is darkness. Grabbing his phone from his pockets, he opened the lock screen, greeting him with the sight of a bunch of notifications from the group chat he was added in. He ignored it and quickly scrolled down, turning his mobile flashlight on. Even though there is indeed a light source coming from his

phone, he still couldn't see anything or further back of the room as expected. Reluctantly going inside after looking around everywhere in the alleyway, he looked for a working light switch. Who knows? Maybe his luck still didn't run out.

He coughs from the dust scattering around the area. It seems like the sudden opening of the old plank door causes dust to spray the area over. While looking around, he bumped into a silver bead chain hanging from the top. Looking up with his phone flashing light from the direction he's looking at, he saw a light bulb. Seems like there was no light switch. Instead, there is a pull chain switch. Do people these days even use those types of switches? Probably, found in Victorian homes or somewhere in rural areas. He pulled the chain, and the bulb quickly turned its light. Tommy looked at different areas found on the ceiling. One light bulb down, more to go.

---

Turns out, he just simply turned on the light for the entryway. An entryway where the ivory walls were covered in hanging green vines with wilted petals. Upon walking south, there's a single pole switch. A light switch to turn on the seemingly mini chandelier. Although, it's not your average chandelier. There are still light bulbs forming a great light under the metallic bronze that's been holding the light source in place, but there are also three candles a bit above forming a diamond shape. He instantly closed his eyes from the immediate bright light he just opened by flicking the old light switch, then opened his eyes a second later. Those three candles instantly lit up, is it electric? Connected from the main light switch? Does that even exist? Will the candles melt? He shrugged helplessly, he's getting sidetracked.

The room was filled with books. Books everywhere and anywhere at once. Although, the room is not literally covered with just books. There is a single leather settee couch on the left, a classic leather cabriole on the further back middle, a rather tall circular table with a small lamp on top. A small and flat circular middle in the center with an empty flower vase on top with a red, thick carpet draping the whole floor. Further in front of the small living room was a wooden dark oak table. Standing in the middle to the far right to where Tommy was currently standing, the same color of chair in front of it with black cushion, books and several papers with pens and a lamp shade on top. In the middle of the back, behind the living room was a huge shelf, covering the middle portion of the wall with two glass windows, and was covered with double curtains on each side. Two stairs on each side, going up towards the second floor which is once again, just shelves filled with books and small passageway to stand on to with an open center, having a tall ceiling. It is a library room that has a medieval look and an old smell of papers and old, vintage, antique books.

Tommy looked around with a question in his mind, "Who owns this place?"

He knows he's intruding on personal space and a private place, but it looks like no one is living here. Although the lights work, the place seems lively like someone has been going here and took care of some things. That plant Tommy was staring at is an example. He placed his backpack on the table in front of him, looking for his mother's diary. Once found, he placed it on the table and scrolled down his phone, planning to order food online seeing the fact that he'll surely be here for a long time. It took him ten minutes to finish the order, craving some pasta with a cold drink to pair with the dish.

He then picked up the journal, his phone now on the table. He scrimmage a few pages, stopping the page he recently read.

---

07.19.1987

*I'm meeting him today in our spot down the alleyway! I'm still not sure why he made the room for me, paying unnecessary things just for a commoner like me. I'm not special. He's in an ancient family, ancient blood running down his vines with riches and treasure my family and I could not*

*afford of. But enough of that, I'm a little excited, it's been awhile since we have last spoken. Although, I'm quite curious, what is it that he want to speak to me? He announced in his letter that he has an announcement to make.*

*Now I'm nervous. Damn that man, always making me feel things I couldn't understand.*

— Kristin Diomedes Rose

---

Tommy chuckles from his mother's attitude over letters, he certainly didn't know his mother's last maiden name was Diomedes Rose or is Diomedes her second name? He is not so sure.

Tommy looked around, he realized this is a great place to hang out all by himself. Spending his time in just writing, reading, accomplishing homeworks or taking a nap. Besides, the university is near this place. Just walk straight, take a right then straight once again and find the plank door. The room needs more supplies though, such as a typewriter, printer and a bit more efficient electronics that's needed for writing.

This could be his little writing office!

Tommy grinned in excitement, pushing the thought of someone actually living here or owns this place and didn't abandon it, away back.

---

Munching a meatball using his utensils he brought for school, he stared at the front wall. While he's eating, he's writing on a piece of scratch crumpled paper, listing small things he needs to buy for this place. He decided to pursue what he thought of earlier, making this place into his little area, away from his brothers and possible house servants that could report back to his father or brothers. He needs to clean this place as well, seeing as the dust is noticeable even when you're standing away back. The beautiful plants planted were dead, wilted or started to decay which made Tommy determined to grow wonderful and healthy plants around the base.

Who knew? Maybe one day, he could invite someone he duly trusts to join him here.

Tommy smiled for the umpteenth time this day. Life surely has its moments to make things spectacular.

---

*Theseus lean on the tree, being banished from a far land isn't that great. When Dolos explained to him the infinite amount of lives that comes within this village, Theseus was always— strange about the system. In other kingdoms, both Apollo and Theseus did not know anything about the infinite lives system, only found out when they first arrived in Examinus Bane in pure accident.*

*Which leads here, he didn't mean to kill Hypnos. It was not at all intentional. Hypnos haven't done anything to the boy, casually sleeping most of the time. Yet when awake, he's kind and polite, usually helping Dolos secure the village. However, Theseus cannot blame Dolos about the decision of his banishment. He did break several rules, only staying inside the village for a few days. Thievery, involuntary manslaughter, arson and such that was against the village rules. He escaped the prison Dolos built and put him in when the trial between Hypnos and Theseus happened as well.*

*Yawning, he wondered how Apollo was doing at the Village of Examinus Bane.*

---

Getting up from the makeshift bed that was actually a couch, Tommy stretched his upper limbs. His body ached from the uncomfortable position he stayed under the whole night. He wasn't necessarily planning to stay in, wanting to go home past midnight, but things don't usually stick out from the main plan, as expected. Today is Thursday, the fourth day of the third week of freshman year and there are no classes. There's no exact explanation as to why there's suddenly no classes, the students won't complain further though. Nonetheless, asynchronous activities are always present. It's a good thing Tommy has done most of it, finishing the rest later back at his room in the Craft manor.

The owner of this place, pretending there is indeed one, didn't arrive at all. If he will be back here later at the same time he had found this place, that proves that the owner abandoned this hidden area. Grabbing his things that's laying on the center table, forming a mess, he packed them all back inside his backpack. Laptop, random papers, his mother's journals and a bunch of trash were stuffed inside his bag, throwing it later the unneeded ones that's taking a lot of space inside the item used to keep them in place. He arranged the books, stacking them properly and straight. As a

perfectionist he is that he unfortunately inherited from the rest of his family members, he wants the place to be clean and organized to its fullest. Now satisfied, he smiled at his masterpiece.

Today is going to be a long day. Just like the rest of the days that have passed.

---

*Autaritus, an illegal mercenary but a minor, patiently waiting for a year to be a legal adult, received a task from an anonymous person. Saying he will receive a good amount of goods if he killed Theseus, the new civilian that joined a few days back. Now, he came across the village just a few days after Theseus himself so it's logical, Theseus is a person he doesn't know of or is not familiar with.*

*Walking down the path, he saw Theseus sitting on a bench ahead of him, listening to the played tune from his favorite discs. Sneaking in, Autaritus decided to put his plan into action.*

*Just for the sake of money, he'll do anything to get it. Even if he needed to play dirty.*

*Out of pure greed, he did not think of the consequences that seriously.*

---

He'll add this part to his writing document later on, unsure if he's going to add it to the actual planned book. Putting his phone back in his pockets, he walked down the pathway towards the massive doors. The security in charge thankfully let him in without raising any questions as to where he's been (he's ignoring the fact that workers that his father hired is not allowed to gossip, spreading informations; fake or not, outside and inside the Craft manor, eavesdrop, ask too many questions and to avoid including oneself to partake any drama within the Craft family so technically, it's their part to not ask any questions as to why the young blonde wasn't home the previous night. Although, Thomas Innit doesn't care about any of these rules, he's still thankful nonetheless. The only thing he is bothered of is the fact, these workers are ordered to report any actions Tommy has done. Explaining to the workers that Tommy is young and a minor, in need of guidance. Good thing Eryn and Eryn's dad is on his side). When the grand open entrances were opened, Tommy wasn't shocked when the complete family was here. Phil, inspecting him with stern and cold eyes, was back from his business trip. Wilbur Soot, his brown eyes he inherited from their deceased mother showed a menacing and cunning glint that made Tommy quickly change his gaze over to Techno, the younger twin. Techoblade, on the other hand, stared at Tommy blankly yet shared a hidden feeling Tommy couldn't grasp. They were sitting on one of the couches placed near the doors, seemingly acting out as waiting chairs (or couches for this matter) for guests to sit at when waiting for the patriarch to arrive.

"Good morning?" Thomas Innit awkwardly shared a smile, not knowing what to do. Ever since his family became distant towards him, the younger member started to not know how to interact with the family. Interacting with unknown relatives was bad, but interacting with your faintly aloof family was far worse.

"Tommy, why weren't you here to welcome our dear father from his successful business trip?" Wilbur tsked. "It's a shame you weren't here. We celebrated with Tubbo, your best friend and Ranboo, his best friend over a congratulatory dinner! Father auspiciously partnered up with one of the largest companies of the whole wide world! Dream Esempi Foundation! Won't you congratulate our father?" Wilbur maniacally grinned at his youngest brother obvious suffering

Tommy lowered his head, standing in the spotlight is not always the best. "Congratulations father"

"Can't you be enthusiastic enough?" Techno gruffly muttered yet loud enough for everyone in the area to hear. And here Tommy thought Techno was at least on Tommy's side

"Congrats dad on the successful trip!" He changed his tone and a few words, wanting to get out as soon as possible. Wait a minute- Dream Esempi Foundation? Isn't that Dream's own global company? Didn't Wilbur and Techno envy that guy?

"Much better" Techno huffed. He seems in a bad mood which is mostly unusual for Techno to even show emotions, probably affected by the fact that their dad partnered up with their rival. Guess both Techno and Wilbur need to try harder to live up to their father's and themselves' expectation.

"Thank you Tommy" Phil cracked up a smile, too fake for Tommy's own sake. "Now, back to the main question, where were you?"

Tommy won't refuse the fact that he had been expecting this question. It was a bad idea staying in some random but comfortable place he found all of a sudden first of all. It just gives off a homey feeling Tommy couldn't describe. He hadn't felt something like it for the longest time and that's okay! He should be at least thankful he has a roof on top of his head rather than living on the streets (*Honestly?* He rather lives on the streets than having a neglectful and distant family that replaced him with a forgetful dickhead). The main problem, how he is going to answer this logical and expected question. Should he be honest about it? Should he lie? But when he comes to think of it, the second option seems a lot better than the first ones. "I was staying with a friend"

"Tubbo? We rang Schlatt about you staying but he said *you* didn't join Ranboo and Tubbo's sleepover" Phil takes a sip of his tea that Tommy didn't even notice. "Which friends do you mean?"

"My school friends? *Tubbo* isn't my only friend you know?" Yes he *was*. And it hurts the fact he had been replaced intentionally or not.

"Invite them tomorrow night then *Tommy*" Wilbur flashed a sinister smirk. "If you do have friends other than Tubbo, invite them tomorrow for dinner. I'm sure dad wants to meet them, right dadza?" Tommy grimaces directly at Wilbur, Prime. He hates him so much he wants to kill himself. Tommy looked at Phil, desperately pleading internally. He doesn't fucking know who he is going to invite for fuck sake.

"Sure, Ranboo and Tubbo will be here tomorrow evening as well. It's good to actually see you interact with other people your age Tommy and I'm sure it's better to let Tubbo and Ranboo meet with your friends to get to know each other" Tommy artificially smiles, too eager to go inside his soundproof room and scream in rage.

"Can I invite my friends too, dad?" Wilbur excitedly mentioned which Techno rolled his eyes in silent response. The twins have always been different to each other, leaving the rest confused. Sometimes, they aren't even sure if they are real identical twins!

"No, Wilbur. It's *Tommy's* night, it's not Wilbur's night" Techno chuckles amusingly in reply to his father's response. "*More like Tommy's torture*" Tommy whispered under his breath. Phil lifted up his head from his drink, noticing that his youngest son (the said son loathes that word coming from the old man's mouth) muttered something out of his hearing range. "What was that, Tommy?"

Alarmed, the son quickly responded, "Nothing"

Suspicious of his own son's action, he fortunately paid no mind and continued on to the main topic. "You better go to your room and invite your friends" Tommy didn't slip the fact that his father sounds like he has a doubt about this so-called friends. He remained quiet and conscious about his surroundings. He simply nodded and went to go to his bedroom on the upper floor, planning to call Eryn to bring him his breakfast while figuring out what to do in this difficult situation.

"You better make dad proud Toms! Besides, it's rare for you to get things according to your plan, right?" Wilbur chuckles. He then muttered a pain phrase seeing as his younger twin smacked him on his back rather harshly.

Stupid Wilbur, stupid twins, stupid father, stupid family and stupid me. Tommy rolls his eyes and scoffs. He felt like he's in his own Cinderella movie. HIM as Cinderella, his father as the step mother and those twins as the step sisters. It fits too perfectly for his own sake. He wonders if he has a happy ending eventually with a nice pseudo family (as the prince charming) that treats him right and a considerate group of friends or hell, one friend will do (as the fairy godmother) that will help him escape from his horrible story.

Soon. Maybe. The back of his mind just wishes they'll interrupt this reality early, his naive soul will not know what to do if they're too late to save him.

---

"How's your school boys? Have either of you made it to Top 1 yet?" Phil asked the twins who looked down in shame.

"Dream is still on Top 1, father" Techno stood up, not wanting to stay any further

Phil let out a disappointed sigh, "Make sure to try your hardest next time. Especially you Wilbur, you're currently in Top 3, I want you to catch up with Techno, understood boys?"

Wilbur secretly rolled his eyes while Techno twitches, "Yes father"

"Also, Techno, you should win the fencing competition this year's intramurals. Wilbur, to your talent competition with your band as well. It's been three years and you both still haven't had the chance to earn the competition's trophy and medal. I don't care about the money, I want you both to win" Phil tsked. "If we're going to partner up with the Dream Esempi Foundation, befriend Dream and put your *so-called* rivalry aside, alright?"

---

Wilbur, who's about to protest which Technoblade thankfully held him back, let out a small affirmation context and left, grabbing his older twin with him.

*If only Kristin was here, none of this would have happened.*

## Chapter End Notes

### I AM SO SORRY FOR THE 2-3 WEEKS DELAY!!

A lot of things happening (aka I was suffering in extreme tooth pain while out of town and plot twist, the tooth pain was all my fault) these past 2-3 weeks (I can't keep track lmao), and I was in my 2 week break from school and that worsens my lack of motivation in writing. Plus! I got my occasional writer's block!!

I was planning to make a longer chapter than my previous 5k word chapter but, I just managed to write a 4k words chapter due to the reason that I ran out of ideas for this chapter (surprising, I know). I do have plans for the next chapter which involves—

Anywho, hopefully, you enjoy this chapter!!

Can anyone give tips and html stuff about how to organize end notes??

Kudos, comments and bookmarks are greatly appreciated!! Thank you so much in advance!

Check out [Singer cc! Tommy hours :>](#) THE SERIES!! (Still incomplete!!! If you want angst, this is for you. I'll try to improve my writing since my goal is to make readers cry im so sorry)

Check out [Saline Solution, History Repeats Itself](#) for more angst!! It's an open ending so make sure to comment your own ending!!

**Here are my active accounts atm, follow if you want!**

[Instagram](#)

[Wattpad](#)

**made a back up Wattpad account, planning for future original stories idrk**  
click [here](#)

LOVE YOU ALL /p THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR PATIENTLY WAITING!!

## buttercup , childness

### Chapter Summary

Ranboo sighed, he just wants this day to be over with. He has so many backlogs from last week to do plus the present activities. He had always been a slow learning student with decent yet unsatisfying grades. His constant forgetful moments always got the worst of him. However, he was good at other things such as reading and a bit of writing as well. Ranboo smiled fondly at the sheer memory both him and Techno created a week ago. Reading books in the Craft manor peacefully and switching books once finished. It was like binge watching a movie series but instead, it was books. He didn't even know that the Technoblade, a badass fencing duelist and an intimidating personality, has a soft spot inside. And oh man, Ranboo looked up to him as his non-biological older brother even if he only met him just a few weeks ago. He met the Craft family first when Thomas Innit, the youngest Craft, introduced him to them. And At that moment? He found himself a pseudo second family and he could never be more grateful to Tommy. Ranboo quickly frowned at his current thought. But he still wondered as to why the young blonde became distant and cold towards him a few days after the unforgettable happy incident.

### Chapter Notes

Here's a mixed POV everyone! Mostly Ranboo's though :>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo sighed, he just wants this day to be over with. He has so many backlogs from last week to do plus the present activities. He had always been a slow learning student with decent yet unsatisfying grades. His constant forgetful moments always got the worst of him. However, he was good at other things such as reading and a bit of writing as well. Ranboo smiled fondly at the sheer memory both him and Techno created a week ago. Reading books in the Craft manor peacefully and switching books once finished. It was like binge watching a movie series but instead, it was books. He didn't even know that the Technoblade, a badass fencing duelist and an intimidating personality, has a soft spot inside. And oh man, Ranboo looked up to him as his non-biological older brother even if he only met him just a few weeks ago. He met the Craft family first when Thomas Innit, the youngest Craft, introduced him to them. And At that moment? He found himself a pseudo second family and he could never be more grateful to Tommy. Ranboo quickly frowned at his current thought. But he still wondered as to why the young blonde became distant and cold towards him a few days after the unforgettable happy incident.

If only he knew the feeling he had perceived that day was the opposite feeling Tommy had felt.

Speaking of Craft family, he and Tubbo has been invited to a family dinner later this day. He remembered, ironically and surprisingly on his behalf, that Phil mentioned they have some guests coming over and Ranboo can't help but feel nervous but excited at the same time. He's always been socially awkward when interacting. He don't usually talk to kids with the same age as him back when he was younger. But seeing his sibling, the only mentally stable between all their family members in such a sudden expression makes his chest tighten so he tried his best to socialize. It only made his condition worse, hearing those careless insults his classmates had said back in elementary, whether they are talking it behind his back or not, made him puke and hurl.

But when he stood in front of the doors of Esempi High, he met *Thomas Innit Craft*. The boy who drastically changed his life. The boy who now distanced himself from him days after Ranboo Beloved became close to the Craft and Underscore family. That is the main thing he wants to know the reason behind.

In Ranboo's own perspective, Tommy, the blonde's usual nickname for everyone to call him, has always been mysterious. Yes, the brunette certainly knows that the blonde is socially and academically interactive, talkative, chaotic and such that describes him as an extrovert, clearly opposite of Ranboo. Although, even in far distance, the brunette can notice how odd and eccentric Tommy is. The blonde usually shut off in the middle of a conversation, quiet when he wants and knows to be, can notice how Tommy's blue electric eyes move in an ambiguous manner, quickly and critically (that includes Ranboo when both first met. The mentioned brunette has been terrified of him. Much more now when Tommy suddenly went cold), secretive even others told him he sucks at lying and most of all, the practiced yet unnoticeable act he plastered in front of everyone.

Ranboo knows more than what people can imagine. He's always been observant since the very start. Ranboo seems to know every unnoticed thing and sometimes, he wishes he didn't.

"*Ran*" Ranboo shakes his head from a distracted thought, he quickly spins his head to see who is calling him abruptly in a middle of class— "Ranboo!"

"*Aimsey*! Professor Drops might hear you, you idiot!"

"Health Ed literally ends like— seven minutes ago, Ranboo" Aimsey huffed, "And don't call me an idiot! You're the distracted idiot here, as always"

"Oh," Has he been daydreaming that much? "Sorry. I was just thinking about the group project but uh— what's the next class?"

"Lunch? My favorite subject?" Aimsey deadpanned jokingly although Ranboo seemingly didn't get

the hint. "Prime, you seriously don't get it?" They scoff playfully, "It's Lunch time and Health Ed is the last class for technically, the whole day. The afternoon ones are just clubs, sports, practice or an elective student like the three of us. Tubbo, me and you"

"Oh, yeah. I forgot today was Friday, sorry"

"You always forgot Ranboo, it will be a great miracle if you can perfect the recitation next Monday"

"Recit— what"

---

*Aimsey Teevee* is a first year new student together with Ranboo, Tommy and Tubbo. Taking Robotics Engineering together with Tubbo Underscore and a dear friend to Ranboo. Tubbo and Aimsey are currently labeled as "frenemies," based on an aimless argument the other day due to the reason of Ranboo giving them ownership to Ranboo and Tubbo's so-called mansion which is literally Ranboo's garage. Nevertheless, they don't have any clue who Tommy is besides the fact that this 'Tommy' is a Craft family member.

---

Both were walking together, chattering and bickering about a senseless topic along the way, down the school's bottom and first floor hallway, about to go to the cafeteria to buy lunch. Tubbo was waiting for them in the said cafeteria, and doesn't have the same class with them on Fridays. The hallway was littered with loud and noisy and rowdy students, some on their way home and some on their way to the same destination both were going. While Aimsey energetically talks about their Robotics project that she's excited to work on, Ranboo paid no mind to his surroundings which made him bumped into a certain someone he's definitely familiar with. "Hey! Watch where you're going"

Aimsey stopped in her tracks, scrutinizing the blonde their best friend bumped into with her pair of hazelnut eyes. "I'm so sorry!" Ranboo apologized profusely to the person within their group who he accidentally bumped.

Tommy brushed his shoulder, looking uncomfortable to the situation he's in. "It's alright, I guess. Just don't be *blind* next time"

"Wha— Hey! You're the one who carelessly ran across the hallway and therefore, bumped Ranboo first! You should be the one who's supposed to apologize to Ranboo!" Aimsey scoffed, yelped when Ranboo tugged their arms, a known motion to stop the other. "I'm really sorry about my friend and I'm sorry about bumping into you. I don't have any excuse as to why I got distracted but I promise to not to be next time when walking or running. I'm so sorry once again!"

"You're always distracted anyways" Tommy muttered then huffed. "Fine, whatever. Let's forget about this and go on our merry way. Goodbye"

Ranboo saw him run hurriedly towards the opposite way both friends are going. In a short span of time, Ranboo didn't know a person could change so suddenly and quickly. He saw the once energetic bright blonde turned cold and distant, with a quiet and reserved aura surrounding him. He saw the sparkle in both his eyes disappear. He saw Tommy changed significantly in a short matter of time Ranboo himself didn't deem possible to a single person. Did he do something wrong? Did he do something wrong?

Possibly. Besides, if he indeed didn't do something, then none of this could have happened. Tommy would still yell at him playfully with side remarks that always made Ranboo lit up with happiness. Just the sound of his precious, loud voice will instantly light his day up. It may sound cliché seeing the fact that both just recently met, (their friendship didn't even last a month after a blooming yet short friendship rekindled) but for some reason, he quickly got attached to Innit considering his trust issues and pent up social anxiety.

But, he learned from the start that happy beginnings are always a consequence. A '*Calm Before*

*The Storm'* if you will.

He sighed.

"He's not wrong about the always distracted part" Aimsey shrugged their shoulders, arms and hands crossed together with a furrowed look. "Anywho, who is he anyways? He's a jackass"

"Aimsey! Don't say things like that to a Craft!" Ranboo scolded his friend, "He's the youngest Craft, Thomas Innit Craft! Dummy! Didn't you know?" Ranboo continues to walk, now looking carefully where he's walking. He learned his lesson after all.

Aimsey rolled her eyes, "What's so special about him anyways? Just because of a family name that belongs to one of the sacred ancient surnames across Minecraft, doesn't mean you should be scared of him or anyone that belongs to the Craft family. They also don't have the right to be an ass!" Aimsey took a left, Ranboo followed and stayed silent on their rant. "See? This is the current economy, all corrupted prejudice and bigotry, the rich always comes first while the poor comes last. That's basically human injustice!"

"How in the actual nether did you talk about the Craft then quickly going to our corrupt economy?" Ranboo exclaimed, amused by his friend's action and rant topic. "But anyhow, you should really join the debates team"

Aimsey grimaces, the basic thought of it makes them shiver. "No thanks. Robotics Engineering is enough"

"I heard there's a debate competition going on next month? During intramurals? Tubbo told me that the student council is planning to include the debate competition for the first time ever! Maybe you should join together with Tubbo?"

"Me? Teaming up with Tubbo? The Tubbo Underscore? Yeah, no thanks"

"C'mon! Put your frenemies status aside for this one! Esempi High is facing three powerful universities worldwide! We can't lose" Ranboo scratched his head, whining. He's always been competitive in school competitions, wanting to put his school participation overall first rather than friends and academic performance. Maybe he should also join the writing competition this school year.

"Who fucking cares?"

---

Tubbo was sitting on one of the cafeteria's tables, slowly eating his lunch, not bothered to wait for the other two. Both of them are usually late during breaks, always the first one in the cafeteria. That is when he doesn't have the same classes during the third period of the morning classes. His role is a '*table finder*' after all seeing as the canteens are filled with students every break which is expected because it's where others bought their foods.

He always takes that role from the very start, getting used to it every now and then.

---

*"Hey!" Tubbo asked his seatmate with hushed whispers, "are you done with the test?"*

*His seamate clearly rolled their eyes at the obvious question, "Can't you see I'm still answering Tubs? I'm literally holding a pen on my right while there's a paper in front of me"*

*Tubbo just simply huffed, "Well- are you done now? We still have to buy our food and I'm pretty sure crowds are starting to form in the place right now!"*

*"Since you're done with the test, why can't you go first? Miss Adeline permitted students that are finished to eat lunch while the rest of the students who are still answering don't. Maybe you can find a seat for us? The one on the second floor? Our usual spot?"*

*"Ugh, fine" Tubbo whined, "I wanna be here with you though!"*

*"T-"*

*"Mister Underscore and Mister Craft! Please stop talking and focus on the test!" Their professor scolded them. Tommy hurriedly answered his paper while Tubbo pouted. "Mister Underscore, I believe I received your test paper. You can go eat your lunch now"*

*"I told you" Tommy murmured*

---

He guessed he's just used to it by now.

Lifting his head up, he can see both individuals in the distance, holding their cafeteria trays on both hands. He sighed and raised his hand to wave at them, a signal for them to see in order to avoid getting lost. "Tubbo! There you are!"

"Hey" Tubbo mumbled, his mouth full of stuffed cheeseburger, "what took you both long enough?"

"Ranboo bumped into someone named Thomas Innit Craft" Aimsey sat in front of Tubbo while Ranboo sat beside them. "He's apparently 'blind'. Rich kids these days are total assholes"

"Tommy? Tommy said that?" Tubbo looked at Ranboo in the eyes, without knowing the tall brunette hates eye contacts. "Aren't you close with him?"

"What do you mean Tommy? What I mean to say is Thomas Innit Craft called him blind" Aimsey said, getting her utensils out from backpack

"Tommy is this Thomas Innit Craft, dumbass" Tubbo returned his gaze towards Ranboo, still waiting for an answer. Aimsey on the other hand was busy eating and processing the whole information. It was understandable though. Aimsey doesn't know anything between the iceberg blocking Ranboo's and Tommy's friendship as well as Tubbo and Tommy's. They don't know anything about how both friendships where Tommy is included are slowly sinking but quickly melting at once. She just met both Ranboo and Tubbo a week and two days ago anyway, of course they don't know about anything that involves Tommy. All she just knew is that this Tommy is a jerk and a total ass that carried the Craft name on his back of his shoulders.

"Yeah but it's all my fault anyways! I wasn't looking in the way causing him to ran into me!" Ranboo chuckled awkwardly, wanting this to be over with

"That's still not right!" Tubbo argued. "He's been an ass for these past weeks now. Ugh, what's wrong with him anyway? Him meeting you, being friends with you and suddenly became a total jerk?"

"You *were* friends with him?" Aimsey repeated, she couldn't really understand what they're saying. "No offense or anything! But, I didn't know you managed to at least talk to him. Don't blame me but compared to what I experienced earlier? I just can't believe it"

"Tubbo is friends with him too" Ranboo started to explain. "Right Tubs?"

"Don't drag me into this" Tubbo glared at his tall best friend, "But yeah. *We're* childhood friends, friends since birth if you could say. Our fathers are business friends, got introduced to each other and became inseparable ever since. Don't know what happened though. He suddenly became mean, and refused to hang out ever since I met Ranboo. He's always been a jealous fucker, clingy too"

Aimsey lifted their brow, not completely expecting that. They let that one slide, "Don't he have other friends too?"

Tubbo just shrugged, not bothering to look at his so-called frenemy in front of him. "Dunno. Never see him much, only in corridors or hallways but he's mostly alone"

Ranboo interjected, "Hey, let's not assume and jump into conclusions. Can we just- Can we just eat and talk about something else?"

"Speaking of Tommy, Phil invited us for dinner! Maybe you can come Aims?" Tubbo chirped, excited for the dinner that will be happening later on.

"Can't, I have to visit my parents so I need to wait for the bus early. I also have to work on the essay for the essay writing contest for my scholarship program. Need to win in order to get the cash prize" Aimsey fed herself a chicken leg, drinking their lemon juice afterwards. "Besides, I don't know who is this Phil anyway"

"Philza Craft invited us for a family dinner together with his children whom we know of" Ranboo ate peacefully

"A family dinner together with two outside guests?" Aimsey asked, befuddled by the whole topic from the start

"There's more new guests I believe. Didn't know who though" Ranboo answered, "Tubbo and his father usually are invited to a family dinner. I just got invited recently, actually"

"Huh" Yeah, something is definitely wrong about the Craft family. Especially this Tommy guy. From what Aimsey has heard from the other two, Tommy was a sweetheart and loved to meet new people but the '*Tommy*' they met a while ago out of pure accident was not. Ranboo and Tommy were once friends as well. Then out of the blue, he became distant. They didn't even know there's a Thomas Innit in the Craft family, rarely heard of him from the news or articles. Hell, Ranboo is normally mentioned as Tommy, Philza's own son, just until the second week of classes in interviews and whenever the Craft family topic is involved between the three of friends. Ranboo is always invited to the Craft manor (based on what Tubbo and Ranboo told her) more than usual for a mere new guest. There's a certainty that family issues are going on with the Craft family without her friends' knowledge. Her friends are just too oblivious to notice.

But how though? It's too obvious even for a stranger like them.

Great, now she's too interested in this. Maybe she should learn more about Thomas and meet the real Tommy, not assuming things.

---

Ranboo, Tubbo and Tubbo's father, Jschlatt Underscore, was walking down the entrance pathway of the Craft manor. Ranboo, still in awe (even though it's not the first time and definitely not the last to walk around within the Craft property) every time he walked the entrance of the manor. The walkway itself was magical and fantastical, different kind of blooming flowers were planted accordingly, each with significant meaning that Ranboo is researching at the moment, huge grown trees brings fresh air to breathe in and the pathway was made of cobble with small standing lanterns on each corner to brighten the area during night. The butlers opened the doorway, Ranboo smiled, excited for today's night.

"Phil!" Schlatt smiled, hugging his business partner from eighteen. "How are you man? It's been a long time"

"Yes, I know" Phil chuckled, "I'm good, I'm good. How are you? I heard from Tubbo that you're building a branch somewhere in Earth Esempi"

Schlatt playfully smacks his son's back, "Tubbo, that was supposed to be a surprise for old Phil here!"

Tubbo lowered his head in embarrassment, in front of a family friend nonetheless. He's always not good when he's standing in the spotlight, whether close friends, relatives or any human figure, he's always been shy. "Uhh— sorry dad"

"I'm just kidding. But yes Phil, in the *Business Bay region* of Earth Esempi to be exact"

"Business Bay region? That's actually quite near to the Antarctic Empire, where my wife used to live? You should set up another branch there as well" Phil suggests. Schlatt grins, whenever Kristin is brought up in a topic, Phil usually switches out the conversation or is too sensitive about it. It's good to see him back with his old self. "I'll take note of that partner"

"But anyways, shall we head on to the dining room? My sons, except for Tommy, are waiting there"

"Tommy? How's Tommy by the way? I haven't heard of him since three weeks ago" Schlatt mindlessly asked, "And— where is he?"

"Ah! Tommy is good, actually. Been here and there, not sure what he's up to considering I'm normally away but uh— yeah, he's doing good" Phil clears his voice, "And for your last question, Tommy isn't home yet. But speaking of him, we have other guests coming over which are Tommy's other friends"

Tubbo and Ranboo perked up, they expected something but Tommy's friends. Questions filled up both their minds. Tommy has other friends? They thought. Look, they don't mean to assume or underestimate Tommy but, they mostly see Tommy alone by himself during school hours and break times. Well, of course they particularly would not know especially if he intended to hide his 'friends' from them, maybe he has a friend from the upper level? A college student? A friend they're not familiar with? A friend from other classes or an elective (not an elective, Tommy doesn't take extra classes and school clubs. At least that's what Tubbo told Ranboo)?

*'Tommy is a social butterfly after all, it's no surprise he has other friends he's hiding under his sleeves'* Tubbo thought

"Hello Schlatt" Wilbur greeted while his twin nodded in greetings

"Hello there boys, you've grown up now" Schlatt grinned, happily taking a seat at the semi long table with royal golden furnishings, edge and the same patterned dining chair.

"Don't act like you haven't seen us yesterday" Techno deadpanned, "Hello Ran and Tubbo"

"Hey Tech!" Ranboo smiled and waved. Tubbo said the same thing back as a response

Schlatt chuckled in response to Techno. Phil curved his brows in curiosity, "I didn't know you had seen each other yesterday?"

"Tech and I bumped into Schlatt yesterday in an alleyway, dad. We were going back to the car at that time from the college we applied in" Wilbur replied

"Oh, well— did you pass the entrance exam?"

"The results won't be back until next month, I think so we don't know yet but hopefully, we do"

"You will, I have good faith in you both" Schlatt encouraged which Wilbur was appreciative for

"How's your school Tubbo and Ranboo? I heard from Techno that the annual intramurals will be happening next month?" Phil asked, shifting his attention towards the younger teens from his twins

"Uh yes, actually. Ranboo is planning to join the writing competition while I plan to join the robot building competition this year" Tubbo informed the rest which earned an embarrassed blush from

his best friend and an interested hum from the Craft's, "I'm excited for it!"

"That's good!" Phil beamed, proud of his pseudo children. Then quickly turned into a tired sigh with a frown, "I just hope Thomas will join even a single competition for the intramurals unlike the both of you. That child is very well not interested in academic events or even a sport! Prime"

"Not everyone loves school Phil" Schlatt laughs amusingly, "Unlike you and the twins" Phil didn't reply, just let out a seemingly disappointed sigh. While taking off his glasses, he heard the door open.

It's Phil's youngest son with—

---

"You're manor is a bit small than what I expected Tommy"

"Well it's at least a manor, innit?"

"The manor is just like the current Craft patriarchal. Both are small. But it's difference is your father is a small brain headed dickhead that replaced his own son with a mere peasant"

"Pop off Achilles!"

"Only Theseus can call me that"

"Please don't phrase it like that, Achilles! Ranboo isn't a peasant and I'm not replaced! I'm just not good enough to live up to my father's expectations"

"Don't be too humble with them, Tommy. It's not a good look on you"

"Don't deny that you have been thinking of those terms when describing your situation with them, Theseus"

"Hey! I can only call him that! What the— are you literally mocking me right now?"

"Just a warning, I think they, Tubbo, Ranboo and Jschlatt, Tubbo's father, arrived already"

"Oh please, you thought we'll be intimidated by those beings? We, the labeled famous six, are born ready. We're going to kick their ass for underestimating you and replacing you. You're welcome"

"But seriously, thank you for agreeing to this. I know you still have things to do and I'm so sorry

for—"

"Toms, Theseus. You're a part of us now. As much as he hates to admit it, you're our best friend and we are yours. Nothing is going to change that"

"Yes, and please don't expose me like that, boss"

---

The doors opened with a loud noise to signify their appearances, Phil hesitantly smiled at the current guests that's waiting within the dining room, awkwardly but patiently waiting at the latecomers. They couldn't see the entrance since the dining room is located far back.

When they saw who it was, the Craft twins, specifically Wilbur, straightened their backs almost immediately with Schlatt and Phil changed their sitting posture. Schlatt alarmed Tubbo to do the same as well as to Ranboo.

"Good evening" Tommy nodded slowly to the rest, greeting them. "Uh— I'm sorry we're late, they needed to stay longer because they're part of the student's event organizers community"

Phil put on a smile, "Welcome to the Craft manor" But abruptly became strained when he properly saw who are Tommy's respective guests

"Thank you Sir Craft" Bitzel thanked the older, his friends with the exception of Tommy stayed at the back, criticizing the others. They didn't notice the surprised faces of the twins and both Ranboo and Tubbo. "It's a pleasure to be here. I'm Bitzel Bay, in case if you don't know"

"I'm Drista WasTaken, daughter of Puffy WasTaken. We have finally met Sir Phil, my older brother talks a lot about you and your company as well as your twins"

"I'm Purpled Bedwars, A WasTaken relative. I've heard a lot about you and hopefully more"

"I'm Luke. No need for last names and formalities, please"

"Wisp Exe"

"And I'm Justin Deo Time. Simply Deo. I believe you know me since before, Mister Craft? I'm, after all, your son's playmate when we were toddlers"

"Ah yes, I didn't know you were back, Deo?" Phil honestly can't remember him since he's a busy man. But he knew the name from the media, newspapers and from his company's workers. After all, Deo is a businessman as well. Phil slightly smirked, the WasTaken's partnership is successful, surely he can partner up with the Time family, as well?

"Yes, I plan to continue my education here in my hometown. As well as to see Tommy again, my childhood best friend" Deo offered a smile. Drista huffs a bit and plastered a smile, too fake for Tubbo's sake. Tubbo narrowed both his eyes, at the group. He didn't know Tommy had a friend before him. "Can we take a seat? In order to begin our dinner?"

"Oh! Right, right. Thank you for informing me" Phil smiled then sat back on the head seat as the rest settled their own places. "This is Jschlatt Underscore by the way, he's a dear friend of mine as well as a business partner—"

"With all due respect, there's no need for introduction. Besides, Tomsy, here, informed us who were also invited for the family dinner. In addition to that, we all know Ranboo and Tubbo. We see them all the time when some of us have similar classes" Purpled interrupted, "Sorry for the abrupt interruption"

Schlatt wiped his mouth with a napkin while Ranboo chewed his lips, clearly awkward and uncomfortable in a situation he's in. He didn't know it was the famous six coming as guests! Besides, it's impossible to invite them over, family friend, close 'friends', or not. They have busy schedules, not trying to bat an eye with a 'peasant' or such that could waste their time. But Tommy could and only, as far as Ranboo knew, persuade them to go. Ranboo smacked himself mentally, of course, Tommy is Deo's childhood friend and best friends to all famous six. He feels bad now that he and his friends, that being Aimsey and Tubbo, talk things about him in the back. He closed his eyes tightly. "It's alright, it's a good thing Tommy did that beforehand. Anyhow, the dinner will be served in about a second now. So please, be comfortable"

---

"I didn't know your friends with the famous six, Toms" ~~Don't fucking call me that, you don't have the right to~~. Tommy wanted to say to Techno. Instead of replying another passive aggressive response back to his dear ol' brother, Wisp beat him to it. "Deo introduced us on our first day. Tommy was apparently and coincidentally offered a help to tour us around in the Esempi University"

"That's nice" Tommy swore he heard Techno mumbled an, "I guess"

"Speaking of the first day, how's your experience in school?" Phil said, eyeing Tommy in the eye.

"A normal one" Drista deadpanned

"It's great, the professors, classmates and the building structure and design layout and concept is also good. Can't say we're surprised though, Drista's mother handled the school after all" Luke said

---

"How's Tommy in school if I may ask? I never heard him speak about his occurrences and experiences unlike his brothers. Techno and Wilbur barely saw him at all" Phil laughs, "I'm afraid that Tommy might be skipping his classes"

"Tommy never skips, Mister Craft" Deo stated concretely which made Ranboo slightly jump. "In fact, he usually earns great grades and participates in classes. Professor Nook and Professor Halo specifically take an interest in him, actually, from what I observed"

Schlatt coughs abruptly. He never expected Sam to take interest in students. He hates kids! He's not even sure why Sam wanted to be a teacher which is a profession that always interacts with kids!

---

"You should come over more" Phil offered to the six, "It's a free estate and it's a good thing Tommy is socializing to other kids than Tubbo"

"Thank you for the offer Mister Craft but I prefer inviting Tommy next time when we have a get together. I promised Tommy to take him to the Business Bay Region, where my parents currently live, in order for him to see my family back. My parents treated him as their third son and missed him dearly. If you're giving us the permission to take Tommy?" Deo tilts his head.

Wilbur gawked, "You're going to take Tommy in the Business Bay? To your house? Aren't their leader strict when it comes to outsiders from the Earth Esempi? Schlatt even told me it's difficult to put a branch or a company there!"

Bitzel quirked his eyebrow, "That's quite disrespectful to say, Sir Wilbur. From your tone and all"

"My apologies" Wilbur awkwardly smiles as all gazes surround him, "I was just asking for a clarification? I'm *worried* about my *brother's* safety"

Tommy scoffs, turns his head around and rolls his eyes. Deo clears his throat, "It's alright Bitz and sir Wilbur. But do not worry, I own most of the Business Bay lands. All follow me with just a one snap of my fingers. There may be a government but it's just a political state for managing the concerns around the rural areas. So no worries, Tommy's safety is my responsibility as a leader and his best friend"

Tubbo and Ranboo gaped as the twins got taken back. Phil's eyes widened and Schlatt stayed silent. Tommy immediately looked at his platonic husband and his platonic soulmate while the rest smirked. "I— I'm sorry but you're still not yet in a legal age to handle a whole provincial government and the region itself? I believe Business Bay is large, even though it's a province of Earth Esempi, place?"

"The Time family, specifically my parents are handling it. My older sibling, Eret, is building a fashion agency of their own while managing our family business. Which leads to me, practicing to be the region's leader or president, if you will"

Thoughts came running in Ranboo's mind but a main one in particular is mentally loudest, 'how do these rich people handle things like they instantly grew an extra limb?' Even with these thoughts, he remained a stoic posture and an indefinite smile

"That's great! It seems like the future is already written for you. Thus, you probably don't need to go to school?"

"Well, Mister Craft" Deo grinned, "Didn't you say earlier that education is important?"

"Well, truthfully, yes but what's the point when you seem settled in handling an entire region, province and a literal government?" Phil answered, hands crossed in front of his abdomen

"For the fun, I guess" Purpled lightheartedly yet idly glared at Deo, fun? He thinks school is fun? That's totally not relatable. Or is there something else?

"I'm sorry to interrupt this well meaning conversation but Tubbo and I have to go since we also need to drop Ranboo off their home" Schlatt awkwardly smiled, showing his teeth

"Us too" Wisp piped in

"I understand. This is a meaningful dinner, and we thank you for coming over. See you next time" Phil nodded, smiling for the umpteenth time. "Deo? Maybe you and your friends can be friends with Ranboo and Tubbo as well? Both groups have similar hobbies and likes, especially Ranboo here. But anyways, sorry for the random suggestion but I truly have a good time"

Drusta is close to punching the old man's face, too bad Purpled is keeping her in place. Luke thankfully saw their predicament and said their goodbyes on the group's behalf. Tubbo spotted Tommy's glance directed towards him but quickly looked away, Tubbo sighed sadly and grabbed Ranboo on the arm to follow his father. Ranboo, on the other hand, said his goodbyes and was too excited to interact with other people, the famous six specifically! He can't wait for Monday.

Too bad the feeling isn't mutual.

## Chapter End Notes

### 5K WORDS!!! LET'S GOO!!!

AND I JUST WANNA CONGRATULATE RANBOO!!! I'm late okay? But I rather be late than never. He is grown up now ~~τ\_τ~~ but seriously, I'm happy for him for coming out and for being brave!! I know coming out is frightening especially when it comes to the possible outcomes, both negative and positive but usually negative possibilities, but he did it! In front of thousands of people as well! To those who's still inside of the closet, don't worry, you will come out eventually with a bonus strong and confident personality!! Don't mind those haters and homophobics, they're not worth the attention.

(I'm really sorry if I offended anyone!! Please know that I don't mean to! Please educate me as well in the comments!! )

Anyhow, I'm also sorry for this late chapter (again? Yeah, I know), this past week until currently is hectic. I joined a quiz bowl (didn't win lmao, instead a lower grade below us won. *pain* ), third grading exams and got my braces for the upper teeth! (While I'm writing this summary, I'm suffering) actually, after I posted in Wattpad, I got called for my appointment.

So sorry for ranting, my end notes are my diaries so if you wish to skip it, then feel free to.

I'm working on a new video for my [yt channel](#), hopefully it'll be done soon in order to work on for the next chapters but yeah! Just wanna inform you guys ahead :D

I think that's it? Yeah, maybe

## **SHAMELESS PROMOTIONS**

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## **white poppy , peace and calmness**

### Chapter Summary

**santa claus added Tommyinnit to the "famous six"**

**santa claus changed the chat name into "famous seven"**

**goddess changed Tommyinnit's nickname into "blondie"**

### Chapter Notes

#### GC NAMES FOR THIS FIC

#### **famous seven**

huggie wuggie - Bitzel  
wasp - Wisp  
blondie - Tommy  
blondie #2 - Drista  
blondie #3 - Luke  
blondie #4 - Purpled  
santa claus - Deo

#### **Literary Circle**

Dream - should I explain more?  
Totem - Foolish  
Theseus - Tommy  
TK - Tina  
Hannahxxrose - uhm??  
Froggy Prince - Boomer

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*santa claus added Tommyinnit to the "famous six"*

*santa claus changed the chat name into "famous seven"*

*goddess changed Tommyinnit's nickname into "blondie"*

---

**huggie wuggie** : your a blonde too dris

**goddess** : ... so?

---

*huggie wuggie changed goddess's nickname into "blondie #2"*

*huggie wuggie changed sumn' nickname into "blondie #3"*

---

**william afton** : what am I?

**william afton** : a roach?

---

*wasp changed william afton's nickname into "blondie #4"*

---

**blondie #4** : gee

**blondie #4** : thx

**blondie** : uh

**blondie** : what am i doing here?

**blondie #2** : we're planning to have a roadtrip within the esempi

**wasp** : and you're coming with us whether you like it or not

**blondie** : uhm

**blondie #4** : this is totally not kidnapping

**santa claus** : if you're free that is :)

**blondie #2** : we all know your family sucks and fucking stupid

**santa claus** : so come with us!

**blondie #3** : we're having sleepover on purpled's manor :D

**blondie #4** : okay, who tf told you that

**blondie #4** : bc it certainly ain't me

**santa claus** : we're having a sleepover on our funhouse, don't believe them theseus

**blondie** : funhouse? why tf are you so rich?

**blondie #2 :** your rich too blondie

**santa claus :** r u in?

**blondie #4 :** can you please hurry up? we're outside

**blondie :** HUH

**blondie #3 :** pack your things for a sleepover if you can :>

---

When Tommy woke up, ready to start the day, he originally planned to go to the abandoned room two days ago, but he certainly did not expect to be going on a road trip with the famous six! The Craft are complete today inside the manor which Tommy didn't mind, besides, they were busy preparing for this night's event anyway. They were holding a small party with Phil's workers and partners excluding Dream since he politely refused the offer (he's free, he just doesn't want to interact with Phil. Question, why did he even partner up with Phil anyway even though he doesn't like that man and his brothers? He doesn't know himself, just to make the twins suffer he guesses. Besides, that's what Tommy probably wants. He's a good kid). Those workers and partners include Schlatt which once again, he'll be coming over. Tommy is still not sure if Tubbo will come over again (he probably does. He usually comes with his dad during these kinds of events) but he's glad he can escape today's event.

Wearing his red with white text on the middle over his white collared shirt, he grabbed his backpack he usually uses during trips and went downstairs. He greeted Eryn on the way, nodded and slipped a small smile which the other returned and continued going down.

"Tommy? Why are you in a hurry?" Wilbur asked so suddenly, just before Tommy opened the door. "Are you going somewhere?"

Isn't that obvious? Tommy rolled his eyes and huffed, "Yeah"

Wilbur narrowed his eyes, "And- where are you going?"

"That's none of your business, Wilbur" Tommy glared at the brunette, "You normally don't ask before, so why start now?" He sighed and started to open the door, "I'm going, tell father I won't be back until tomorrow or something"

"But there's an event!" Wilbur strictly yelled, "You can't miss it or father will kill you!"

Tommy didn't reply, instead ran towards the guardhouse, telling the head guard to open the front gate. His brother at the back still yelled for him to come back but with no reply, he sighed with a disappointed shake of his head and closed the front door. Once the front gate opened, he immediately ran, wanting to be out of the property as soon as possible. He can't help but say he's excited for this day to finally began.

---

"Purpled, can you please shut up? Be patient, geez who hurt you?" Luke said for the fifth time. They used a mini van for this roadtrip instead of their regular road trip car seeing as it will be a super tight fit if the six plus Tommy will ride the smaller vehicle. Wisp was driving for today while Deo was in the front seat, the rest were sitting on the backseats. Deo looked in the rear mirror, grinning when he saw a familiar blonde on the back. "Wisp, open the window for a sec?"

Tommy is on the back of the van"

Wisp pressed a button on his own seat to roll the vehicle's window down, enabling Deo to grab Tommy's attention by shouting. Tommy then jogged towards the vehicle and opened the van's backdoor, "Sorry I'm late. Wilbur caught me before I opened the door" He said, as he moved his way towards an available seat, just beside Drista.

"Oh, well that's reasonable" Purpled shrugged

"You literally just complained this whole time" Bitzel glared as well as Luke. Purpled once again shrugged and continued scrolling down his Twitter feed.

"So, where are we going?" Tommy asked whom Drista replied to, "We're going shopping!"

"Oh goodness" Deo groaned

Well, that's not so *bad*, he can handle a bit of shopping seeing as he need a new set of clothes to wear rather than his old and plain ones (not that he don't like it but a lot of people thought those were his only clothes which is a complete lie, he have thirty seven set of baseball red and white shirt as well as plain faded jeans, okay? He simply wants those people to prove them wrong. He's overly competitive even though he can't even compete and win the title of being a favorite son). Why are the others complaining though?

---

He *takes* it back, this is *bad* and now he finally guessed why the rest with the exception of the fashion queen, *Drista Was Taken*, was complaining and groaning like it's the end of the world awhile ago.

Here they are in the most luxurious boutique in the biggest mall in Esempi and here they are suffering from Drista's hands. It has been over thirty minutes and yet was still stuck in the first fashion boutique they were in and Drista mentioned she has over ten boutiques she needs to visit here in the Esempi. Tommy and the rest doubt they'll be here until they're sixty.

"Tommy! Hello?" Drista waved her hands in front of Tommy's whole view to get his attention. He has been zoning out apparently. "Hm? What's up? Are we finally done?" He answered in return. Wisp chuckled in the background.

"What do you mean? Of course we're not yet done!" Drista huffed in exasperation and rolled her eyes, yeah, he knew it's good to be true. "But I saw something good for you for school whenever we don't use either our uniforms. Don't worry, I'll gladly pay it for you! I stole Dream's platinum card!"

Tommy tilt his head a little, "I have my own card too Drista, there's no need for you to pay whatever I purchased"

"But that's the thing Toms" Drista sighed heavily, dramatically. "You didn't purchased anything yet and if you haven't, I'll gladly buy things I want for you"

"You know what? Since I never got a choice anyway, just tell me what section I need to look for whatever you mentioned earlier"

"Yes!" Drista chirped in excitement, gladly dragging Tommy's wrist to the left section of the boutique which is the coat section. The boys in the background couldn't help but laugh at their friend's antics and Tommy's clear and obvious suffering. They were just getting started.

Tommy looked around, new with this sort of thing while Drista is picking options for him to wear. Drista let out a few disappointed grunts, dissatisfaction noises and finally excitement. "Here! I really wanted to buy brown trench coats and black double breasted trench coats as well for you especially in the morning's weather where you have to walk for school so this is the perfect fit for you! We just have to find the right size and we're done!"

"Finally" Purpled groaned in the distance

"How much is it?" Tommy asked, suspicious of the prize. He has to save up for an apartment he could live in when he is in college, planning to cut any line of contact between his family. He is planning to live in the Antarctic Empire where his mother used to live in but apartments as well as the top universities there are much more expensive than the Esempi High itself and has a smaller chance for students to be accepted. He didn't even know why the famous six didn't enroll there, they have a big chance considering they are residents under Earth Esempi so it's easier for them. Not to mention, they have the brain and wealth to be in. Tommy simply shakes it off but now he thinks about it, Techno originally planned to apply for a spot in the top college university there too but went against his original decision and just planned to find a good college university here in their hometown. *Why?*

"It's cheap actually!" Drista grinned and gave both options to him, "you can buy both so that you can choose between them in your everyday wear. Besides, we still need to buy jackets and hoodies for you as well as shoes, new designer bags and most importantly clothes and accessories! You really need new ones, no offense or anything!"

"Drista" Tommy managed to croak out, "This is fucking expensive and I won't be buying any of these"

"Why not?" Deo came in, walking towards them, hearing Tommy's commotion

"Can you see the price Deo? This is super expensive and I would rather not waste my pocket money on anything of these! My father would find out, especially when my bank account would immediately notify him. I'm lucky I can come up with an explanation as to why I bought an expensive pen that he deemed useless last time" Tommy rambled. It's partly true, the only lie he said is that he has his own bank account, processed by him without anyone's knowledge but him. It's where he stocked all his winnings from competitions he joined during summer and school activities that include money that his family does not know about. The total money will be invested in his apartment only since he planned to have a scholarship in college, if he made it in his dream university that is.

"I told you Tommy, Drista or I can buy it for you, no need to worry" Deo waved his hands lazily, Drista meanwhile was busy grabbing anything she wanted for her and Tommy and put it in the two different shopping carts. Deo followed Drista, leaving Tommy in disbelief.

*Oh no.*

---

"Next is outfits! This is where Purpled, Dream and I usually buy our outfits courtesy of our parents. It's our favorite clothing shop and has sets of clothes that will fit your aesthetic!" Drista clasped his hands, grinning happily while his cousin at the back rolled his eyes, fondly of course.

"Uh— aesthetic?" Tommy tilted his head. Wisp facepalms, "Don't tell me you don't know what that is?"

"I've heard about it, like a lot coming from uh— Tubbo" Tommy winces while Deo raised his eyebrow, "But, I don't know much about the types of aesthetics or some shit"

"This will take longer than I thought" Luke groaned, Purpled nodded rapidly by his side

"Well then, let's find out!" Drista grabbed Tommy's wrist, once again and dragged him to the nearest section. The rest of the group followed, Tommy gulped. He didn't know this day would be centered around him. He thought it would be a normal hang out with the famous six, whatever they'll do in sleepovers. While Drista was rambling about things, Tommy heard a notification sound coming from his right pocket. He immediately plucked his phone out, opened and saw some messages coming from the Literary Circle. It's been a couple days since he has heard from the club, he can't help but to be surprised by the message's notifications.

---

**Dream :** TOMMSSYYYYYY

**Totem :** stfu dream

**Froggy Prince** : stfu both of you

**TK** : r u free tomorrow?

**Theseus** : uh yeah kinda maybe :D

**Hannahxxrose** : what

**Theseus** : Im not sure tho since Drista said we are having a sleepover

**Theseus** : wait lemme ask

**Dream** : ofc Drista has you

**Dream** : that sister of mine fucking attracts chaos

**Dream** : which is y9u btw @**Theseus**

---

"Not to be rude but when will I go home tomorrow?" Tommy got taken back as to what he said now he realizes, "That sounds strange— it feels like I'm being kidnapped but uhm, when will the sleepover end or some shit like that?"

"You won't be home until Monday classes will end" Bitzel pats the blonde's shoulder, "Don't worry, we'll take you to school together with us on Monday. Tomorrow morning, we'll watch the sunrise per Luke's request. It's our tradition during sleepovers and now you're going to join too. As for the afternoon, we don't have plans as for now"

"That was supposed to be a surprise Bitz, fucking great" Deo smacked Bitzel's head but not hard enough to leave a bruise nor feel any pain.

---

**Theseus :** I think ik free?

**Theseus :** the famous six is keeping me in hostage lol

**Dream :** I knew it

**Totem :** did our sister kidnapped you? Blink twice if you need help

**Froggy Prince :** Bad is planning a team bonding in his house tomorrow

**Froggy Prince :** I believe Hannah told you that last Thursday?

**Theseus :** yeah! I kinda forgot but I'll tell Deo about this team bonding :D

**TK :** you don't have to come if you don't want to, Sam and Bad is considerate dw:)

---

"Guys, is it alright if I'll go somewhere tomorrow afternoon?" Tommy looked up from his phone,  
"My club and I are having a team bonding at Professor Bad's house"

"Wait— you're part of the *Literary Circle*?" Purpled gasped, "Only limited students get to join!  
And smart ones too!"

"Is it that big of a deal?" Tommy scratched the back of his head, curiosity leaping out from his brain

"Yes obviously! It was a rumored club back then from what Foolish told me when he was still a freshman student in Esempi High. Though it may sound a normal typical rumor, students were trying their very best to find out more and join the club"

"That still doesn't answer my question?"

"This Literary Circle is a rumored club back when Foolish was still a freshman" Purpled started, "It was popular due to the fact that this club was originally and also made back in 1981 but got closed in 1999. It was a club that proved people's intelligence and writing with their research investigation skills. They won several competitions and that includes the Minecraft's Writing Championships which was a huge competition back in those days. One particular student at that time with the pen name '*Lady Death*' or '*Lady D.*' wrote an extravagant entry which made her win the competition. She was from the Antarctic Empire, Earth Esempi which was then the poorest country in the entire world. She's actually the reason why the Antarctic Empire is rich in literature and architecture since her win prize was invested in the country as to why Lady D. or whoever she is under her veil is the Antarctic Empire's queen."

No one knew who she was under the black veil she wore during competitions except for classmates, her teachers, close friends and family. So when the rumored club was back, people were hectic because they finally have the chance to prove themselves and have the opportunity to enter the literature palace which was the Championship stated" Purpled finished with a final heavy breath, "Prime, that was a lot"

"Lady Death?" Tommy furrowed his brow but loosened up when rapid dings were heard from his phone.

---

**Hannahxxrose:** hello? R u there?

**Totem :** great Dream, you scared him off

**Dream :** fuck off

**Dream :** Toms?

---

"Oh um" Tommy didn't know how to process the information. He isn't that curious about the

Literary Circle and as to why it was hidden from the public as you can notice, but when he found out that his mother, Lady D. was so-called coronated because of her winnings in the annual largest competition above all students in Minecraft, he don't really know what to do with the information. Should he share that Lady Death is Kristin Diomedes Rose Craft and his mother? Shaking his head, he plastered a smile. "Thanks for the information I guess? But uhm, yeah! I'm part of the rumored club now I guess. But anyways, as I said earlier, Professor Bad is planning a team bonding in his house and the Circle's members are inviting me to join. Is that alright with you guys?"

"Of course, Bad is a friend to us especially when he is Drista's godfather. We can drop you off in the Bad Lands, which is the name of their manor property by the way, Purpled and Drista can go with you since Purpled's cousin and Drista's brothers are there. It's nice of you to interact with more students, Toms" Deo smiled.

"Wait— what do you mean my brothers are going to be there?" Drista repeated

"Foolish and Dream are part of the Circle, didn't you know?"

*"MY BROTHERS ARE IN A WHAT NOW?"*

---

**Theseus :** I'm free

**Theseus :** Deo said that Purpled will drive us off

**Froggy Prince :** That dumbass he doesn't even have a license yet

**Theseus** : Luke says he's a good driver?

**TK** : just make sure to tighten your seatbelt okay?

**Hannahxxrose** : Do not sit in the front seat, make sure to sit at the back

**Hannahxxrose** : it's for your safety, trust us

**Dream** : see you tomorrow!

**Dream** : have fun in your hang out alr?

**Totem** : you sound loke a mom dre

**Totem** : interact with us in the main gc if you want to, the others are also planning a hang 8out session as well

**Totem** : we'll just tell you eventually

**Theseus** : alr

**Theseus** : thanks:)

**Dream** : a proud parent rn 😊😊

**Dream** : :)

---

Tommy rolled his eyes as he tucked away his phone. He shifts his attention towards the group who's in a chaotic mess right on the spot. Purpled and Drista arguing about a pair of dress shirts, Luke who's about to quit his life, Bitzel who's in a different section of the clothing store, Deo and Wisp who's sitting on the waiting bench.

"Tommy, since you're part of the secret club or whatever you wanna call it" Luke waved his hand, dismissing the chaos for himself. "Purpled and Drista will be in charge of your outfit. Goodluck with that"

"Heh?" Fucking Prime, he hates how he sound like his older brother right now but hey, it's an instinct when he was younger

"Yup, they're the people who indicate that outfit is the language of success. Whenever the blonde cousins will collaborated for just a simple thing, you know it's going to be extra and quite unfortunate for our behalf" Wisp shrugged, "Don't worry, it's once in a blue moon that this will happen so you should cherish this experience"

"Should I be worried?" Tommy awkwardly chuckled. Each second, the volume became quieter and quieter until he completely shut his mouth. The awkward tension became worse until the atmosphere became uncomfortable. "*Great*"

---

"Fucking finally we're done" Deo slouched on the seat they are sitting. After several trips towards different malls, boutiques, fashion stores and different stores they passed through, they finally went to a beach house restaurant just down the south of the L'manburg District which is far away from the Craft manor. The seven already ordered their food and are just currently waiting for the order to arrive. A group of shopping bags with different owners (mainly Tommy's and Drista's) were stocked in the far back of the minivan.

Purpled yawned, changing his gaze to his friends from the open view of the beach side. Their table was found outside of the restaurant, just a couple steps ahead and you will be greeting a gentle wave of water. The restaurant was famous for the view and their steak which is why a lot of tourists across the world will visit this food place first when their plane hits the ground. The chill breeze of air blew Drista's blonde hair and the cold but relaxing atmosphere made Deo an urge to sleep. The bird's chirping and the waves splashing didn't help either with Deo's inclination of sleep.

It made Tommy smile, remembering the nostalgic times where he and his family regularly visited places Phil wished to go when *Kristin* was still alive.

Tommy resisted his urge to continue writing the unfinished part of his story. He rolled his eyes, remembering that today is the day where he'll relieve all his stress and things he has been thinking the past week.

---

**Dream : GUYS**

**Dream : GUYS**

**Dream : GUYS**

**Totem : omfg stop spamming**

**Dream : GUYS**

**TK : what.**

**Froggy Prince : uh oh**

**Froggy Prince : you should stop dream before Tina will get angry**

**Froggy Prince : ( ˘ ³ ˘ )**

**Dream : Bad and Sam is confirming that we will have a writing competition for the annual school intrams**

**Hannahxxrose : Dream. That's common and besides, every school year writing competition usually is approved by the Captain so it's not new at all??**

**Dream : fuckibg let me fiish**

**Theseus : What are tou?**

**Theseus : fisbb asin Sally?**

**Dream : Sally who?**

**Theseus :** Sorry it's an inside joke

**Theseus :** Go on tho '

**Dream :** I'll be asking you that later but

**Dream :** the winner of the competition will get scouted for the Minecraft Writing Championships!!!

**Totem :** NOXCREW IS BRINGING IT BACK AFTER SEVERAL YEARS??

**Totem :** THIS IS A CHANCE TO PROVE OURSELVES BITCHES

**Dream :** yup yup

**Dream :** I still don't have the exact detail for now but I'm pretty sure Bad and Sam will discuss things tomorrow :D

**Theseus :** wtf

**Totem :** maybe Boomer will be the next Prince but the froggy prince this time lmao

**Froggy Prince:** oh stfu

---

"Oh fuck" Tommy mutters, unintentionally breaking the peaceful and comfortable silence

"What's wrong?" Luke asked almost immediately. How did he hear that? Tommy is sure he didn't mutter it out loud

"Dream said that the Noxcrew is bringing back the Writing Championships. The winner of the writing contest in intrams will get scouted for the event" The group shot up and burst with energy. One moment, they were about to sleep and next were bursting in excitement

"YOU COULD BE THE NEXT LITERATURE ROYALTY TOMMY!" Drista stood up and leaned towards the table with a big smile plastered on her face. She was clueless from the looks people inside the restaurant was looking at their table

"Drista! People could hear you across a mile radius idiot!" Purpled grabbed her down, the girl huffed but changed into the same grin with a squeal she plastered just a second ago

"I'm not joining the intramurals competition though? I'm pretty sure Professor Sam and Professor Bad won't force me to join the event. Besides, a lot of students will join in too, not just the whole Literary Circle. Who knows? There might be a good author out there that went past Sam's attention or Bad's gaze" Tommy replied in return. He didn't even know how he got in the club in the first place and now they are expecting him to join? Absolutely not, the pressure will get in his nerves

"But it's a lifetime dream! Not my brother by the way but seriously, L'manburg could be popular again! L'manburg is famous due to rich residents residing in the area and one of the top notch schools worldwide residing L'manburg too. It's a chance for people to see the real beauty of the district or the whole Esempi country" Drista gushed. "I want to join but I'm pretty sure I suck at plot organizing and my motivation sucks. Procrastination gets the best of me anyways"

"Eh-" A waitress came in and placed their ordered dishes on the table before he could speak. "I don't really know but let's just eat for the meantime, alright? I'm starving"

## Chapter End Notes

The calm before the storm chapter :D

Here is a fluffy chapter for these seven for you guys as well as a side plot! I wrote this for the sake of me changing Tommy's style (yes I'll be spoiling you for today's video) to fit this fic's aesthetic. I'm so sorry (ゞゝ°°)

It's been a long time since I've updated this fic and for the umpteenth time, I'm so sorry. A lot of things happened most specifically in school. I'm stressed out, unmotivated and got a writer's block for 3 weeks but don't worry, I'll try my very best to update next week! (Not promising tho so please don't expect anything lol :'))

But anyways, I'm active in ao3 behind the scenes and now I'm hyperfixated in reading Peter Parker centric fan fictions because of a pure accident lmao. I'm also urging myself to write oneshots in my Wattpad [Tommyinnit-centric oneshots book](#) (check it out if you want!) since my brain was filled with ideas (that I wrote down in my notepad in case I forgot) that I really want to write but not motivated to finish. I also want to write a book that's karl jacobs centric (he's my 2nd kinnie, what do you expec?) Karlnapity as the main ship since I missed them but who knows?

Maybe in the future ig? Hopefully

Classes are almost ending soon for summer break so I am able to update quicker soon!  
That's the good news I at least can share to you guys

I planned this to be longer (like 6K word long) since I want to write the Literary Circle team bonding together with this but it will take me a whole month to finish or probably more so I just decided to upload this for you guys!! Tysm for waiting and ily all!! <33  
/p

I think that's it for now, I don't wanna spoil you for the next chapters :)

(Sorry for the dull notes and confusing chapter. I'm sleep deprived atm)

***kudos, comments and bookmarks are greatly appreciated! Tysm in advance!***

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## angelica , inspiration

### Chapter Summary

6.23.1985

*It's the first day of school and a Craft transferred in our class and Prime, he's an asshole.*

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

6.23.1985

*It's the first day of school and a Craft transferred in our class and Prime, he's an asshole.*

*A lot of girls were swooning over him just because of what? He's rich (cannot deny that one) and got the looks? (He's a tad bit handsome but never in thousands of years will I ever say that out loud). But worse of all, Professor Alyssa partnered us together for an English project! How fucking great. I'm probably dramatic but I can't help but say that this day could get any worse!*

*And obviously I'm right, he's flashing me a smug grin written all over his face and a pair of playful deep blue eyes with a talkative mouth that doesn't seem to shut up! He's probably a snob, irresponsible rich boy considering his actions this past minute we've been talking. Oh! And now girls are looking at me with envy displayed in their eyes? How fucking immature.*

*This doesn't help my miserable school reputation at all. I'm the resident class nerd and a scholar who's always taking things so seriously, a poor village girl who's hometown is in the Antarctic Empire, the poorest district in Minecraft with a broken family that gets on my nerves. Fucking Prime. I hate this day and I wish I had never applied to this university.*

*Okay, maybe I'm taking that back mainly because I want to make my mama happy and proud but other than that, I hate this goddamn place.*

— Kristin Diomedes Rose

6.30.1985

*He's not that bad, I guess. I was wrong, he's not that much of an asshole and a snobbish prince like what I expected. Although, I won't hesitate to say he's a player when it comes to feelings. Flirting with tons of girls, mostly popular ones or typically anyone who's stupid to catch his charms.*

*Anyhow, we finished the project Professor Alyssa assigned. I can finally escape the ruthless bullying I've encountered and endured from Madeleine's so-called popular squad. I don't even like him that way, disgusting, she can take him all he wants.*

*On the side note, Professor Alyssa talked to me after class earlier and offered me the great opportunity to have an English Scholarship by joining this club I don't know about. Huh, I did not know that existed. It's called Literary Circle if I'm not mistaken. Obviously I was quick to accept it and of course, express my gratitude towards my favorite professor. Besides, I have confidence in my ability to write things and there's a possibility I can make money out of it! This way I can help my mama by putting her out of debt. It's the least I can do after what she had done and sacrificed just for me to be here.*

*I also asked why the Circle is hidden from the Esempi community and Professor Alyssa simply answered that a lot of people wanted to join the club and it'll be too much of a work to dismiss them. Honestly, what's so special about it?*

*Well, until then. Hope I can survive next week's upcoming tests. I should really start studying now.*

*With love, Kristin Diomedes Rose*

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*'Mom used to be bullied?' Tommy furrowed his eyebrows, 'who is this man mother hated back then?' Rich, attract people left and right, have the ancient blood—*

---

People who are either rumored or confessed to have the ancient blood are those who are rich way back before the Earth Esempi origin era. The ancient blood are those who were powerful back in those days and considered the founders of the famous cities, villages and countries in the present time. Tommy himself and the rest of the Craft family are related to the *Crow Father*, an immortal who's living with his middle, *The Blood God*. What's so special about it? Even Dream is related to *Smile* by blood, the main villain of the History of L'manberg. There's probably a lot more who are related to the original generation that he or Techno doesn't know of, why is it so special? Is it because of the origin? Or the fact that some are related to theorized deities? Because their ancestors are famous?

He just don't know

---

— and a player. Is it his father? Eh, his father isn't that handsome and besides, his father mentioned that he and mother have exes back then so it can't be him right away. He just hopes he can at least find a picture in one of the journals. Closing the diary, he heard a knock on the door. "Theseus? Are you ready? Purpled and Dris are waiting on the car"

"Coming!" Tommy audibly shut the book and put it in one of his new backpacks he decided to bring today that he and his friends bought the day before. It is a minimal white backpack with too many pockets and too many straps and buckles popping out. There are cute sticker patches in the middle and aesthetic book keychain as well as a miniature white bear keychain. The keychains were separately bought, Luke was the one who bought it for him when he saw Tommy's blue eyes glisten when he first laid his attention to them. Luke didn't mention how he noticed it, he said it was just a hunch that the older blonde by a few months would like it. Tommy did and he appreciated it, a lot.

Currently, Tommy quickly sprinted outside the bungalow house. It is a decent sized house made for the famous six. It was found in one of the rural areas in the country, a few miles away and they will arrive in Bad's manor, or Bad Lands? He forgot. He was quite nervous about today, not that he didn't want to join. In fact, he's excited to meet the members once again! He's just nervous about the fact that Bad will announce something or in other words, Bad and Sam will encourage the Circle to join the Writing Competition. He sighed, he really didn't want to join anything, he just wanted to enjoy the event without any distress.

"There's my creation!" Drista clapped her hand rapidly, proud of what she did. What did she do you may ask? She managed to change Tommy's style (willingly or not, Tommy just went to the flow with a few banter along the way) into a more appropriate style for Tommy. A glow up per say. Instead of a baseball red and white tee, he instead wore a collared white shirt with a mocha brown vest on top. Instead of a pair of dirt brown shorts, he wore a pair of beige loose pants with a brown belt and finally, brown boots for his shoes. His hair is not messy, thank goodness to Drista, he combed it to the side to have a neat look. Tommy can't help but ask if the boy in the mirror he's looking an hour prior is really him.

"Finally the prince arrived" Purpled grinned lightheartedly. Tommy smiled back and nodded in greetings. He can't really understand Purpled that much unlike the rest. Drista has a much more chaotic and a little sister energy, Deo is calm and reserved, Wisp is balanced, Bitzel is understanding and always considerate and Luke is the observant mom friend of the group. In the public eye, Purpled has scrutinizing eyes and a calculated gaze. People dubbed him as rude, sarcastic and savvy. But Tommy knew, it's just his outside personality. So he tried his best to understand Purpled.

"Oh shut up" Tommy rolled his eyes playfully, making his way at the back of the opened roof white Cabriolet. Locking the seat belt into place, he looked at the side where the others were standing. "We'll be back soon!"

"Enjoy Theseus" Deo smiled without knowing, Bitzel was sweating (the heat from the sun was decent seeing as six in the morning in the place they're currently in is still quite cold) needs to get used to the new side of Deo. Luke simply waved cheerfully, "See you later Tomsy! Have fun!"

And with that, the engine started to make noises, signaling that they're ready to go then, they're off to the Bad Lands.

---

The ride to the place is fun and positively chilly seeing as the roof was off from the vehicle Purpled drove. Drista was blasting his brother's songs on the speakers on the way to their destination and jamming and Purpled was concentrated on the road with a few talks here from there. Surprisingly, he's actually good at driving and in no doubt, will pass the driving test sooner or later. It wasn't Tommy's first time listening to Dream's songs. His songs are part of his playlist for Prime's sake. But never blast it out on full volume in their manor since Dream's competition

which is his brother foremost is just a hallway away.

Tommy loves this freedom and wishes it will never end.

After minutes of driving, they have finally reached their destination. Tommy looked around, unbuckled his seat belt and stepped out from the vehicle. The mansion was huge, just about the same size as the Craft Manor. It's not Tommy's first time seeing huge manors and mansions and properties but he admired the exterior of the place. Red bricks surrounding the gates with black metal gates with vines surrounding it makes it captivating. And as you enter, you are met with a wide bridge to cross and is strong enough to carry your vehicle, a pool of water surrounding the land like a moat and finally, a fountain after you cross the bridge. Then there's the red oak trees and the red oak double door to enter the mansion.

It looks daunting and haunted but that makes it even more unique.

"Huh, it's still quiet" Drista muttered, "We're probably early then"

"Aren't Tommy supposed to go at seven though? It's already seven" Purpled shrugged carelessly, already parked the car at the side. "Or did Wisp made that up"

"Eh, I don't know. " Drista replied with a shrug back, "Let's go Toms! Bad and his husband is probably awake now but the others, let's just say they're heavy sleepers"

"Uhh okay?" Tommy scratched his head, "Can't help but say, I feel like I'm entering my death

here"

Drista deadpanned, "Dramatic much?"

"A seemingly haunted mansion? Isolated in the middle of the woods? No people? No witnesses? That pretty much add up"

"Shut up dramatic bitch" Purpled rolled his eyes, amusingly.

---

"Bad? Sap? Dream? We're here" Drista yelled when they entered. Why does the interior look so antiquated and equally haunted? Oh God. "Purpled, we look like we're part of the Literary Circle" She whispered

"Really? But hey, I'll take the chance" Purpled grinned. Tommy gulped

"Oh! They're here!" Bad said loudly, smiling brightly. He was making his way through the huge staircase in the middle of the first floor, draped with red carpet. A man peeped on them from the second floor then proceeded to follow Bad. Is that Professor Sam? No, he's kinda— short. Wait a minute

"Hello kiddos!" Bad clasped both his hands when he finally reached to where they're standing, "I'm surprised your early here, especially you two" He signaled both Drista and Purpled

"Well, Wisp did say that Tommy needs to be here at 7 in the morning, we just followed the leader" Purpled shrugged once again. Bad sighed, looking at the person who caught up with him at the back then faced Tommy with a smile. What a mood change.

"I'm glad you made it Tommy" Bad greeted boy with a smile, "Welcome to the Bad Lands"

"Thank you for inviting me Professor Bad!" Tommy grinned, "This place looks awesome by the way! The interior and exterior is amazing"

"Please don't call me professor outside the school grounds Tommy, just simply call me Bad if you wish" Bad kindly offered, "And thank you! Red is my on the go color so I decided to set the mansion a red theme! At least someone agreed it's beautiful unlike *a* someone" Bad smiled threateningly at the person now beside him who smiled sheepishly. "Wha— hey! Blue is a better color!"

"But anyways, it's finally good to meet you!" The said person reached his hand out, "I see that Bad adopted a new one to the family! I'm now your new father!"

"Geppy! Stop saying that to every new kid who comes here!"

"It's kinda true" Drista muttered

"Hey Toms, you now have a better father figure! Congrats getting adopted" Purpled pats Tommy on the back who choked quietly.

"I'm Skeppy Diamond-Halo by the way! Nice to meet you Thomathy!"

"Oh goodness Prime above, we have another one who called him that"

---

*Skeppy Diamond-Halo*, one who has ancient blood. A billionaire probably has more, since birth. His money was invested in his business, vehicles industry and architecture builds he planned himself. He's famous because of his charity donations, his presence in important events in the community (galas, ball, a runway? Everything), and obviously his rich and looks. But too bad he's taken. His favorite color is blue, like the diamond, because it reminds him of his wealth and the expensive fancy blue diamond ring in both his finger and Bad's. A biological father of one, but is an emotional father to many. He's the secret husband people were talking about in school? *The Skeppy* out of all?

What the actual living fuck is Tommy's life?

---

Stay calm Thomas Kraken Diomedes Craft. Stay fucking calm. "Uh— hello sir?" Great job.

Skeppy chuckled, like it's the funniest thing he ever heard in all his rich life. "No need for formalities please, those make me feel old and I'm still very young, thank you very much"

"You're a six year old?" Purpled and Drista broke down in hysterical fits while Bad looks amused as Tommy accidentally blurted it out loud to what supposed to be a silent whisper. Tommy refuses to look at Skeppy, he's embarrassed enough for the day. Oh Prime, he's being disrespectful! It's not the time to make jokes, idiot.

"OH FUCKING HELL I LIKE THIS KID"

"Language, Geppy dear"

"Where's the adoption papers? We're getting Sapnap a new brother" Skeppy ushered his husband dramatically which the said husband rolled his eyes at

"I'm getting a new brother?" Sapnap asked, now on the middle of the grand staircase, yawning and in his comfortable pajamas

"Too bad, we got him first" Drista leaned on Purpled who's nodding, going along with the joke. What has Tommy done?

Well, at least his embarrassment isn't that high now.

---

The husbands took Tommy to the lounge near the pool. Sapnap said on their way there that it is where members from the club usually meet and discuss events in the lounge which Tommy

accepted the answer nonetheless. Why not discuss it in their living room though? Anywho, he just learned that the so called Feral Boys and Punz were having a sleepover the night before in Sapnap's room so they're here with Tommy, eating their breakfast. A minute later coincidentally, Professor Sam arrived at the mansion, now chatting with Bad and Skeppy freely, putting their professionalism and formalities aside. Drista was arguing with his brother about something he can't understand while Purpled was calmly chatting with Sapnap on the other side. It was chaotic.

This is new. At least for him.

He never really had experienced this to what he described as domestic chaos. Most of the time, it was just Tubbo and him, against the world. The manor is quiet, like it's a gallery only present for the visitors to view. Phil is mostly never there, his office in the company serving as his permanent home. Wilbur is out with his friends, performing live in front of hundreds only to come home drunk. Techno is there, sure, but he locked himself in isolation inside his room only to come out when Ranboo is visiting, family gatherings and training. Now that Tubbo has someone now, it's just him, himself, and he.

Well, originally, it was Clara and him against the universe. *Clara Irvin* was his babysitter when he was a baby. He can still remember her comforting touches when he was crying because he missed his father. He can remember her soft smile whenever he does something that will make her proud. She's there during school events and meetings that his father should be the one who's attending with him.

He just can't remember her face.

Clara was ruthlessly fired by his father, even threatening to file an arrest when she was caught stealing a family heirloom belonging to the Siren themselves. She then admitted to her crime shamefully, only stealing it because her son needs money for surgery.

Tommy misses her. Clara was the mother she needed and still needs. She may be there somewhere but she's still gone.

*(He blamed his father for everything)*

It's three weeks he has been deemed replaced, it's fourteen years he has been neglected and he knows he will be forever stuck in the pit of loneliness and misfortune. Who knows though? Maybe it will change. *Someday*.

"Oh! They're here!" Karl looked up from his laptop and smiled at the members. Once Karl said those words, the rest followed, greeted the guests (they're not really guests, per say. They're usually visiting for twice to three times a month and both the Diamond-Halo family treats them like family).

"Hey Dream, ready to annoy our dear older brother?" Dream and Drista smirked. Foolish can be seen at the far back, facepalm-ing at the sight of his siblings. Don't get him wrong, he loves them but at some point in life, there are times where your siblings will lead you to trouble and this is the exact time.

"Good morning guys! Good morning Tomsy!" Foolish ignored the maniacal looks from his siblings and focuses on greeting everyone which they reply back

"I brought some food!" Bad quickly placed the tray on the glass table in the middle. "To those who are hungry, feel free to get one while Sam and I will discuss this meeting!"

Sam sighed, "Why is everyone mostly here? Isn't this the Literary Circle's meeting?"

"Don't act surprised old man" Dream rolled his eyes playfully, "They're always present in meetings off campus"

Sam deadpanned stare at the student who didn't back off at staring as well. This seems so normal to see especially to Tommy who's new to this sort of thing. Talking back at Sam like it's nothing? It seems like you're asking for death themselves. "Ugh fine, you normally eavesdropped anyways especially you Skeppy who's a grown up man"

"Well—" Skeppy grinned and leaned forward to the glass table, "Thomathy did say I'm a six year old"

"I did no such thing" Tommy blurts out. Crap, that's a mistake. Dream immediately wheezes while the rest laugh normally. Well— depending on your definition of normal, that is

"Prime Thomas! That's fucking gold" Quackity laughs harder which makes Tommy quite concern but smile nonetheless

"Okay, okay" Bad giggled himself which made Skeppy look at him with an exaggerated offended expression and pouts. Bad rolled his eyes fondly and slapped Skeppy but not hard enough to hurt in his right arm. "As much as this is amusing, we have to discuss now in order for all of you to have time to hang out later on"

Hang out? That's not what Tommy expected at all. Looking back at Drista and Purpled, they seem to have their own fun at the far side. How is he going to have fun when he's interacting with complete strangers? Well not strangers seeing as all are quite famous and Tommy knows them respectively and maybe vice versa. He interacted long enough with two or three people out of them

as well. It sucks being alone. Why is he dragged into this mess again? "That's true and Tommy, please refer us to Sam and Bad as well as Skeppy okay? We don't really use formalities here and we won't be stopping you from saying any vulgar language although, Bad will say 'language' everytime you speak it, it's an instinct for him. Just don't offend, bully or discriminate anyone, alrighty?"

"Yes sir" Tommy let his thumbs up and smiled sheepishly. Wait— did he say sir?

"Yes you did" Boomer who's sitting just few seats away said, his eyes glinting in amusement and entertainment

"Oh"

"As much as this is entertaining, we should really start" Bad slowly said and smiled, "Sam?"

Looking around, Sam sighed. Guess the meeting is not exclusive for the Literary Circle then. "Right, thanks Bad. Puffy or the Captain agreed that the intramurals will hold a Writing Competition. Now, this may be normal for all of you especially to the seniors seeing the fact that, a writing contest is always included in the said event as well as a bunch of contests that you can win such as Singing Competition for each level, Hip Hop Dancing, Ballroom, Cheerdance, Volleyball, Basketball, Scrabble, Tennis, Chess and etcetera"

"Yes, but! For this writing tournament, the winner will compete in the Minecraft Writing Championships! In case you don't know what it is, it's an international writing competition held by Noxcrew and the contestants will be given a month for writing a whole novel based on a random word that will be given by the judges. That word will serve as the contestant's topic of writing. It can be non fiction, poetry, fiction, essay writing or anything that involves literacy works. The judges will be the one who'll judge the works obviously and will be the one announcing who's the winner a month later. The winner will be given the title of "writing royalty" Although it may sound

cliche, it's a tradition in the past which we must continue so— anyhow, the prizes come with cash prizes, a publication team for publishing and editing your future works and a ticket to Hermitcraft. At least that's what the last prizes are

We are still not sure if it changed."

"Noxcrew are bringing the championships back because it is highly demanded by citizens, celebrities and authors" Sam finished

As the rest cheered (excluding Tommy. He's still hesitant about the whole thing especially when he found out that his mother was the last winner of the said championships), Hannah raised her hand for a question. "Why did the Championships vanish all of a sudden though? The last winner was Lady Death and that was a decade ago"

"The Noxcrew lost their sponsor and went bankrupt for a short while. Scott Smajor offered to be the sponsor for this year's event and let's hope it stays that way. This fact was hidden from the public until now so this reason is still classified so I trust you to keep this secret, a secret. Got it?"

A chorus of answers echoed the area they were in. "Good. Now, the faculty and I encourage everyone to participate. This includes students who are outside the Circle. We will announce this tomorrow morning to everyone but I was granted permission to announce this beforehand to all of you" Sam nodded to Bad, giving the signal to continue

"Please note that this is optional and won't affect your grade at all. Also, Sam here forgot to mention that there is a limit of students who will be joining for the intramurals event so you can list your name today in this paper" Bad handed two clipboards with paper clipped to the students. "To those who wants to join"

"Hey Foolish, give me the clipboard so I can sign myself up" Foolish rolled his eyes at his brother. Instead of handing it to him, he instead signed himself first. "Oh c'mon! I'm the one who's supposed to be the first!"

"Stop whining dumbass" George rolled his eyes, "You're such a baby"

"Get wrecked by your boyfriend Dream" Sapnap teased, smirking and laughing while Dream wants to protest

"Who else is going to join? I'm done listing my name" Foolish announced to everyone, ignoring the Dream Team's playful argument

"Give me the paper, I'll list my name in" Tina called, looking at Dream as if she wanted to help Sapnap and George's teasing

"Wha- Hey! It's my turn!"

---

Foolish, Tina and Dream were the only ones participating in the competition. The twins, Hannah and Boomer decided not to join due to the fact that their hobby in writing is just for fun. The rest didn't argue because they expected this answer from them (they answered the same thing when they were in freshman year as well as other contests that relate to writing that the school held besides the intramurals). Quackity wanted to join but Sam knew he wouldn't take the contest seriously so he decided against it. Besides, more students outside the Circle can attend as well if there are more slots. It may seem biased if only the whole Literary Circle plus their friend group are only ones who are joining. Drista wanted to join but she decided to change her mind at the last minute, she can't even spell a word correctly, relying on her autocorrect whenever she texts on her

phone as well as having low marks in English, what more if she'll join the contest?

Besides, she's into engineering anyways

"Is this final? Maybe some of you want to join?" Everyone looked at Tommy who's squirming uncomfortably in his seat because of the looks the people gave him. Karl, who's quiet most of the meeting, notices his position and decides to jump in to save his friend. "I can join!"

"Aw man, Karl will definitely win" Dream whined

"Your just bitter that my *lindo novio* is better than you" Quackity sticks his tongue like the mature person he is towards Dream

"Tommy? Do you want to join?" Skeppy asked Tommy, smiling warmly at the blonde

"No thank you" Tommy awkwardly laughs, "I'm still an amateur in this writing thing anyways and the pressure usually gets to me to the point it'll shoo my motivation away"

"The competition will be fun Tomsy!" Foolish looked at Tommy, grinning. "We normally treat the competition as a fun game between us friends. No matter if we lose or win, at least we had fun. Besides, you'll get extra points if you join anyways no matter the outcome not that it'll matter or affect your academic grades" He finishes

"The pressure is there, sure, but you can always use a pen name like Lady Death to hide your identity. That means, there'll be no questions asked by multiple students that you don't even know about the subject" Purpled shrugged, "that students will just focus on the fact that who is the identity behind the pen name. They can even underestimate your hidden identity, not knowing that you're just waiting for the right time to unleash your creativity and skills"

"It seems like talking about a game, Purpled" Boomer sighed, Purpled looking sheepish. "But he's right, Toms. Personally, Hannah and I don't do competitions because we joined different competitions aside from the writing contest. Writing is not really our main hobby so we don't have any motivation to finish a project we started. Hannah's love is floral stuff, learning about flower language as well while mine is learning about animals better so we get our motivation there. But it's really up to you" Boomer shared

"Boomer and Foolish is right, Tommy. But if you want, we can give you time to decide. Bad and I will keep a slot for you if ever you wish to join" Sam offered—

---

### ***You are my sunshine***

*"Mama?" A brunette peeked in their parent's bedroom. He saw his father and mother talking about something inaudible. They seem to be arguing but he did not understand what about*

### ***My only sunshine***

*His mother smiled. His father looked at his wife as if she's a goddess, a goddess who's so beautifully created and nourished. Prime or any deity above did take time making her huh? But he looked at her as if the news proclaimed a war. He did not miss his father's dried tears and his mother's comforting face. His father smiled at his son who's waiting at the door, tapping the mattress lightly to signal his son to join them. He did happily when he got the meaning behind it. He didn't miss the fact that his father's smile didn't reach his eyes unlike before.*

*There's something going on that the poor young child can't grasp or take a hold of it. Besides, he's too young to understand what it is about.*

***You make me happy***

*"Why are you up so late baby?" His mother hummed, hugging her son closer*

***When skies are gray***

*"Nightmare..." He trailed, burying himself in his mother's nightgown.*

***You never know dear,***

*"What about dear?"*

***How much I love you***

*"Ech'o was hurtin' me but it's not his fault! He got contro'led by many voices! Then.. Then papa and echno leave and— and me and a baby was left in the house! Mommy was gone too!" He cried in his mother arms, "I don' wan to lose you mommy!"*

***Please don't take***

*"Oh baby" She wiped her son's tears as her husband hold both of them in his arms, "I won't leave you baby"*

***My sunshine***

*"Promise?"*

***Away***

*Tommy woke up*

---

"—I'll join," Tommy let out a small smile. The others looked at him quickly, Tommy once again shifted in his seat. It's what they wanted right?

"Are you sure Tom?" Karl asked, worried at the younger

"Please note Tommy that it is not required to join and if you feel pressured of joining about this sort of thing because of us then don't force yourself. please tell us if you feel uncomfortable or that sort of thing if you get what I mean. Please remember to listen to yourself, not others because your main priority is you" Damn right it is Sam.

"No! Uh— fuck wait I'm sorry" Tommy mentally facepalmed, Drista snorted which her brothers and cousin glared at her, telepathically telling her 'not the right time, Drista'. "What I mean is that it's my decision. You didn't pressure or force me at all. As you said earlier, this thing is for fun sake so why not try it? This is not really my first time joining a competition either although, it's my first time joining a writing contest but eh— so it's a fun challenge for me"

"Sorry I can't really understand what I'm saying here either but you get what I mean, hopefully right?" Tommy scratched his head, sulking further in his seat

"Well then if that's your decision— if something is stopping you or if you wish to withdraw your slot then feel free to tell us, okay?" Bad offered, "Don't afraid to ask questions too"

"About that, what exactly is the mechanics of the intramural contest? I believe you didn't explain that earlier or I blanked out when you explain that"

"No, no, no!" Bad waved off dismissively, "I forgot to explain it, I'm so sorry!"

"You forgot we have a freshman here that is part of the circle didn't you?" Sapnap snorted

"Yes but still! I normally do this sort of stuff to the members who are and were freshmen such as Hannah and Boomer over there" Bad huffed, "But anyways, the mechanics are simple!"

Just write an entry that relates to the topic that will be given by us once the slots are full and finalized, not less than 10 pages, no maximum word counts or pages. It can be anything literacy related. The contestants will be given a week to write and pass their work. Yes, the time limit is quite short but it'll give a challenge to students. Besides, the old mechanics is to write a work piece for two hours during the event, the current contestants should at least be thankful that the mechanics changed. Your work should be original and no plagiarism should be detected when checking or else consequences may arise. You're not elementary kids anymore so the punishments are now serious.

Content, basically the relevance to the team, comprehensiveness, originality and your insights is 50 percent. Organization, the clarity of thoughts, creativity, unity and consistency is 30 percent. And finally, Mechanics, the punctuation, spelling, capitalization, grammar and your sources is 20 percent. Overall, it will be 100 percent" Bad breathed

Fuck. Tommy already regrets this. He isn't that much of a good student after all that will instantly do it before the due date. He's a crammer, doing it in the middle of the night or worse, an hour before classes will start. Somehow, he is able to survive school like this. Although, he can't say that he's not familiar with this. Every competition he joined and tried, quiz bee, spelling bee, quiz bowls, badminton trials, dancing? Had a similar criteria but writing? His first time in a writing contest? Bullshit.

He remembers the time where he first joined a badminton practice due to the fact that his brother Techno joined a sport (he wanted to be like him when he was little. In fact, he likes to be like his brothers and father), he got hit by the shuttlecock and the badminton racket out of pure accident. It was not his sport, really.

"Got it, thanks Pr— uh Bad?"

"Aw, you're welcome Tommy!" Bad replied cheerfully

"Do you have any questions?" Sam stood up from his seat and asked the group, one more time which they replied 'no'. "Okay, this meeting is dismissed. You can hangout or go home now. Thanks for coming students"

---

Karl hurried to Tommy, who's about to leave. "The boys and I wanted to hang out with you for this if you're okay with it?"

"Sure?" Tommy tilted his head, he got nothing to do and a ride to hitch. How could he get home even if he wanted to? Walk? "I've got nothing plan for today anyway"

"Great! Follow me! Drista and Purpled already followed the boys out, Q planned to have a question and answer portion for all of us!"

"Aren't you close already? There's no need for you ask each other's questions"

Karl sweats and grinned awkwardly, "Well— our plan is getting to know you better by asking questions. Please don't tell them that I confessed to you, they already think I suck at lying"

Tommy chuckled, "You kinda are Karl"

"Aw man" Karl whined and laughed, he's kinda comfortable around him now and that's good! He really wanted to befriend the kid ever since both met in a book signing event. "But, just because we're close friends and some have special relationships with each other doesn't mean we have don't have any secrets or facts to tell that we don't know about"

"Yeah, you're right" Tommy grips his bag, "So, where are we going?"

"We're going to the mansion's lounge! It's on the rooftop so there are more stairs to climb I guess" Karl shrugged and slumped, already tired talking about climbing stairs. "We could use the elevators but we don't want to be stuck in there shall we? It's broken and still needed to be fixed"

"I'm always up for good ol' climbing" Tommy looks determined which made Karl chuckled once again. He swore to Prime and deities above, he's going to have custody of this kid first.

---

They were playing spin the bottle. The one who got chosen by the bottle will answer a question by one of the players truthfully. A "question and portion" instead of "truth or dare" if you will. Tommy was having fun actually, he quickly forgot the upcoming contest that will be in a month. The group sees him laugh and cackle for a couple of times when the others share their embarrassing stories of one another or confess a fact of the other students in their school. Even though Foolish is not a high schooler anymore, he's still invested in the latest happening in his sibling's high school.

The bottle picked Tommy again. So far, he got only called twice which is not what the rest are going for. But at least, Tommy got comfortable with them moments later when nothing too serious stuff was going on. How did they know that Tommy got comfortable with them? He started swearing creative profanities at everyone that students outside the group didn't even heard of from him, he started rambling on different topics he's invested in nowadays, he was laughing so hard he slapped someone- but you get the point.

And can't help but say that the rest are loving this wild side of Tommy's. Even Purpled and Drista were surprised, is this what Deo meant?

---

*"Oh trust me, that Tommy is the opposite of the real Tommy" Deo grimaces, "That Tommy is too quiet for my own well being"*

*"You mean Tommy doesn't act like that at all?" Bitzel asked, repeating and summarizing what his friend just said*

*"Oh trust me, he's chaotic just like the rest of us" Deo chuckled, "Just be patient and don't mention his family, Ranboo or Tubbo although that depends on the topic, and you're good"*

*"Huh" Luke mumbled*

---

"Wait! Wait! Wait! I have a question!" Quackity raised his hands and waved them chaotically and rapidly

Tina laughs, "I can clearly hear the exclamation marks when you said that"

"Okay okay okay! Thomás, what is your goal in life?"

Tommy snorted, "This seems like a television channel all of a sudden. What happened to secrets and crushes huh?" He laughs

"Shhh just shut the fuck up and answer the question" Quackity pleaded, like the mature future lawyer he is

"I don't really have a goal at the moment? Hoping and actually graduating high school, proceed to college and work is what keeps me going"

"What about these intramurals? The writing competition? Do you want to go to the championships?" George asked

"To be honest, I'm not into that stuff anymore. I'm not into winning games or competitions or championships. I was highly competitive back then but all I want to do now is escape school and be alone and do whatever you want you know? Just think of the freedom, man" Tommy sighed, "This writing contest thing that I was offered too is, let's just say, an extra curriculum that I have to pass in order to graduate"

"So— why did you join this Circle then? This is general and not trying to offend you on anyway, I'm just curious" Dream peeked in, rocking himself back and forth while hugging a pillow this whole time

"Let's just say— I received a sign from someone who I didn't even know personally" Tommy stared at the ground and smiled fondly, "I didn't regret this one bit though"

"But I'm still curious— like what goal or let's say, a checkpoint in your high school life? We all got one you know? Purpled wants to be rich, I want to be a lawyer and marrying these two pretty boys beside me, Karl's dream was already fulfilled by being an author, George survived freshman, sophomore and junior year with high honors even if he's mostly sleeping in classes and that such" Quackity shrugs, "Everyone has a goal, no matter if it's ridiculous or whatnot"

"Are you sure this is our Quackity? When did he get so motivational?" Purpled deadpanned, looking intently at him like he's investigating a suspect of a crime they had committed

"Awww baby boy!" Sapnap hugged Quackity tightly, who's gasping for breath by how tight his boyfriend is hugging him. Karl is wheezing, meanwhile, beside them

"I think my goal in life is—" Tommy looked at all of them, lowering his voice when everyone was distracted and did not hear what he said due to the commotion caused by Purpled, not wanting to let everyone know his thoughts.

"Making Lady Death, Kristin Rose Diomedes, my *mother* proud. She's the *one* who I want to be when I'll completely grow up and when I'm living the life I wanted the most."

He smiled fondly, blue eyes glisten under the harsh light. He turned his attention back at the group, "Karlnapity, you're sickeningly adorable. I hate it"

## Chapter End Notes

Hiii!! I'm currently in a school break (with still having a confusing schedule but my class is quite sure we're on break) rn and I can finally update quicker! (Hopefully, I'm getting too distracted by procrastinating lol help me) just got a writer's block for a whole two weeks so I don't even know how I will start this chapter

How long was I out anyways?

Anyways, we're finally moving on the middle of the story. Yes, I know, we're still in the beginning part. As you can see in my previous chapters, the canonical days were Monday to Sunday so spoilers: we're having a time skip anytime soon!

I added a bit of a question in this chapter so it's up to you if you want to connect things and comment it in the comments! Every chapter may or may not have a question asked (albeit not being obvious) to the readers that I purposely added for you to connect things out. But please be warned that those questions may or may not be relevant to the story

I am so sorry if this is confusing so far! I am too and I'm trying my best to keep up with my notes (idek why I decided to add particular parts in that doesn't even make any sense)

But— off topic, HAVE YOU SEEN THE RECENT LORE?? I KNOW I'M LATE AND ALL BUT OMG C! CRIMEBOYS DUO FOR THE SOUL

Now I just need Bedrocks duo and I can die peacefully without any remorse

My hands are itching to write a SBI! Oneshots (surprising isn't it?) And a Crimeboys Duo oneshots as well as Peter Parker Twitter Fic 😊😊

I have to go before I started ranting about my hyperfixations, see you next chapter!!

**Song mentioned :**

- [You Are My Sunshine](#)

**Kudos, Bookmarks and Comments are highly appreciated! Tysm in advance and tysm for your support <33**

**Here are my active accounts atm, follow if you want!**

[Instagram](#)

[Wattpad](#)

**made a back up Wattpad account, planning for future original stories idrk  
click [here](#)**

**LOVE YOU ALL /p THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR PATIENTLY WAITING!!**

## **purple hyacinths , sorrow and regret**

### Chapter Summary

I'm sorry.

### Chapter Notes

A tribute to Technoblade. You will forever be in our hearts.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Tommy" He smiled, rather sadly for Tommy's taste. "I'm sorry"

Hearing those words made Tommy look at his face directly. He didn't expect him to apologize at this time. Is there something wrong? Tommy let out a confused sound like a confused puppy. His brows furrowed.

He let out a quite amused chuckle. "I know you're confused but seriously, I'm here to apologize for my actions. I've been a horrible, worst brother and I'm so sorry. I'm not really good with words and this emotional— thing but I will try to explain my side to you"

Before Tommy can interrupt, he continues. "Ever since you were brought up to this world, I promised to take good care of you no matter what. I promise to read good night books for you, I promised that I'll practice sewing which I did to fix your teddy back then although it turns out miserable. I promised to be a good big brother you can ever have. But of course, things come to an end.

I became distant. I noticed your eyes and actions when Ranboo came along. I know you felt replaced yet I did not act it out like I was supposed to. I noticed how father had high expectations for you to achieve yet failed to do so. And I didn't do anything about it.

I regret it. I regret my horrible actions and words that fell out of my mouth. The day I called you, even so subtly but I know you're thinking about it, a waste of time was a grave mistake that I made.

I understand you won't forgive me that easily or not forgive me at all and honestly? I have done the same on your part. I still don't forgive myself and to our family as well but I apologize nonetheless"

Tommy stood there speechless. Both were standing there, in their backyard with complete and utter silence. Tommy gulped, tears threatening to spill out any second. He hated him, hated him, loathed him for all things he has done in the past. He hated him the most among all family members who betrayed him.

Why?

Because he was physically there yet he's too distant to reach.

But hearing those words spilled out of his mouth made his heart ache and just wants to forgive him then and there, forgetting their distant relationship in the past. He just couldn't. Why now?

"I was scared, to be truthfully honest with you" He let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. Finding it amusing and ironic seeing the fact that he was considered the toughest undefeated champion who didn't flinch whenever he was hit or pushed in tournaments. Who don't show emotions inside and outside school. "I don't exactly know why but I was afraid of losing you"

The blonde's breathing hitched. Face looks stricken, did not really expect that sentiment. What does he mean by that? If he was indeed afraid of losing me, why distant himself with a great possibility of literally losing me? Tears, after keeping it in place for quite a long time finally escaped and now slowly falling down his cheeks. Tommy didn't pay any mind. He didn't crumpled like a piece of paper, his face not wavering with any emotion. Just tears leaking out, like dirt particles who intrude his eyes causing him to tear up. "I know, I know. It's ironic when I now think about it but— you act and look exactly like *her*"

Who's *her*? Tommy's hands formed a fist, whitening due to the commotion. This explanation makes no fucking sense. He's frustrated because he cannot understand what he's trying to explain

and apologize.

"When you were a kid. Three years old and seven weeks. You were hospitalized" Tommy lifted his head up almost instantly. What? "The doctors found abnormalities inside your body and dad was devastated. Since you were a baby at that time, you have fifty-fifty percent of living. But— but you survived! Of course you survived! You're strong, brave and- and too innocent to die. And at that moment, I thought to myself. If I get too attached to you then a half of me will strip away if something bad happens to you

So I slowly unattached and went on my merry way. Which I deeply regret" He sighed, disappointed in himself and his actions. Clear remorse was heard by the way he spoke. "Dad didn't tell you about this sickness of yours for some reason and forbid us to tell this to you. We paid no attention as to why so we move on"

"Why now?" Tommy finally speaks up, "Why now apologize? Why Ranboo? Why did you not do anything to save me from my misery? *Why?*"

"I'm a coward. Ranboo— believe it or not, he reminds me too much of myself. He's passionate about books and mythologies, he thinks logically rather than figuratively, he's lonely still, albeit having friends, just like when I was a kid, he's pressured to do something that he does not want and all those things similar to mine. To avoid him of acting like current me who's still lonely despite having colleagues to whom I talk to during tournaments and who's suppressing my feelings and emotions, I have to subtly teach him to avoid it. I want him not to act and do what I've done. I want him to avoid it.

It still doesn't explain the fact that I forgot you because I was preoccupied with someone else" *Ouch.* Tommy thought. That hurts. But Ranboo as him? Tommy narrowed his eyes while still looking at the grass they're standing, it might be possible. He never really thinks that way. But what about him? He loves reading books though it's an unpopular fact, he's lonely with no friends, he is pressured to have good marks and choose a career path that is suitable for his father and not him. What about him? Those thoughts were left unsaid. As he continued to speak, Tommy decided to interrupt.

"Will it come back?" The person in front of him stops talking, explaining. He replied, "What comes back?"

"The illness? Will it come back?"

He swallowed, "No— I- I think not. It was cured years ago and the doctor who's managing your case was able to cure the abnormalities and set it in place. At least that's what- uh, dad told us" He stammered

Dying huh? Tommy smiled, the person in front of him thought differently. "I still don't forgive you. After all, what you and the rest did to me so openly was unforgettable. But I'm willing to give you a chance, I guess. That's me isn't it? Always giving chances even to someone who's undeserving. But yeah.

I guess it's easier for me to give you a chance since you have the least damage, well physically after all. But what you did still hurts. I know you have heard me crying endlessly in my bedroom, multiple times but what did you do? Did you comfort me? Back then, well yeah of course. But the years after that? Did you?" He flinched. "No, right? But hearing your side kinda calms my senses down. It's quite confusing, really. I can't understand what you're trying to say but at the same time, I get it. You're not good with words but still love the subject of English. Maybe irony is your middle name"

"Which makes me wonder, " Tommy continued, his voice hardened that what it was making him shivered slightly. "Why are you apologizing all of a sudden? Maybe because you're guilty or regretful of what you've done but that's not the real reason isn't it? Because if it is, you could've apologized days and months ago. Why now, Techno Blade Craft"

Techno winced, mouth is still forming a thin line. "Believe me, being guilty and regretful is one of the reasons why I'm apologizing and because of wanting to be your brother again. But, yeah- you're right" He chuckled lightheartedly to which the blonde didn't return. "Guess I really underestimated you, Tom.

But I'm running away? Technically? Father didn't know about this neither did Wilbur and the rest whom I have acquainted with. Even Ranboo. It's just you and me who knew about this"

"Where and why?"

"To a snowy place. The very Northern West of L'manberg. I guess I just want to be free of the pressure from dad, I guess. He wants me to be a neurosurgeon or something worth— boasting of. I want to be an English Major. He wants me to be a fencing champion once again, or even a fighter but I can't do that if Dream is there. And honestly? I'm exhausted from it all. So I planned my escape and, and want to make things right before I go"

"Really Tech? After apologizing, you'll run?" Tommy sobbed, but controlled his actions. "What

about me? I thought you want to make things right? And by making things right, that means intervening and fixing my strained relationship with Wilbur and Phil? That means spending time with me for old times sake? What about it? What about Wilbur? You were close back then too! Everyone was close back then and it messed up! You promised to fucking fix it!" He yelled

"Tommy, I never wanted to leave you. You know that. I love you, you're my baby brother. But I want to escape this life I've created. I've done something miserable to Wilbur causing to break our twin relationship and the same to us. I just want to escape it all" Techno keeps his emotions in tact but Tommy can see he's shedding a tear or two. "Tommy, I know I'm selfish. So I'll be selfish for the final time"

"Why can't I go with you?" Tommy cried

"Tommy, you can't. You have a dream, a potential within this premises. Even if Wilbur or father isn't by your side, you have Dream and the rest of his clan. You met the famous six and I know it will change your life drastically but positively in the future. You joined the Literary Circle and were offered to join the writing competition for intramurals and I'm so very happy for you. I know you'll be the best and I know you'll make it to the Championships but I- I can't do that"

How did he know that?

"I know that because I keep track of my surroundings when it comes to you. You've been happy ever since you reunited with Deo, who I remember that he was your childhood friend. And I'm so, so proud of you, Tom, you have no idea. I envy you because you can rebel against your father's decisions, no matter the consequences—" If only he knew what those consequences caused and have done. "— and I wanted to do the same thing but I can't if Phil is right there watching our every move"

"Wilbur will be upset, you know? Not only will he lose a twin, but will now receive all the pressure that you've shared between him" Tommy suddenly, for the umpteenth time, said.

Techno looked pained. "I know"

"At least leave a note for him" Tommy shrugged, looking defeated. "He'll at least appreciate that after his stages of grief"

"Yeah. I will" Techno sadly smile, "I love you both. I'm happy you're my brothers"

Tommy nodded, returning the smile, ignoring the tears running down his face. "Make sure to visit, Techie. If I ever succeed to compete the Writing Tournament Championships, I need you to be there"

"I will, Tom," Techno replied, promising. "I will"

Tommy wanted to ask more questions. Will he finish his education? Where will he finish it? Or not, will he apply for a job? Does he have stable finance to back him up? Where will he reside? In a hotel? A cabin? But instead, he bid him one last goodbye. It's not really a last but, it will do for now.

"Take care Tech"

Technoblade smiled and nodded. "You too. Make sure to stop Wilbur from doing anything reckless"

Tommy just laughed and hugged him tightly. Only for a short second. Then left the backyard, leaving Techno alone with his thoughts.

Maybe in another lifetime, they can be a happy family.

---

That was three weeks ago. Today is Sunday. Tommy can't help but be excited for the intramural week to begin tomorrow.

## Chapter End Notes

Hi! I'm back. Finally.

This chapter is a tribute for Techno and a final goodbye for his character in this book and to him, as well. You may have seen my previous announcement from Wattpad which may explain my sudden hiatus and disappearance. Ever since I heard that Alex was gone, I was in denial (until now) and just thought it was a joke. I've been in this fandom for a year, which is shorter than any of the og fans. I found this fandom because of Tommy and when I heard about Techno, he receives the rank of being my second comfort streamer, Tommy being the first. So it was upsetting to hear that he has cancer and passed away because of it.

I wrote this chapter as a way to express my thoughts, feelings, emotions and my goodbyes so I greatly apologize if this seems disrespectful to all! I promise I mean no disrespect and I just want to properly say goodbye to my comfort streamer. I give my sincerest condolence to Alex' family.

At first, I thought Techno was doing okay. After a couple months of hearing that Alex has cancer, I thought it was cured or in the process of being cured. He was doing fine in videos he participated in so it's a big shocker to see that he passed away. Obviously I was wrong.

Until now, even when I wrote this chapter, I can't help but cry and bawled my eyes out. Seeing the fact that all SBI except for Tommy already met Alex, it was sad to write a bedrock duo centric scene for this book. I don't know how other creator and writers can do this tbh when I myself is in the process of crying.

Alexander "Technoblade" will forever be in our hearts. I love you tech, tysm for saving and comforting me with your soothing and calming voice when I was feeling down <33

His character may appear in my future books, chapters and oneshots but just a quick scene. Thank you for the continuous support everyone and thank you for waiting for me.

## white chrysanthemums , grief and mourning

### Chapter Summary

It's been three weeks ever since he ran away and Wilbur never felt more alone. His twin left, leaving him all alone. Ever since that incident a few years back when Tommy was in primary school, their relationship has never been the same again. His little brother, only forty five minutes late, found him in his room who Wilbur thought was locked at that day with a bleeding wrist due to the bloody lines he drew with a razor blade because of the overwhelming feeling of doing it after a fight between him and his father.

### Chapter Notes

TW (not graphic) : underage drinking and mentions of self harm

#### GC NAMES :

Flame - Sapnap  
Quack Quack - Quackity  
Innit? - Tommy  
404 - George  
Material Gworf - Tina  
Quackity and Sapnap's Fuckboy - Karl  
I'm a damn Fool - Foolish  
Piss Baby - Dream

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's been three weeks ever since he ran away and Wilbur never felt more alone. His twin left, leaving him all alone. Ever since that incident a few years back when Tommy was in primary school, their relationship has never been the same again. His little brother, only forty five minutes late, found him in his room who Wilbur thought was locked at that day with a bleeding wrist due to the bloody lines he drew with a razor blade because of the overwhelming feeling of doing it after a fight between him and his father.

He promised.

---

*"Don't tell anyone, Techno. Fucking promise to me"*

*"But Wil—"*

*"Blade, don't you dare tell Phil"*

*"Fine! I promise! Happy?"*

---

He fucking promised. Then, guess what? He snitched! He fucking snitched!

---

*"I'm sorry Wil but you need help"*

*"I TRUSTED YOU"*

---

He loathes him from that point on. He could've told anyone but dad then he did that. There's a reason why he hated dad from the beginning, after his mother died.

---

*"I can't have a son who's broken, Wilbur. So you better get over this phase of yours and actually start focusing on school. Your grades are slipping and your headmaster told me that you are involved in a fight between two parties. So whatever this is, get it right"*

---

Phil became controlling at that point. And his depression grew worse. It's all because of him. God, why can't everyone be happy? He blamed his twin for all the things he had to endure after the incident. He can't even look at his face after that.

He drank his second shot then poured down another one.

---

Yeah, his family is fucked up. Now that Techno left and Tommy ignored him, he's alone. It even seems like he's an only child at this point. Why did he even leave? Without telling him? He's his twin, believe it or not!

---

*"I'm sorry"*

---

*"I'll do anything for you to forgive me"*

---

If he really wants to earn his forgiveness then start by telling his plan on running away! Wilbur drinks his third shot, frustratingly. He's currently inside his locked room, drinking a bottle of scotch. He's not crying, already wasted all his tears three to two weeks ago. His room was dimly lit, all of his worn and new clothes scattered everywhere inside his room, the red curtains aren't tied (haven't been since the day he found out), making the room's tinted red. He's wearing his twin's oversized black hoodie that he found in his twin's room. It's one of the clothes that's left in his twin's walk in closet. The clothes that were left are only a small pile, most were either left with him for his journey to wherever that is or with Tommy, his baby brother. Wilbur knew that some clothes were with Tommy seeing as he saw him wearing it a couple times after Wilbur's little and Tommy's big brother left.

Wilbur pours another shot then drinks. Then another, then another.

---

When he read that note, the note that he found on his bedside table at one in the morning after hanging out with Ash and the others (not knowing that his twin brother, his brother that's with him ever since in the very beginning, left), he wasn't able to think nor process a single word in his mind.

---

*Hey. If you're reading this right now then that means I successfully ran away. Woohoo! Tommy told me to leave you a note before I go so here we are. I talked to Tommy earlier, apologized before I went. I know, I know. Why couldn't I have done that to you? Because I know another fight*

*will break out and you'll snitch on dad then this whole plan will be in ruins. But please know Wil, that I love you very much. Just because I am such a coward to talk to you face to face doesn't mean I forget our bond. Our bond got taken away too quickly because of me. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I hope one day we'll be able to talk and bond, once again. You're my twin and I'll forever love you.*

*I'm so sorry for leaving you. Please don't do anything stupid. Talk to Tommy if things get worse. I know you Wil. Despite to everybody's beliefs, you're the twin who acts irrationally and recklessly whenever things get worse.*

*You'll probably be thinking why I left.*

*Well, I just can't stand Phil now. I want to be free Will. You know how I want to be an English Major Graduate but father thinks differently. He wants me, ME Will, to be a neurosurgeon! THAT'S BULLSHIT. I can't stand science, you know that. I'm selfish, I know. But please understand that I can't take it anymore. It's ironic isn't it? Me? The "most mature" brother out of all three of us was the one who broke first? I know in another timeline that it was you who got away. But guess who broke this timeline? Haha.*

*Take care of Tommy, Will. Take care of yourself too. Fuck Phil.*

*I'll visit some other time but I need space as of now. I love you. I love you both. Don't forget that.*

*— your twin who's there with you right from the start.*

*PS. Don't underestimate our baby brother. Protect him from Phil but I doubt he needs protection. He has everyone wrapped around his finger, anyway.*

---

He drinks. Then pours.

But he stopped due to the knock from his door. Wilbur glared at absolutely no one. He told everyone, specifically the house servants to not bother him. He knew it's not his father's because it's a soft knock unlike his, it's neither his friends because the person outside from the door knocked (which his friends never will). It must be a house servant or his baby brother. But he doubts it's Tommy due to obvious reasons. Both are not on good terms, right now.

"F'ck off" Wilbur slurred

The door opened. The person didn't bother to listen to his orders.

It's Tommy. Prime, he missed his knocks.

"Wilbur" Tommy started, grimacing at the room's smell. "You look terrible"

"Th'nks"

"And you're drunk"

"M' not!"

"You know you're still a minor, right?" Tommy mused, "That's underage drinking"

Wilbur didn't say anything but flipped him off and stuck his tongue out. How mature of him. Tommy sighed, looking around. He then walks forward towards his bed and starts to make his bed, folding his dirty and new clothes and separating them. How did he know which is which? Wilbur squinted. He's sitting on the floor, his back leaning on his modern and futuristic designed wall. He wanted to get up and confronted Tommy about this behavior of his. Why did he care now? He hates him (Not that he blames him for it). Prime, he's so confused.

---

Tommy may hate Wilbur but he is still his blood brother through and through. Seeing him in this state is quite annoying and pitiful to endure but he's not all that surprised. He just lost his brother, the brother who's literally with him from the very beginning. Tommy is quite grateful that he's not attached to either one of his family members.

He has been enduring a depressed Wilbur Soot Craft for three weeks already and it's getting exhausting. So after video chatting with the famous six, he took it upon himself to get Wilbur back right on his tracks. After all, he promised *him* to look after Wilbur.

Tomorrow is the day where intramural week will finally start. He can't help but be excited yet also feeling nervous for the upcoming tournament. It doesn't help the fact that Ranboo decided to join in. Stupid Ranboob. He's always there to ruin all his plans on seeking the validation he wanted. He already wrote his plans and plot he will be writing during the tournament. The Writing Competition will be done by writing an entry during the one hour and thirty minute competition therefore, all revisions and writing and drafting will all be done under that time frame. Tommy doubts his writing skills but one thing for sure is that he's good with working under pressure hence, his advantage. Based on what Sam announced a week ago, the competition will be held inside the school's conference room. All necessary materials will be provided beforehand. The downside of the tournament is that all entries are needed to be handwritten with clear and precise handwriting. But that's not what he's overly concerned about. It's about his identity.

He talked it out with the Circle as well as the professors handling the event which is the Warden, Guardian and The Captain respectively. Dream initiated to wear a disguise or a costume specifically, which is what Tommy was considering but Tina quickly put the idea down seeing as most of the school population is nosy as fuck and will do anything, even backing up with the strongest and powerful individual in the economy (yes. His classmates, specifically those girls who're spreading faux rumors about George, will do everything to get what they want). Boomer recommended to join the event behind the scenes, not directly in front of spectators but Bad put it down as it can be '*cheating*'. What did her mother do in joining the event but not as Kristin Rose Diomedes but as Lady Death?

---

He'll search for a diary entry later. He now needs to focus on Wilbur who passed out on the floor five minutes after he entered the room. Tommy sighed, an incoming headache entering his mind. Prime, help him.

Wilbur woke up with a massive headache and an obvious headache. His vision is filled with blurry lights and dazed items. What time is it? He moved himself to the side. Huh? Is it just him or did he teleport on his bed? Didn't he pass out on the floor, again?

"You definitely teleported" Sarcasm filled Tommy's response. "How believable"

"T-tommy? What are you doing h-here?" *You didn't enter this room for years, after all.* Wilbur gulped, fuck. It's his fault. Tommy paid no mind to his clear dilemma that showed on his face. "Watching you suffer, obviously" He rolled his eyes like it's the most obvious thing he stated. Wilbur didn't know if he's joking or not. It's a typical Tommy thing. "Eat" Tommy motioned to the dining table that's inside the room. It's not that surprising, really. All rooms have tables for their own gain to eat inside their respective rooms, if they didn't feel like eating in the kitchen.

Wilbur chewed his lower lip, clinging to his blanket. Tommy rolled his eyes, again. "C'mon. I won't bite"

"Dumbass," Wilbur muttered. Tommy raised a brow, eyes glinting with either bemusement or amusement. He can't really tell. He's not that good at reading eyes when it comes to Tommy, anymore. Ignoring his intense gaze instead, he moved towards the table with an unsteady walk that made Tommy chortle. Wilbur turned to playfully glare at his which Tommy returned an amused shrugged. He missed this. If only he's there with them. "U-uh, what time is it?"

"Seven in the evening" Tommy replied, shortly. "I cleaned up your belongings, by the way. Considering that you won't let anyone be in your room even for just a second. You need to clean your room, Soot. It's disgusting, honestly. Oh, Niki was messaging me why you were absent for nearly three weeks. Ash was messaging me about you missing a band practice" He shrugged, motioning himself towards the door. "Get a hold of yourself, Soot.

*He doesn't want to see you like this*

"And what do you know about him, huh?" Wilbur replied, rather hotheaded than he intended it to be. "You're expecting me to be okay after all this? After he left? He's my twin brother, Thomas. I've been with him more than I've been with you" Tommy stopped, the door already opened for him to leave. He looked at him with cold eyes. How did the atmosphere switch up so fast? He doesn't know. "I know but isolating yourself in your room? That's pathetic, even for me, Wilbur. I understand your upset, depression even but it'll worsen once you're isolating yourself from everyone. Father dearest will catch up soon when you're slacking off and you don't want to suffer consequences for failing to be his golden boy, would you?"

"You don't fucking understand what I feel" Wilbur managed to grit out. He's thankful Tommy continued to be civil with him or else a fight would surely break out. He didn't notice Tommy twitched and his blue eyes flicker.

"Do not underestimate, Wilbur Soot" With that, he left. Closing the door on his way out. Wilbur ignored the goosebumps running across his arms.

He messed up, again. Fucking great Wilbur

**Innit? :** I spoke to Wilbur

**Flame :** YOUR TELLING ME YOU SPOKE TO WILLBURR???

**Quack Quack :** "Willburr" 😂😊

**Flame :** arent you yknow not in talking terms??

**Flame :** for years??

**Innit? :** Ibget it idiot

**Flame :**

**404 :** whats with all the commotuon?

**Material Gworf :** Apparently our dear Tommy spoke to Wilbur the Soot

**Quackity and Sapnap's Fuckboy :** who tf changed my name

**Quack Quack :** love you 😊

**Quackity and Sapnap's Fuckboy :** George help

**404 :** you're onny9ur own btch

**Innit? :** that tect was supposed be to be for Dream 😂😂

**I'm a damn Fool** : Oh?

**I'm a damn Fool** : Didn't vknow we have favorites huh :)

**Innit?** : WHAT NO

**Piss Baby** : @Innit? Dm?

**Innit?** : please

**404** : @everyone it's personal matters so please stay out if it until further notice

**404** : thanks:)

**I'm a damn Fool** : @Innit? Sorry Tomsiee:((

**I'm a damn Fool** : hope you feel better!! We love you!!

**Innit?** : ilygt <33

**I'm a damn Fool** : :DD

**Flame** : is it just me or George acts like a mother

**Material Gworf** : we're missing a lottttt of chapters

**Quackity and Sapnap's Fuckboy** : not again

**Quackity and Sapnap's Fuckboy** : why do we always skip a lot of chapters in every fanfic???

**Material Gwol** : @Quack Quack @Flame is your boyfie okay?

**Material Gwol** : @Quackity and Sapnap's Fuckboy yknow what let's go shopping

**Flame** : Can we go to the arena??? 😊😊

**Flame** : I need to buy new clothes 😊

**Quack Quack** : ¿Por qué todos son ricos en este fanfic?

---

**Dream** : do you wanna hangout?

**Tommy** : aren't you supposed to be on a date with George?

**Dream** : yupp but we can all hangout

**Dream** : if you want ofc

**Tommy** : I don't want to impose Dre

**Dream** : pleasee

**Dream** : you're basically our son in this relationship

**Tommy** : I did not agree to that

**Dream** : but srsly were fine with you coming

**Dream** : pleaseee??

**Tommy** : great I'll be the third wheel for today's date

**Dream** : YAYYY YOU'RE COMING!! :DD

**Dream** : Iwere outside your gate 😊

**Tommy** : oh cmon that happens 2 times alreadyy

**Dream** : who was the first one?

**Tommy** : Your sister's squad

**Dream** : NY SISTER OUT OF ALL??

**Dream** : it make sense tho 😊

---

Tommy looked at his new wardrobe. Drista bought more clothes for him to wear after their shopping spree a month ago. Can't say Tommy didn't appreciate it, albeit being the opposite. For the past couple weeks, students in Esempi High were awed and were impressed of his new choice of wear, even Tubbo, funny enough. They noticed the obvious change in Tommy's looks. He now looks neat and presentable in which Purpled took pride of. His blonde hair was occasionally gelled and swept to the side or at times, Bitzel would push his hair back to tie it into a ponytail (his hair isn't that long considering long hair for boys is not tolerated inside the campus but coloured hair is

in fact, tolerable for some reason. Isn't that supposed to be the opposite?). His type of wear will vary on occasion as well. Such as that time when visitors were coming to Esempi High and coincidentally enough, uniforms weren't needed that day. He wore a pair of beige trousers with a Gucci belt sealing it in place. He wore three layers of clothing fits; first was a tight black turtleneck top, thin beige blazer and finally, a brown coat. A final piece of his fit was simple boots that he absolutely adored. However, he did take the coat off inside campus and just casually brought it anywhere with him.

The second time was a food fair and book fair which happened a week ago. Considering the intramural week was close at that time, events such as food and book fairs are held before the intramural week. That is the reason why most students are excited for intrams due to the events that will take place before and after. He wore an oversized shirt with an ocean print in the middle that is tucked in underneath his baggy jeans that are paired with a casual belt and its ends are folded neatly (he needed to thank Luke for that trick). He wore a pair of polished shoes that looked too formal for his taste but Deo insisted for him to buy it.

Those two fits were his favorites among all outfits he wore.

Tommy looked at his gigantic mirror that is built in together with the closet. He wore a plain black hoodie and a pair of jeans with sneakers. He knew it looked too simple for Drista's taste but he didn't really care.

He grabbed his copy of keys, his wallet and phone then he's off.

---

"Hi, sorry I'm late, " Tommy sheepishly said as he opened the backseat's door. George was in the front seat with Dream, the one driving.

"It's good man" Dream started up the car and then began to drive

"Sorry if I interrupted your date" Tommy apologized

"It's alright Toms" George waved it off, "Have you eaten yet? We're going to the new diner downtown to eat. If you do then there's probably dessert down there or we can visit an ice cream parlor somewhere"

"Gogy, it's fucking cold and you want me to get ice cream?" Tommy deadpanned, Dream chuckled. George lifts both his hands up, surrendering. "But I haven't eaten yet. Too busy feeding a child"

"You?" Dream lightheartedly said

"Your nemesis" Tommy rolled his eyes, "Soot?"

"Oh" Dream dragged the syllable, exaggerating

"So," George started, doubting if Tommy wanted to talk about it before eating. "Are you nervous for tomorrow? I checked the schedule for the intrams week and it stated that the Writing Competition will happen first thing in the afternoon"

"Yeah, why is Mom's opening remarks taking so long?" Dream whined, "Honestly. Can't they just go straight to the event"

"You should be grateful that auntie decided to have the opening remarks on the first day of the intrams week rather than everyday. You don't want the same thing to happen when we're freshmen, do you?" George replied. Tommy notices how George's hands are sneaking up to Dream's. That's disgustingly adorable. Ugh, why did he even agree to be their third wheel? Wait— "What happened in your freshman year?"

"Don't remind me" Dream mumbled. "The opening remarks were held every morning everyday within the intramural week making the day even shorter than what it was. The students and parents, who were invited during the last three days of the week, petitioned to make it shorter or have the opening remarks on the first day of the intramural week only. Mom switched it up when we were sophomores"

"That sucks. Hearing speeches all over again is more boring and exhausting than already is. Hearing them everyday? Prime, that sucks" Tommy complained like it was him that experienced it. Imagining the scenario makes him shiver in anticipation

"But seriously, you didn't answer my question Toms" George looked at the rear mirror to look at him, waiting for an answer

"I'm nervous but I'm also excited but the nervous feeling won over excitement. This is my first time joining a writing competition, what if it goes wrong? Besides that, I'm using a pen name which is alright based on Policy 14, Paragraph 42 in using pen names and identity. I don't even know what to do in hiding my identity" Tommy answered, looking paranoid

"We can search videos where footage of Lady Death is shown. Maybe we can take her idea as an inspiration?" Dream suggested. Tommy gulped at hearing his mother's pen name. It can work but do they really have enough time?

"That will take a long time and if we have an inspiration, how can we even pull it off?" George seems to read his thoughts right away. Ever since Tommy knows more of George personally these past couple weeks, he has seen more than the sarcastic '*bratty*' charismatic persona he pulls up in the public. Such as him having the ability to casually know what Tommy is thinking, straight away. Not that he's straight—but it reminded him of Wilbur. A bit. Just a bit.

"True" Dream shrugged as he took his foot up on the pedal. Huh? They've already arrived? That quickly? "I'm sorry Tom if we can't help that much. But if you ever need something, don't hesitate to call me up. I can pull some serious strings you know"

Tommy almost laughed at that one. He's sure that in another timeline, Dream could be the best manipulative villain that will wreck havoc and rain chaos because of pure fun. "Yeah, thanks Dre"

---

The three left with a full stomach after thirty minutes. Although Tommy offered to pay, Dream being the gentleman he is, refused and paid instead. They ate good quality delicious food with a reasonable price that Tommy needed to revisit again. He should invite Deo and rest next time.

Going to the green sedan in which Dream owned, Tommy caught sight of a familiar figure in the distance stopping him in his tracks. Both Dream and George took notice of the sudden act and stopped as well. The Great Downtown is a busy town where locals and tourists usually visit first when they arrive in the Greater Esempi. Different building structures, entertainment, bars, fast food chains and restaurants are available to tour in this district. So it's no big surprise to see *the* Philza Minecraft here. But what Tommy got befuddled was why is he here? "What's wrong Tommy?" George looked around, trying to see what Tommy is looking at

"He's here" Tommy chewed his bottom lip, crossing his arms. "My father is here"

"Fucking shite, where?" Dream followed his boyfriend's antics. Tommy didn't answer, leaving Dream and George to continue looking everywhere and anywhere. Tommy sighed audibly, "He's going to the bar"

"What is he doing there?"

"To drink, you dumbass"

"He's going to come home later, as usual" Tommy walked towards the sedan to which Dream and George reluctantly followed.

"Why here though? Didn't you have a collection of wine and alcohol in your manor?" Dream asked, curiously. Tommy casually shrugged, opening the back seat door. "Dunno. He's been like that for the past three weeks. After *he* left.

He'll probably not drink in the manor or in his office since he'll be reminded of him"

"How'd you know?" George questioned, already in the front seat, buckling his seatbelt

"Wil mentioned ages ago that he's also acting like that after mother died. It was worse because he can't even look at my face back then since I reminded him of mum"

"That's fucked up" George whispered. Tommy on the other hand, wasn't bothered at all. Gee, how can Tommy act like everything is normal after all of this?

---

Dream planned of having an indoor date with George after eating dinner but he quickly changed his mind when Tommy came along, not that he didn't mind. He fondly smiled at the lighthearted bickering between the other two inside the vehicle. He lowers the song's volume that's playing in the background.

"Have you experienced stargazing, Tommy?" George chipped in. Tommy tilts his head, "Wha—

no? I think?"

"You think?"

"I can't remember Gogy"

"God, you reminded me of Karl"

Dream grinned, he knows where they can hang the night out.

---

"WOAH! THIS IS BEAUTIFUL" Tommy exclaimed, running towards the edge of the cliff.

"Be careful Tommy" George watched him running around, enjoying the atmosphere

"Gogy! We can literally see everything!" Tommy laughs. George melted, how can a laugh feel like home?

The three were on top of the Crescent Hills. Building lights were seen below the cliff and they can see the crescent shaped moon and stars that look like sprinkles littered on cupcakes. George hugged himself and felt a shudder from the cold weather up here. "Here" Dream offered his spare jacket to him in which he gratefully accepted. "Thanks" Dream kissed his temple to which George chuckled in reply. "Love you" Dream looked at him earnestly, "Love you too"

"Dre! Gogy! Look at that! It's a Libra constellation!" Tommy put his hands on top of his forehead to see clearly, "Or is it? That's a constellation, right?"

"I'm dumb at constellation, Tommy" Dream snickered, "George is too"

"Hey" George smacked Dream's arms playfully. "It's true though. Sapnap is good at those type of things"

"I still think it's a Libra constellation" Tommy huffed, "that's what I remembered"

"You know constellations?" Dream said, "That's a surprise"

"Uh huh" Tommy ran back to them who's sitting in front of the car hood, "Techno used to teach me those when he was still in middle school and I'm a toddler. It's weird that I can still remember what he taught me about constellations but not paragraphs professor Sam made me memorize a month ago"

Dream and George stayed silent but still smiled at Tommy, encouraging the younger. Tommy joined them by sitting on the hood, both his food swaying in anticipation. "I miss him"

"Is it weird to miss him when he was distant to me ages ago?" Tommy continued, "I never missed him when he was close yet far away. I mean— in the first few months, yeah but still"

"Because he's physically and mentally not there now" Dream carefully answered, hugging George closer to his chest. Looking at Tommy, he's still staring at the stars in the sky, admiring its beauty. "Because he apologized to you before he left. Because he was the more civilized among the three of them. Your heart and mind were again attached to his once he spoke to you before he left"

"But I don't get it" He frantically moved his hands, frustratingly. "He has the most damage than Wilbur or Phil can. By being not there, by not backing me up like he promised to, by watching me suffer with having the knowledge that I am indeed suffering. That hurts more than Phil's actions caused me"

George moved to hold Tommy's hands to comfort him by physical touch. Dream continued to talk, "I guess you're used to his physical presence and you're used to his emotional detachment to you. But for this case, the feeling of him not being physically there to you is new and raw so it hurts more. Not to mention, both of you were civil for once. Then he just abruptly left with you having the knowledge that he's leaving, for good"

Tommy sobbed, now leaning towards George's shoulder. How can a good dinner end up like this? Although, it was expected for George and Dream's case considering the text he sent. "And why can't Wilbur not be an ass for once! Honestly, I'm trying to help him. I'm trying to be civil with him but he's obviously not listening and following! What the fuck!"

"For Wilbur's case, he's just an ass," George answered, gaining a tearful laugh from Tommy and a snicker from Dream. "But hey, he's also mourning. He's that type of person to mourn by drinking and doing stupid yet understandable things. While you— well, you're trained to keep your emotions at bay. Not that it's good to actually keep it than showing it"

"He reminds me of dad" Tommy whispered, "Visibly mourning. I don't know," he shrugged. "I hate my family"

"Your family is indeed messed up" Dream comments. George flicks his head at him to glare. "But you have us? You're not alone Tommy. You have me, George, Sap, Karl— he's rather fond of you, Deo— he's an overprotective one, Bitzel, Drista, Luke and hell! Even Purpled and Punz! You know those two are the most stubborn when it comes to admitting of feelings"

George notices a small smile on Tommy's face which made him smile as well. His hands ran across his blonde and fluffy hair. Tommy wiped his tears with his hoodie, "Can we talk something else? I think- I think I'm good now"

"Sure!" George enthusiastically responded. "What do you want to talk about?"

"Oohh! What about the competition?" Tommy groaned in response, George chuckled but Dream still continued. "What are you writing? Genre? Plot? Etcetera etcetera?"

"You're like Quackity" Tommy pouted, "You sound exactly like Quackity! What the fuck"

"That proves that he's spending too much time with Q" George stated, looking at Dream who huffed

"But please! You still didn't answer my question Toms" Dream whined, "Why do you keep avoiding my questions every time I asked something"

"Because you're annoying?" George said, joking

"Wha- hey!" Dream pouted, burying himself in George's arms. Tommy smiled at both of them. He plucked out his phone and is typing something on his phone. "My plans for tomorrow is a secret so I won't tell"

"But— but" Dream gave up and huffed for the umpteenth time. George soothes his lover and laughs at the act.

[Meteor Shower by Cavetown](#) started to play.

"I did tell Deo and Karl about it so if you wanna know, then ask them"

"TRAITORS"

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10.07.1985

*I think I did good. Well, at least for me.*

*Today is the first day of the intramural week and Oh My Prime, the welcoming and opening speech is longer than I thought! My friend, Sam, and I sat on the grounds which were freaking hot for hours! How unbelievable is that?*

*Adding to the first day, the Writing Competition happens first thing in the afternoon after lunch which didn't surprise me seeing as I checked the schedule four times. But I was nervous. Nervous is an understatement. I was terrified! My first draft that took me half an hour was so disorganized and messy that I repeated it again. I was scared I wouldn't make it on time. Not only that but I almost spilled my water on my second draft.*

*My disguise that I'm planning to wear got delayed as well making me think of another disguise on the spot. Thankfully, Sam suggested something that I'm so grateful for.*

*Instead of a mask that I was planning to wear, Sam suggested wearing a veil. It was a black veil with dead but artificial roses scattering everywhere. Sam and I tested if my face could be seen but thankfully, it didn't.*

*Now you may be wondering how I got the veil?*

*Sam, who's the Nook heir, has a group of team that has everything in store for me. Costume Designers, Makeup Artists, Hair Stylists and everything! He's a godsend, honestly.*

*I wore a black gown, although not that long type of gown, it's more like a dress but still a gown if you know what I mean, that's worth more than the school's tuition fee without a scholarship. It's sparkly with roses scribbled on the bottom. It comes with a thin black cloak with laces in the edges and the hood is see-through! I paired it with a pair of heels my mother gave me years back. I can't even start how grateful I am to Sam!*

*Oh, remember that boy who's bothering me? He's still annoying. That's all.*

*I just hope I'll win. I want to make my mother proud.*

*- Lady Death*

---

"I will definitely not wear a gown," Tommy grimaced.

I'm not proud if this tbh

It's too fast paced now that I'm rereading it. Some are random as well that I don't think it fits the entirety of the plot I'm going for for this chapter but guess it's alright. At least for now.

This chapter is an interlude for Wilbur Soot! A decent crimeboys interaction everyone!

Also, my fucking ig account got terminated or banned or somethings similar. If you're following me in ig, you may notice that my account is gone. All I did was sending a comment to a fan art about BB Bois AU (check it out guys!! Click [here](#) and follow her!) Then boom! My account is no more. I hate this

Hope you like this chapter tho! I'm not proud of it but this is just a filler chapter so I guess it's alright?

**kudos, bookmarks and comments are greatly appreciated! Thank you so much in advance!**

## **purple asters , wisdom and royalty**

### Chapter Summary

"A pleasant morning to all Esempians family!"

### Chapter Notes

Finally! The chapter we've all been waiting for is finally here!

(References in end notes)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"A pleasant morning to all Esempians family!" The Captain soared as the crowd roared with her. Today is the day of the Writing Competition and the start of the Esempi High Intramural Week. Staff, college and high school students were all spread throughout the High School Department grounds as the Captain Puffy said her opening remarks signifying that it is officially the start of the awaited event. Since Intramural Week let students be themselves, students were freely wearing outfits under the dress code policy and some even had different hair colors dyed to prepare for this event. The new students, with the exception of the famous six and Tommy, were even surprised they could do that for the event. Colorful banners were lined up, different food stands were placed in their assigned area, the room where the book fair is held is in the back hall, the school band played instruments when eight o'clock hits the clock and overall chaotic but majestic for students like Tubbo.

Tubbo Underscore and Ranboo Beloved accompanied by Freddie Badlinu and Aimsey Teevee and a bunch of other people were standing on a shaded part of the school grounds where students usually ate with their friends whenever they felt like it. The group chose to stand here and wait for the remarks to finish because it has a clear view of the stage a few blocks from them and it will semi protect them from the sunlight and hot weather. As the students and staff waited patiently and some, begrudgingly, they settled in a looming silence with Professor Captain Puffy only the one speaking loudly thanks to the microphone used. Ranboo and Aimsey were talking quietly (some students are too considering it is boring to hear speeches that will take hours of their time) while Freddie, a freshman who they got acquainted with pretty quickly after Math class. Tubbo, on the other hand, was looking at a group of people everyone knew and some even envied. Drista Wastaken, Justin Deo Time, Wisp Exe, Luke OrSomething (honestly what's his last name?), Bitzel Bay and last but not the least, Purpled Bedwars.

Oh how Tubbo wish to fucking nuke them.

But that's really not what he's looking at. In fact, he's looking at the Craft that's been hanging around the famous six ever since they came to the school for the first day of class. Thomas Innit Craft.

The class population has noticed the Craft being close friends with the six. Some quickly spread rumors that he's their childhood friend or he's flaunting his riches to be friends with them. Some even reacted more negatively than just spreading rumors. Tubbo hates every single one of them. Them talking shit about his bestfriend makes him want to bomb them with nukes. However, it quieted down when Deo, the apparent leader of the squad vocally expressed his point of view with snidely comments. Drista openly showed his disinterest to the topic and disinterest towards the girls who spread the same rumor about his brother's boyfriend. Not only did they attack George for getting Dream's attention but for Tommy for having the same reasons but in a platonic manner with the six made Drista angry and won't hesitate to spread rumors but this time, it's speaking truth towards the girls.

Tubbo has to salute her for that.

But not only from both of them, the rest of the six showed a protective front to the public when they tried to harass Tommy in any way. It's an outspoken rule for the famous six that no one, absolutely no one, will hurt one of theirs. That being, Tommy is their honorary seventh member and is under their protection. That sent goosebumps to him and everyone else to hear that when Luke who everyone knows to be a sweetheart said that to all, himself.

Everyone also took notice of the fact that Tommy, a Craft, was friends with Dream and his own group of friends that his very own brothers loathed. Loathes may be an overstatement but it is a word that describes their relationship, nonetheless. Tubbo didn't even know if he should envy Tommy or envy his new friends. He doesn't know if Wilbur even knew this. Tubbo sighed.

Looking back at the six, they seem to be in a quite serious conversation seeing as the look on their faces. What could their conversation be? Tubbo shakes his head, probably a conversation he couldn't understand. Probably some princely things that rich students could understand seeing as Tubbo, himself, is not that rich compared to the Wastakens and even the Crafts but still wealthy enough to be classified as one. He saw how Tommy giggled at something Bedwars whispered to his ear and how he smacked the other playfully while dragging Bay to their mess. It made his stomach churn.

Tubbo looked and focused at them with what seemed to be a distaste in his expression not noticing that Aimsey is looking at him with a curious expression.

Something is wrong, indeed

---

"Fucking Prime, we're finally fucking done!" Freddie cheered

"Professor Bad will surely reprimand you because of your language" Aimsey rolled their eyes

"What? I'm speaking English" Freddie bites back and sticks out a tongue but quickly stops when Aimsey raises their brows in a competitive manner. He doesn't really want to argue or fight with her and neither do the other two who are watching them with amusement. "Anyways, what are you writing about Ran? You never told us"

Ranboo looked up, meeting their eyes and smiled enthusiastically. "Oh! I'm writing a poem about two individuals with blossoming friendship but stuff gets in their way and got separated"

"Wait— aren't you needed to write something that's under a category or a theme?" Aimsey tilts their head

"It did once, at least that's what my father told me but now, I think the principal changed it because whoever won the Tournament will go to the Championships. So instead of writing under a category or theme, the tournament will be freestyle writing while the Championships will be under a category or a theme" Tubbo replied, giving information he knew from his father. His father was, after all, a student in Esempi High.

"Well, there's your answer" Ranboo laughed

"Oh" Aimsey whispered and shrugged. "Well then, are you excited Boo?"

"I'm nervous, no excitement" Ranboo immediately replied, gaining a laugh from Freddie. "I don't even know why I joined!"

Freddie scrunched the bridge of his nose, "Why the actual fuck would you sign up then?"

"Uh—" Ranboo covered his face with both of his hands, "I don't know! I was stupid, alright!"

Professor Frost encouraged me to join as well as Tech and Wil and I really wanted to write poems so I signed up! Besides, I'm not even going to win the competition, so there's no need for me to worry about the Championships"

"You know, you seem really close with the Craft Twins as well as their father" Aimsey commented

"I agree. *Really* close. Much closer than Thomas Craft, their son and brother himself" Freddie continued. Tubbo narrowed his eyes, where are they going with this?

"Wh-what?" Ranboo murmured, "They're close! I just haven't— seen them uh interacting" He trailed off with a question in his tone, unsure of his answer

"Why aren't you friends with him?" Freddie's curiosity peaked, pushing Tubbo off edge. "He seems friendly"

"Friendly?" Tubbo scoffed, "He's an asshole lately. Going buddy-buddy with the so called famous six and WasTaken's group. He's changed"

Freddie and Aimsey shared a look to each other, that is until Aimsey broke eye contact. "You seem jealous"

Before Tubbo could reply back, Freddie cuts in, "I talked to him once at the library. Just a few days ago and he warmed up with me quickly. Even helped me with some stuff I find difficult to answer. He's smart, I can give you that"

Both Tubbo and Ranboo got taken back. Tommy helped Freddie? Whenever Ranboo asked for help, Tommy would refuse with a snarky reply, not even hiding the fact that he dislikes him. Tubbo has to resist a smile, now thinking about their time when both will help each other whenever the other finds it difficult to understand. Tommy has to help him a lot when it comes to reading comprehension and spelling which Tubbo appreciates, a lot. Prime, what happened

"Guess he just hates me" Ranboo said to no one in particular. "Gee, I wonder why" He whispered under his breath but neither Ranboo nor others could hear it.

See! Something is wrong! Could it be— Aimsey shakes his head. Ranboo could really be dense. "Weren't you close back then? What happened"

"Oh? I— well, the first two weeks, yes we're friends" Ranboo frown turned upside down rather quickly, turning it into a smile. "He's the first one to interact with me, actually. He showed me around the school with his energetic personality. He's my first friend"

Aimsey and Freddie shared a curious glance, once again. Tubbo observes them before Freddie asks a question, "What happened, exactly, that made him distant to you?"

"Alright, that's enough. Can't you see that Ranboo is uncomfortable? Let's just go buy lunch or something" Tubbo defended, dragging Ranboo with him before the conversation could go further. Freddie and Aimsey ran to catch up and slowed down once both brunettes were beside them

"It's alright Tubs!" Ranboo scratched his head with his free hand. "But— uh, after two weeks after we met, he suddenly won't talk to me anymore and changes his seating arrangement whenever I'm in a class with him. We usually sit with each other"

"What did you do before that?" Aimsey pushed further, not caring about Tubbo. "And slow the fuck down Tubs, it's still ten thirty. We have way more time for lunch"

"He introduced me to Tubbo and his family" Ranboo is surprised to himself that he remembered this scene. I mean, how could he have not? It was the happiest moment of his life! He has finally gained friends and a new found family, he never knew he could have. Not that he loved his family but it was just him and his younger brother ever since. His parents passed away in a car crash making him and his brother an orphan. Their aunt and uncle took them but Ranboo still felt a shallow part of his heart indicating that something was missing. When Tommy showed up and introduced him to his family and best friend, his heart was complete. Not until Tommy practically left.

Both Freddie and Aimsey swiftly looked at each other with similar reactions. Tubbo could see a lightbulb going on above their heads. "Okay, okay, okay" Tubbo stopped, the others following the same. They're now in the school's driveway, near the gate. Seeing as some food stands are placed here and a place where they could all eat together where beautiful butterflies fly and small birds chirping. "Fred, Aims, what's going on? Both of you looked at each other exactly three times already. I can see a lightbulb on top of your head. Care to share your thoughts with the class?"

"I understand that reference. It's from Professor Nook" Freddie clasped his hands as if he won something. Ranboo looks confused and Tubbo looks about to murder him. "What?"

"Our suspicions is right" Aimsey started

"What suspicions?" Ranboo asked

"As to why that Craft hates you" Aimsey asked, "Freddie? Care to do the honor?"

Freddie smirked, "Gladly" He looked around to face Ranboo directly in the eye with a serious expression that even Aimsey was surprised by. Is it something bad? "He hates you because you replaced him"

Ranboo involuntarily choked, "What?"

"What?" Tubbo shouted. Replaced? Ranboo did not replace Tommy. Sure he's spending too much time with the Craft twins, have been to Philza's office for hours to talk, invited to dinners that Tommy did not participate in, the Twins finding him as their brother, Phil finding him as his honorary son, read books with the Blade for hours, listens to unreleased songs that Wilbur made, went to Wilbur's studio for band practices and— Tubbo's eyes widened with a horrified expression. "Oh my God"

"Finally Tubbo got it" Freddie chimed in. Ranboo still looks confused, making Aimsey sighed. This boy—

"Are you not getting it Ranboo? Ever since Tommy introduced you to his so-called family, you've been forgetting him. Have you seen Tommy in dinners that you participated in? No. Have you noticed how Tommy has a bad relationship with him and his brothers? To his father? Hell even Freddie and I could notice! And we're new to being friends with you"

"Tha-that's not true! I've seen him and Wilbur interact about something! And to Phil too!" Ranboo argued, looking at Tubbo for help but the short brunette stayed silent, seemingly contemplating about something in his mind.

"Sure. What kind of interaction?"

"Well— they were yelling but I'm sure it's friendly banter! And for Phil, sure he looks disappointed at Tommy but I'm certain that Tommy did something to trigger disappointment, right?" Right? The phrase repeated over and over in his mind, making Ranboo think of different

occurrences where he could see Tommy being left out that he did not even notice.

"Are you convincing us or are you convincing yourself?" Freddie crosses his arms and looked at Ranboo, expecting an answer

"I-" Ranboo closed his mouth and opened again but no words were coming out. He picked his nails anxiously in habit.

"He did look strained during the dinner when the six were invited just a month ago. He looked uncomfortable and did not maintain eye contact with Phil and his brothers the whole time. I noticed him fidgeting under his seat as well" Tubbo breathed and looked down, ashamed. "He keeps looking at Timedeo and Wisp the whole time as well"

"Obviously. He's close with them, practically a family, haven't you noticed? When you're in a family dinner that you don't have the best relationship with, might I say, and has visitors that you are close with. Who are you sticking with?" Aimsey asked the two, Freddie nodding at their side. The two did not answer.

Freddie pinched the bridge of his nose, this motherfucking— "Tubbo, if you met your mother and she decided to have lunch with you to catch up but you're uncomfortable with the idea of only you two eating and talking so you invited Ranboo to come along. Who would you stick with the whole time? Ranboo? Your best friend where you seek comfort whenever you're feeling down or to your mother? Whom you never met?"

"Ranboo, of course" Tubbo stated immediately then realized the whole point. "Oh"

"Oh" Aimsey rolled their eyes and sighed

"But what does that have to do with me? Tommy became distant with his family due to some happenings we did not know and became distant with Ranboo because he seemingly replaced him but why did he distance himself to me? I didn't do anything wrong!" Tubbo cried helplessly. Ranboo rubbed his back for comfort.

"" Did nothing wrong"" All of them can hear the quotation in Freddie's voice. He literally quotes it in real life to further get the point, "Are you sure about that?"

"Tell us, when Tommy introduced Ranboo to you, did you spend time with Tommy just like you did before you met Ranboo, after that?"

"N-no"

"Let's just say that Tommy asks you to hang out, did you agree?"

"N-no but-"

"Did you invite Tommy to hang out with Ranboo?"

Tubbo did not answer, resisting the urge to cry. Little did he knew that Freddie and the rest could see subtle tears running down

"What about you Ranboo? Did you spend time with Tommy after he introduced you to his family and his best friend, pardon me, once best friend?"

"No-"

"Did you even notice how Tommy's relationship with his family is strained? Some acts of his that could be a sign of having family issues?"

"No... "

"For those two weeks of, let's just say, spending time with his family and Tubbo, did you or did you not forget about Tommy?"

"I did not forget Tommy, okay? He's my fucking best friend. He's the reason why I met Tubbo, why I met you, why I am here in the first place. He's my allium and I did not fucking forget him" Ranboo growled, fist clenching. He rarely cursed and if it did, that means it is serious business.

"But did you, in that span of two weeks?" Freddie asked. Tubbo frantically wipes his tears behind Ranboo. Him, on the other hand, did not say anything. Just simply stared on the ground.

Freddie and Aimsey looked at each other, for the fourth time, shaking their heads.

Who knew both Freddie and Aimsey could be so brutal?

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"Hey, the writing competition is almost starting. Didn't you say that you'll be supporting Ranboo?" Jack said, catching Wilbur's attention

"Huh? Oh uhm yeah" Wilbur stood up from his seat, "Where's the competition being held?"

"It's in the school's conference room but! The Captain installed a huge projector in the grounds for us to see the competition from there! Fundy told me that the maintenance staff distributed chairs all around the place for us to sit! We should hurry since students will probably occupy the place where it's less hot" Jack answered in return

"So that's the reason why there's a huge projector earlier when the opening remarks are going on" As the group walked towards the grounds, Niki trailed behind. The school is incredibly loud seeing as the speakers are pumping celebratory music while students and teachers wander off to wherever they're planning to go. The school is busy too, some went to the book fair, some practiced different sports to prepare for their own competitions, some had a photoshoot at the photo booth, some carried their snacks and drinks and overall, chaotic.

Since the spectators can't actually see the writing competition considering the conference room is pretty secluded and there's no windows for them to see, Puffy decided to install a projector for everyone to freely spectate. Spectators are welcome to spectate to also help the staff and judges to identify misleading and cheating.

Once everyone found their seats which had a clear view and less sun, the music began to switch up. A loud ringing noise was heard everywhere inside the campus. God, that was loud. People were covering their ears and some even exclaimed profanities immediately to show their surprise. That noise is definitely from the microphone for the hosts to use and it can only mean that the competition is about to begin. Students rushed to their desired sitting arrangements. Niki raised her hands to catch Tubbo and his friends' attention. They had left a few empty seats for them to sit with, which Tubbo found grateful.

Wilbur looked at the trio with Ranboo having to go to the venue in order for the competition to

start and noticed Tubbo's quite stricken face. The trio expressed their thanks for leaving them empty seats and began to sit but Wilbur noticed their serious tension that not even him can recognize. Aimsey and Freddie began chatting while Tubbo remained silent.

Niki and Wilbur shared concerned glances with each other.

"Are you okay, Tubbo?" Niki's soft voice echoed

"Hm?" Tubbo looked at her, his hands unknowingly fidgeting. "Yup! Just nervous for Ranboo that's all"

Beside him, Freddie and Aimsey shut their mouths, taking a pause as to what they are talking about. That's weird, Wilbur thought. He shrugged and thought none of it as Tubbo sent him a reassuring smile.

At least that's what it supposed to look like

"Mic test, mic test" A loud echo was heard all around the campus. "Is it audible?" In cue, the projector lights up, showing the conference room.

---

The room is bigger than Tubbo even expected. Its size can contrast to their campus' auditorium and their school's gym. Its walls are clean white with swivel chairs arranged. It looks like an ordinary classroom but with the exception of having a lesser amount of seats and a table draped with red in front of the desk and seats for the judges. In front of the swivel chairs which Tubbo guessed that it's for the contestants were small desks for the contestants to write on. Behind the judges table and seats was a projector, smaller than the one in the grounds, showing the slideshow of the competition's guidelines, reminders and timer.

The brunette just hoped that Ranboo won't be intimidated by this. Speaking of him, where are the contestants?

The judges are Puffy, the principal and captain herself, Sam, the strict and stoic English professor, Bad, the kindhearted and everyone's favorite History professor and Professor Alyssa! Tubbo smiles. Alyssa WasFound is a computer science teacher in Esempi University College. There's even a rumor that she, Puffy, Foolish, Drista and Dream are somehow related. Tubbo knew her

because of his elective where she once substitute in and Tubbo can't help but say, she's amazing in what she does. People saw the judges walk towards their seats with different expressions on their faces. Bad looks excited, Puffy looks happy, Sam's face looks neutral but Tubbo can see a small smile he's trying to keep in and Alyssa looks both happy and excited.

"Welcome to the Esempi High Writing Competition!"

As soon as everyone heard those words, everyone was in an uproar

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The respective judges began to call the contestants names one by one, appearing on the screen once their names had been called. The person who already got called is sitting on their respective seats, seats that have their names on and waiting for everyone to get called in order for the event to start.

"Dream WasTaken" Everyone cheered with Drista and Sapnap being the loudest. George's voice can be heard too but mostly got covered by Dream's blood sister and pseudo brother.

"Ranboo Beloved" Tubbo and Freddie yelled loudly, showing and expressing their support. Aimsey clapped loudly as well but did not shout unlike the rest of their friends, choosing not to lose her voice wisely. Wilbur and his friends cheered as well, seeing as they saw Ranboo as their little brother.

"And finally, everyone please welcome our final contestant, *Theseus*!"

A figure walks in, both Tubbo and Wilbur can see how Ranboo looks so terrified and shocked at the same time. The way the person walks holds a dominant and powerful aura that screams confidence. Besides that, their appearance captures everyone's attention as well. Who wouldn't? His outfit is a prince royalty outfit inspired. Shining golden badges and details is seen anywhere, red top with an asymmetrical end and golden cuffs as well as a symbol of both Old L'manburg and Ancient Antarctic Empire that everyone only seen in historical museums, paired with beige trousers and black boots, golden belt with dangling accessories wrapped around their waist with a long cape mixed with a bundles of red and white that's ends on the floor, walking with the figure themselves. Wilbur can't even imagine how heavy that cape might be seeing the fact that it looks so thick that anyone can mistake it as a blanket that will cover you from cold. On top of that, everyone can see the golden trinkets and emblems that only existed way back when The Business Bay originally was made on their left chest, some are even placed in the right and some in the very middle, just below their neckline.

But what Wilbur and probably the rest was awed of is the silver circlet sitting comfortably on top of the figure's head with a simple emerald in the middle that's worth hundreds and millions that his father would probably want to bid for. The loops in the circlet they're wearing are so organized and clean that they make Wilbur's head spin.

The figure looked at the camera, their blue and sparkly eyes that can haunt Wilbur in his dreams looked at the camera used for the projector. Albeit, not showing their entire face with the golden face chain almost covering their whole face with exception of their eyes, Wilbur can attentively see the competitiveness just with the look of their eyes. The chain was stunning as well. A bunch of connected golden circles with golden dangles that covered half of their nose and the entire section of their mouth. The chain is wrapped around their head as well, a curved and connected line on top of their forehead and finally, a line separating their left and right eye in the middle, meeting the golden circles that covered their section of the mouth.

Due to the transparent and see-through (but made their lower section of their face harder to see because of the many dangling annoyingly swinging as the person walk and moves) gold silk under the chain that covers their entire mouth and chin and until their neck covering half of their face protectively, they unfortunately couldn't see who's behind the disguise.

In a short glimpse, Wilbur can see a golden ear snake cuff on both their ears, slithering from the concha to the earlobe.

Their blonde hair is tied back but small pieces of hair are loosely on the front.

As some of the crowd murmured and talked quietly while some were cheering enthusiastically, specifically the famous six and Dream's friend group, Wilbur was left to wonder if history is repeating itself.

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While the judges discussed the rules and regulations one last time, Ranboo watched Theseus carefully, fascinated at his mysterious identity. He noticed how Theseus' never failed to even slouch for just a second, keeping his posture straight and proper that Ranboo finds tiring to endure for minutes. He watched how his hands rested on his lap, content. He watched how he looked at the judges forward and directly, not even bothering to look at the camera and fellow contestants.

He looks like a prince, waiting patiently for his turn to shine.

How could Ranboo look up to a person he doesn't even know?

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"And" Puffy nodded to the camera then to her fellow judges then to her watch, "you may begin"

---

Wilbur watched the projector with so much attention to the point he didn't even bother to listen to Jack and Fundy arguing behind him. This person called Theseus grabbed his leather handbag with calmness and ease. Compared to the rest, only Dream, Foolish, Tina and Theseus were the only ones not panicking and pressured by the timer's ticking noises, as if they already got used to it.

But then he caught a glimpse of a very familiar initials.

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"L.D?" Wilbur whispered in disbelief. He blinked then it disappeared. Where did he hear those initials?

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*"Dad!—" He stops. He heard some muffling noises in his father's office and it's an outspoken rule to never enter the office whenever there are guests his father is entertaining. He decided to stay and wait for his father to finish. He really wanted to tell his father about him being accepted in his school's Geology Club at such a young age! He smiles thoughtfully, hoping he made his father proud.*

*He heard his father sighed, rather sadly based on his tone. "I told you, Kristin is—"*

*His mother's name! He gulped. He never heard that name coming from his father's mouth ever since she passed away.*

*"What do you mean L.D's thin—"*

*L.D? He frowned. Who is that?*

---

"L.D" Wilbur mumbled

"You good?" Niki asked the other, noticing his shock and whispers

"Niki?" Wilbur looked at her, "Do you know any person that can identify as uh— L.D? Or any meaning connecting to L.D?"

"It's short for learning disabilities but I assume that's not the answer you're looking for" Niki tilted her head to the left, showing her confusion. She suddenly lit up, remembering something. "Uhm, wait! Oh yes! Those initials were from Lady Death! The most renowned writer of all times!"

"Lady Death, huh"

"What I love about her is that she managed to keep her identity a secret until death. Her disguise is creative and phenomenal!" Niki gushed

Wilbur didn't listen any further, instead focusing on his thoughts. Could Theseus be Lady Death's successor? But it's also possible that those initials that appeared on the handbag are just in his mind. But what didn't make any sense is that he remembered his father mentioned those multiple times when he thought Wilbur wasn't around.

He shook his head frantically. Prime, he wished his twin was here.

---

Tubbo watched as Ranboo struggled.

He's not even focusing on Ranboo at this point. In fact, everyone is focusing on Theseus. Tubbo watched as Theseus write with a fountain pen that cost more than his daily lunch money. He watched as Theseus elegantly write in his parchment that people can only buy in certain antique stores. The rest are writing in regular paper and pens that made Theseus stand out the most. He watched as Theseus took his time while most contestants messed up due to heavy pressure.

Tubbo winced as Ranboo crumpled the paper he's using and got another clean one.

"Do you think Theseus is the next literary royalty?" Tubbo overheard Freddie asking Aimsey

"I don't know. Just because he stood out the most due to his outfit, identity and materials doesn't mean he's immediately going to be the next prince or king of L'manberg or the whole Esempi. We never know, Ranboo might be the next prince" Aimsey shrugged

"Haven't you notice?" Freddie said to Aimsey, "Theseus seems to be acquainted with the famous six and Dream's clan considering they're screams of support a while ago. If they're close then that means Theseus has more power than everyone who joined the contest which will make him win"

"Freddie, just because he's friends with the popular kids in school doesn't mean he's directly going to win. Professor Sam, Bad, Alyssa and Puffy are fair in judging! I can guarantee that"

"That popular kids you're saying has political figures that could back them up, a fandom and community that triples the amount of support within the school and entire Esempi, good reputation to the public and wealthy people that are heirs and already leading a whole government" Niki seems to overheard their conversation since she decided to speak up. "Better not to underestimate them"

"That's true" Aimsey mumbled

"I still have good faith in Ranboo winning" Tubbo decided to speak up, done with their ongoing debate

Niki and Eret shared glances, having the same thing in mind

"Can you please fucking stop with sharing glances with each other" Yeah, Tubbo had enough

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00:05

00:04

00:03

00:02

00:01

00:00

"Time's up everyone!"

## Chapter End Notes

Not long but not short but anywho, kinda proud on this one! I dislike writing emotional scenes that includes dying and tears because I'm not good at writing those but I tried my best! I also tried my best in picturing everyone's, specifically Tubbo's reaction to Theseus and their mistakes they made to Tommy and hopefully sooner or later, I'm going to write Beeduo & Tommy reconciliation chapter! I'm not quite excited in writing that because my biggest weakness is writing reconciliation scene where characters apologize to the other or with each other because of realizing their mistakes lol

Wish me luck:')

As you can see, I've been updating weekly (pray that I'm not jinxing it) because school is nearly starting and it's going to be face to face! Fuck :)

Hope you did enjoy this chapter tho! What is Theseus' entry is about? Will Ranboo and Tommy reconcile? Will Benchtrio be benchtrio? Idk

**Bookmarks, kudos and comments are greatly appreciated! Thank you so much in advance! <33**

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References for Theseus' disguise!

[outfit](#)

[circlet](#)  
[face chain](#)  
[snake cuffs](#)

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New series!! Click [here](#)

Planning to update [Singer cc! Tommy hours :>](#) soon! Thank you guys for the support!  
Ily <33

## allium , unity

### Chapter Summary

*"Theseus" Apophis started, having the decency to look apologetic. "Dolos, I have come to the decision... That it would be best for this nation—the most logical thing to do, is for Theseus to be exiled from Mauvais Dynasty"*

### Chapter Notes

TW : Mentions of suicide, suicidal tendencies, acts of manipulation, physical and mental abuse

no. it's not what you think it is or who it is

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"Theseus" Apophis started, having the decency to look apologetic. "Dolos, I have come to the decision... That it would be best for this nation—the most logical thing to do, is for Theseus to be exiled from Mauvais Dynasty"*

*Theseus looked at his once best friend with betrayal and utter confusion as his heart dropped. How could he, his best friend for years, do this to him? He had committed arson to which Theseus can guarantee to but so does any other person. Hephaestus, a person who loves fire and destruction had committed several arson within Exanimus Bane but the residents did not pay any attention to it. This whole thing is an accident anyways. He did not have any means to burn Hypnos base with — with Lethe.*

*"War is not the best for this nation" Theseus looked at the dirt he's standing while the newly appointed president of the late Apollo's country continued his speech. "Nothing involving any kind of conflict is the best for this nation. You people are thinking emotionally, irrationally but you need to think logically. There are more than four that live here!"*

*"What?" Theseus muttered, defeated.*

*"Apophis" Proteus trailed off, looking at his uncle with pity. He was once a child when the country had been made but looking at him now made Theseus realize that he had never been a kid, forced to quickly grow up and become an adult whether literally or mentally. Theseus has failed to be his uncle he once promised.*

*"We had just agreed on this—" Momus got cut off by Theseus who still stood in disbelief, not wanting to believe any of this.*

*"Apophis, why?"*

*"That's enough" Apophis shut the crowd's murmurings with his loud voice. "You have undermined*

*my authority. All of you, no one here has respected me! You all jump on these merry little band-wagons of destruction— it's not okay! It's enough! You definitely do not have this nation's best interests at heart and you've made that more apparent than ever before today"*

*Destruction? Theseus almost scoffed. He may have contributed enough destruction and chaos from the very beginning he and his brother had stepped foot in this Village but so does anyone else. How could Apophis have the decency to say things in his speech knowing that he, even himself, distributed and caused damage within every inch of this place. Everyone has. They're not as innocent as they proclaimed to be.*

*Theseus' grief turned to rage as he glared at the person looking down at him. "You agreed with us, we made a plan and you agreed with us! Why would you go back on the plan now? Traitor"*

*Theseus saw him flinch. Good. "When I was sworn in, I made a promise, to do what's best for this nation and right now you, Theseus, your presence here, is not the best for this nation"*

*Theseus shook his head, tears threatening to spill. "No, no, no— Apophis this is not— this is ridiculous! This is not right, you agreed with us!"*

*Apophis broke eye contact first, switching his gaze to Dolos who's standing patiently at the far back. He nodded. Theseus know what that means. "Dolos, please detain and escort Theseus, out of my country"*

*Theseus caught a glimpse of Lethe. There, Theseus knew the Mauvais Dynasty is bound to fall from the start of this existence.*

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It's the second day of the Esempi High Intramural Week. The school's marching band roamed around the campus, playing their respective instruments as loud as it could be. Students ran around playfully while the rest walked calmly, talking with their friends. All food stalls are now opened for everyone who wants to eat and drink. Tommy can see some of his classmates with cheerdance uniforms and some Hip Hop Dance Club members with their matching outfits. Tommy closed the Literary Circle's headquarters' door, planning to go to the grounds to see the Badminton Competition, wanting to support Deo and Wisp.

He left his backpack in the so-called Literary Circle's Headquarters as the professors encouraged the members to do so before the Intrams officially started to avoid items getting lost and stolen. It was just him in the headquarters as the rest went on their own business. He wants peace from all noises coming from the main part of the campus where fellow students came flooding in.

After yesterday's commotion, people gained a new topic to discuss within their friend group or to themselves. Tommy can practically hear the rumors spreading about Theseus, his counterpart, and talks people were hinting at. Both Karl and George advised him to ignore it, already used to the murmurs and false information spreading about them. But the blonde can't help to listen to the comments and opinions people were arguing and discussing about. Who knows? Maybe it can help him improve to be better.

Tommy put his hands on his pockets, stopping to look at the campus' frenzy by the open window. Contrary to the public opinion, the competition was stressful and gave Tommy, or Theseus for this case, a pressure he needed to carry until the end of the competition. But at the same time, it gave

him an exciting sort of adrenaline with his heart pumping frantically and blood rushing through his very own veins to which he never felt before.

It made him feel alive.

No other competitions he has competed in made him feel like that. The feeling was new and foreign to him yet he wants to feel like that once again. He wants to compete more not only for the sake of fun, but for the sake of that same adrenaline and excitement he has felt.

Tommy rested his chin on his arms, still standing and observing the chaos in front of him. Professor Alyssa announced to all that the results will be out on the last day of the Intramural Week, Friday. Today is Tuesday, leaving Tommy to suffer for four days straight. He let out a soft breath, leaving him to his thoughts. Speaking of Alyssa, he remembered the same name in his mother's diary. He wondered if it's a relative or even the same person his mother had favored, but it's rather unlikely. Maybe it's two different people, only having the same first name.

His thoughts got interrupted by a tap on his shoulder. He looked at the back, his oceanic eyes greeting hazel. He instantly straightened his posture, now looking directly at the two people in front of him. "Uh— can I help you?"

"You definitely can," Tommy squinted at the short figure in front of him. He remembered their faces before. Wait— it's the person he bumped into a month ago. He looked at the person with them, standing at their left. He was a bit taller with ruffled hair and gentle features. It's Freddie! The boy he interacted with a week ago. What are they doing here?

Freddie, who seemingly read his thoughts, spoke, "Uh, hello Tommy!"

The person beside him nudged their elbow. What a chaotic dynamic, Tommy thought. "Hello?"

"I'm Aimsey, by the way. Aimsey Teevee! The person you rudely bumped into ages ago but to be fair, Ranboo was the only one you bumped into but still! A pleasure to meet you" Aimsey, as the person introduced herself, said.

"Nice to meet you? I'm Thomas Innit Craft but call me Tommy, please" Tommy replied curtly, "Uhm, what can I help you with? I'm assuming you need something?"

"Yes! Actually, uh we're friends with Tubbo and Ranboo? And uhm—" Tommy's expression turned cold when he heard those two names, his hands in his pockets turned into a fist as his mouth drew a straight line across his facial features. "They wanted to talk with you"

"No" Tommy said, chewing his lips then looking at Freddie's eyes. "I'm sorry but uh— I don't have time, my friends are calling me and I really need to go" He quickly excused himself but stopped when the two cornered the blonde.

"Wait!" Aimsey almost yelled but held their voice back when they saw Tommy couldn't leave. "Look, we're just here to talk. Tubbo and Ranboo wanted to talk to you about something worth discussing and is asking to meet them later at one, if you're free at that time"

In instinct, he looked at the silver watch wrapped around his left wrist. It's currently quarter to nine, a few minutes left before the short hand clicked nine. Aside from supporting Drista, Bitzel and Purpled in their dancing competition, he's free at one. But the thought of being alone with his once friends made him uncomfortable.

"Look, I know the three of you have problems that those two are annoyingly oblivious about, but in order for you three to— to fix your problems, you three need to communicate. You don't have to

forgive them! You don't even have to forgive them! But at least try to communicate with them" Freddie finished with a sigh catching Tommy off guard.

"Both of you knew?" Tommy narrowed his gaze towards them, "They told you about this?"

"What? No!" Aimsey scoffed, "They wouldn't even know about their mistakes unless we forced them to their head which we did yesterday. God, it was annoying"

Tommy looked at the both of them, alarmed. Both of them knew first than the two individuals who were exposed to this problem? That doesn't make any sense! Freddie looked at him with an encouraging expression, "So, are you free or not, Mister Innit?"

"I—" Tommy exhaled, "tell them to make it quick. I still have to attend the hip hop dance contest at one"

"Cool!" Aimsey grinned, "Nice talking to you, Mister Innit!"

"Yup" Tommy deadpanned

"We should hang out together again next time, Tommy!" Freddie pats his shoulder

"And I'm coming this time!" Aimsey chimed in

"Okay?" Tommy saw them walk out to wherever Ranboo and Tubbo is, he guesses. He turned to the window in front of him, how did he fucking gained a hang out after that confrontation? He grunted, now he has a confrontation to attend to. Fuck his life.

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*Theseus stared at the ground below him then up to the empty pit of darkness in the sky. How ironic. From the place he's standing, he can see everything in the island he is currently staying at, where his vacation home as the ghost of his brother Apollo dubbed. He looked at the image he's holding, containing his younger self and Apophis', causing him to have a sense of déjà vu and a nostalgic feeling. He's meters away from the ground below him, sitting from the cobblestone tower his hands created, reminiscing forsaken memories the country he once owned has made.*

*Is jumping the answer to his problems? He thought*

*As he stared, deep in thought, his mind switched at what Dolos has been saying constantly throughout this past five years in probation. Was he really his friend? His only friend? Do friends hurt one another? Do friends burn their valuables Theseus found on the ground, treating it as a piece of garbage only to be disposed of when in reality, it could help the younger to so many things possible? Do friends drown each other in the waking day to wake each other up?*

*"Of course not" Theseus said to no one but himself*

*Then why stay? A part of his brain questioned, spiraling him to endless questions and scenarios. "Because he's my friend" Theseus reasoned weakly. For the last five years of exile, with no real and actual friends to talk to aside from—Dolos and Apollo's ghost, he's been talking to himself to ease the pain and suffering at least for once a while. To escape from loneliness this exile caused him to maladaptive daydreaming and talking to his own self like an insane maniac.*

*What would Apophis think of him right now?*

*He then carefully stood up, not bothering to dust his already torn pants. Now thinking of those times where Dolos would repeatedly beat him up just for his own fun and entertainment, where hurtful phrases he would often repeat in daily occurrences to manipulate his mental state into thinking he's his only friend, Dolos is not his friend. He had never been.*

*"He only attended my birthday party" Theseus helplessly argued, wanting to switch out his thoughts. Did he really for the sake of humility or did he, for a manipulative plan by sabotage? He sobbed, covering his ears, trying to suppress his thoughts. His fist tightened, uncontrollable tears from pent up anger and frustration gathering and collectively running down as a group.*

*With a short and final breath, he let himself slip from the cobblestone tower towards the dirt ground.*

---

The crowd screamed and yelled, the music beating loudly from the speakers used but Tommy did not care. Instead, he stared at his phone screen for what seemed like an hour but actually took just a minute. He has been writing Theseus' exile part for the whole time in waiting for Drista and her group's turn in dancing. The three, that being Drista, Bitzel and Purple are grouped with the rest of the freshmen' students who joined the Hip Hop Dancing Contest, to represent the freshmen level. Coincidentally and annoyingly, they have been put last with the seniors being the first so Tommy has to wait for an hour to see the trio's performance.

"Please give it up" The host momentarily stopped, in for dramatics, "for the best freshmen! With their choreographer and coach, Professor and Head of Physical Education Department, Grian Xelqua!"

The shouts became louder with the courtesy of Quackity, Dream, Punz and Sapnap which made him snap away from his thoughts. He winced at the loud catastrophic noise around him but cheered regardless, knowing his best friends were there dancing and having the time of their life. Deo, Wisp and Luke cheered with him, helping hype the crowd up. Tommy smiled and laughed, enjoying both the performance and the viewers. Is this what freedom tastes like?

---

"That was fucking awesome guys!" Wisp hugged the three dancers in a congratulatory manner with a wide grin on his face.

"Language" Luke comments in a small voice then turning to the three who's pent up in sweat and short breaths, "But seriously, you did a great job! I saw the teacher's reactions and I'm pretty sure they were surprised by the short skit at the start towards the end"

"The storyline or lore of the entire dance is entertaining as well" Deo supports Luke's previous statement, "The seniors dance troupe even looks defeated"

"They look defeated because they didn't know the three of the famous six joined the best freshmen dance troupe" Tommy said, "At this point, everyone at school seems to think that the famous six's

forte is hiding their identities and revealing it to everyone at the last minute for dramatic effects"

"I mean— you're part of the famous squad now, making it the famous seven so" Purpled shrugged, "It's really our forte"

Tommy got taken back as to what Purpled said. Famous seven? Tommy thought with an incredulous expression. Bitzel, who was about to add something, stopped the moment his eyes looked at Tommy. He can see the look in his face as if he's contemplating and arguing a thing in his mind, he can see the cogs turning in his mind. He sighed, sadly smiling at him, "Toms, I can see the wheels circling in your mind. What's wrong, bubba?"

Bubba? That's new, Drista thought

"Nothing, nothing" Tommy waved his hands off, shooing Bitzel's concerns. "Honestly, you're such a mother hen"

"Luke is the mother hen, Bitzel is the father rooster" Purpled mindlessly said

"Was it because of what Purpled said, earlier ago?" Luke put his hands in his pockets, walking forward towards the older blonde and pulled him in a hug. Tommy almost rolled his eyes but resisted, he normally never gets away with anything when it comes to Luke and oftentimes, Deo. Maybe because Deo was a long time friend of his but he never understands how Luke can read emotions that easily. Bitzel can too, but not as good as him. He slowly nodded, unable to resist.

"Tomsy" Drista frowned, "We love you! Didn't you remember that you're our honorary seventh member of this squad?"

"That, but now you're officially our seventh member!" Wisp hugged Luke and Tommy together, being inches taller than them, it was an advantage for him.

"Yup. Honestly, stop doubting yourself" Purpled scoffed, mumbling something under his breath before hesitantly walking towards the three to join the hug

Deo and Bitzel shared a glance with each other. Deo then reluctantly joined the hug while Bitzel enthusiastically pushed the group to the ground before tightly hugging them. Drista at the back snickered, turning into a smirk. She quickly pulled her phone in her pockets, swiping it up, typed her phone's password then smiled.

---

*Click*

---

"What the—" Purpled muttered

"Guys! Selfie!" Drista extended her arms to fit everyone on the camera frame, her free hand forming a peace sign. "Another one! Boys, stand up! Let's take a photo for this year's photo album! And another for my socials! Hurry the fuck up"

The boys groaned.

Unbeknownst to them, two figures are watching the scene behind the tree, eyes filled with regret, jealousy, and sadness.

---

The blonde looked everywhere, trying to find the two people who requested to meet in the first place. Sighing, he patiently waited by looking at his gallery filled with new and fresh memories he had made these past weeks. "Uh— Tommy?"

He looked up to see the person who called him. He gulped, already wanting to get this over with. "Tubbo, Ranboo" He nodded to the two.

"I—" Tubbo hesitated, "H-how are you?"

"Fine. Why did you call me here?" Tommy turned his phone off, putting it back in his back pocket. He wanted this conversation to be straightforward as he wanted to go back to his library and office to print a certain photo and taped it on the wall. He wanted to rest as well seeing as this day has been the most chaotic the school has been. Yesterday was chaotically calm but today has been chaotically rowdy and it's absorbing all his energy. Additionally, he has projects he wants to do in his library. He wanted to sort all his documents in the application he frequently used, rewriting his works he wrote in his phone's notepad in the computer and wanting to finish the Theseus' exile arc.

His motivation has been better making his hands aching to write and type more.

Ranboo nervously looked at Tubbo, "We uh- we want to apologize!" Both lowered their heads, Ranboo closing his eyes tightly before peeking an eye to see what was Tommy's reaction. "Uhm"

Tommy looked unbothered, staring at the both of them with a brow lifted up. His arms are crossed but Ranboo can see his left hand repeatedly open and close. "That's it? Well then, if that's all then I have to go. I have some necessary errands to run"

"Wait a minute!" Tubbo yelled to catch Tommy's attention, "We wanted to say sorry for what we have done! We- I- I've been a horrible friend to you. This past week, a month ago, specifically, I grew distant. Both of us grew distant because I was preoccupied with someone else and I'm so sorry for that! I'm sorry because— because I forgot you! Because I replaced you!"

Tommy looked at the ground where the three were standing. They're outside of the campus' front gates, most of the students have already left while some are in the backgates or in the parking lot. His eyes narrowing, listening attentively to what Tubbo Underscore has to say. He wanted to say something but everytime he tries to, he can't seem to speak what his mind is telling him to.

"But—" Tommy looked at Tubbo's eyes, unwavering, causing the other to flinch at the intense and serious gaze he had never seen, even before. "B-but! You have to understand, I didn't know! I was too oblivious and- unaware of everything's going on and I'm ashamed of that! I really do so please — forgive me, Tommy"

Tubbo's knees were shaking as his face looked ashamed with tears to add to the finished product. This month has been overwhelming for Tommy. It's full of tears and relentless sadness with a sense of warmth and comfort at the end of the problem resurfacing. He's been exhausted from crying and to see others crying. He's hundred percent sure he doesn't have any tears left to shed in this meet

he's having, currently.

His jaw clenched, fist whitening from the tight grip on itself. "You really have the decency to say that sort of excuse, Tubbo? That— that you were too naive of the problems your ex best friend is having that involves you? I thought you were smarter than that, Tubbster"

Tubbo's breath hitched. Fuck, it's been a long time since he had heard that nickname. He involuntarily hiccuped.

"And you" Tommy pointed at the tallest amongst the trio. Ranboo jumps, alarmed. "Don't bother to apologize. I mean- this is not even your fault isn't it?"

"But still!" Ranboo cried, "I forgot you too! I got accepted in your family only for you to get taken out! I've been a dumbass because I wasn't there beside you when I should've! I'm so sorry! I'm sorry. Please- I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

*Imsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryim-* "SHUT UP"

Both Tubbo and Ranboo jumped in surprise. Tommy seethed, "YOU—" He take in a long breath, "you both are bad friends"

Both in front of the blonde look inflicted, hurt. It hurts because it's true. "The damage you caused me hurts. I hate you Ranboo. I fucking hate you so much!"

Ranboo weeped, ignoring the ache in his heart. "You are the reason why this happened in the first place. You stole my neglectful family far away from me when it could've been just a few meters away. You stole my only friend. The friend I've been with for years, my whole life, even. You betrayed my trust, our friendship. I fucking hate you for that"

"I- I know... —" Ranboo stammered. Tubbo covered his face beside him.

"—That's what I believed at first"

Ranboo opens his mouth but quickly shuts up when he doesn't even know what to say.

Tommy stopped, looking at the sky above them. He sighed. "The whole month I've been with Deo and- and the rest, I was starting to realize that it is not your fault. However, you still have small mistakes you have done to me but this whole thing is not your fault. It was mainly my family and uh" He looked at Tubbo for a short second who looked down, seemingly knowing what he's going to say. "Uhm Tubbo's fault. You are just— just a victim for this case, I think. A victim like me"

Ranboo nodded, looking at him with still regret. Tommy continued "You know, I should be grateful to you"

"Hm?" Tubbo instantly covered his mouth when he heard himself said that

"Without this happening, I couldn't have been hanging out with Deo and his friends. I couldn't have the chance to interact with Dream and the rest because Wilbur is there to watch my every move. Now that you're here, I was left on the sidelines only to find my real home" Memories flashed in Tommy's eyes. Specifically seeing the Literary Circle laughing with him while Sam looked at him with proud expression. It changed to where George, Dream and him hung out last Sunday, sitting on the top of the cliff, shouting profanities to Philza Minecraft. Another one appeared, where Drista and the rest took him shopping then finally resting on the beachside after eating in the restaurant.

What would happen if this didn't happen? Will he be able to hang out with Deo? Or have ice

creams with Wisp? Or have a night drive with George and Dream? Or be able to go to the Badlands every weekend? Tommy doesn't want to know

"So I guess, I should say thank you" Tommy sadly laughed. He wiped the tears that's about to spill. Guess there's still tears left. Tubbo looked pained, understandable and Ranboo looked—understanding, sadly smiling at Tommy.

"Will you—" Tubbo squirmed, "Will you give us the chance to repair our friendship?"

"I want to, Tubs" Tommy's arms reached Tubbo's shoulders, eyes looking at one another. "But I can't"

"Why?" Tubbo whimpered

"It'll be too unhealthy" Ranboo replied instead of the youngest. He nodded at Tommy slightly then looked at the short brunette. "We caused him enough damage, Tubs. We caused him trust issues and so much more. What would happen if—if we did—" Fuck. It hurts to admit. "-if we did repair our friendship? It'll just be worse"

"Then I'll try! I promise to not cause this again. I promise, just please..." Tubbo weakly protested, shaking both Tommy's hands. "Please"

Tommy hugged him, and his tears now successfully escaped. Tubbo holds Tommy's fabric tightly, shaking his head on Tommy's chest. Tommy looked at Ranboo, who nodded once. That's what it takes for him to join the hug.

---

Tommy looked at the allium flower Ranboo gave him. It was the second time he had given an allium to Tommy. Their first meeting being the first and this, the last.

He finally broke free and decided to let go.

---

I'm happy for you, allium. I'm sorry.

#### Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure if this is good? I mean, I cried while writing this but reading it seems awkward for me- idk

Anyways!! Thank you so much for the comments in the previous chapter!! I've read it all but didn't reply because I don't know what to say (and yes, I fully agree with your opinion. As to why, I'll discuss it in the next paragraph) but still, tysm for your

opinions, suggestions and comments!!

Originally, I did plan on Tommy giving a chance to the Beeduos but not forgiving them straightforward (just like for DC! Techno's case) but I changed it after reading your guys' comments! I fully agree about your opinions because out of pure anger and resentment, I would also not forgive Beeduos' actions. I've experienced a similar occurrence (but we made up, still friends till now^^) two years ago so I put all my emotions and pent up anger when thinking about it to this chapter.

And yes, I also agree realistically, that Tommy will have trust issues and overthinking tendencies leading to unhealthy friendship if I, the author, force the Benchtrio to be friends for this fic. Thank you for the two comments that helped me realize that!

Anyhow, I tried my best to be realistic and made this chapter angst for those people who love angst! Love you all fellow angst lover <33

I'm sorry if this is not good enough or too awkward (?), I'm good at reading angst fic but not so good at writing it lol

On an unrelated note, This fic is quite short because I plan to have a short time skip very soon! There's your spoiler alert:) (it may change because now that I'm writing this, I have a plan on something but eh idk)

**bookmarks, comments and kudos are greatly appreciated! Thank you so much in advance!**

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Credits to [Dream Team Wiki](#) for helping me write the exile part!

## gladiolus , hope and moral integrity

### Chapter Summary

**Flame :** @Innit? Hey today is Dream's fencing comp

**Flame :** are you able to come?

**Innit? :** sorry:(

**Innit? :** my father is coming remember? So I have to stick by his side and wil's so I have to watch wil's singing comp

**Innit? :** but I'll try to sneak out!!

### Chapter Notes

#### CHAOS GC

Flame - Sapnap

Innit? - Tommy

I'm a damn Fool - Foolish

Piss Baby - Dream

#### famous seven

Dream and Foolish's sister : Drista

Eret's brother : Deo

blondie #3 / someone's brother : Luke

Punz's brother : Purpled

Only Son Bitches : Bitzel

WasTaken's Siblings Official Adopted Brother : Tommy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

**Flame :** @Innit? Hey today is Dream's fencing comp

**Flame :** are you able to come?

**Innit? :** sorry:(

**Innit? :** my father is coming remember? So I have to stick by his side and wil's so I have to watch wil's singing comp

**Innit? :** but I'll try to sneak out!!

**I'm a damn Fool :** don't force yourself toms!!

**Piss Baby** : yeahh esp when yknow..

**Innit?** : yeah

**Innit?** : I have to go

**Innit?** : ttyl <3

**Innit?** : goodluck for the comp dre <3

---

Tommy looked at himself through a mirror, applying small bits of hair gel to sweep his blonde hair to the side. He then sprayed a small amount of dry shampoo to keep his hair a more neat look. He sighed.

Today is Thursday, the day before the Intrams will come to an end. Traditionally, the last two days of Intramural Week is where students will bring their parents or guardians with them. A couple of activities were planned and will be held in the campus that involves parents and children games. The students were given two tickets to give to their guardians enabling them to pass the Esempi High's gates, ensuring the student's safety from kidnapping.

In other words, Philza Minecraft is coming with Wilbur Soot and Thomas Innit today. To put it extra simply, Tommy has to endure both for today and has to look presentable for the media and for the public.

He smoothen his mocha brown trousers' wrinkles, tucking in his beige collared shirt, put on his small and thin silver watch on his left wrist while putting on other accessories such as his silver rings, rose gold bangle bracelet and lastly, the final piece, his pair of emerald earrings that should be worn in every Craft gatherings and events. His fist tightens for just a glimpse then opens, wanting to take his earrings off immediately.

His vision suddenly shifted to the open window of his bedroom. For the past weeks since he left, it's the first event where Techno is unable to attend. It's the first time where Wilbur has to stand alone without his twin in front of the media and reporters that will swarm a moment or two after they'll leave. It's the first time Tommy can't root for Techno even if it's against his will, during the Fencing Tournament. But it's not Phil's first time when his family is incomplete.

He finally finished tying his last white shoe, stood up and straightened his back. He yawned. Although, his waking up schedule is far more different than his usual one, he didn't bother to wake up early as per the fact that the family's driver will drive them to the campus. He then snatched his leather messenger bag as the knock on his door increased. "Coming! Gee"

"Good morning, young master!" The door opened, meeting a familiar house servant and a friend in front of his bedroom's door. "The breakfast is served"

"Good morning Eryn" Tommy rubbed his eye, "Stop calling me that"

"Whatever you say, young master" Eryn cheerfully replied as the other groaned, "you have to hurry up, Kraken. The boss and second boss is already in the dining room"

"Thanks" Tommy fastened his pace in walking, rushing to avoid his father's disappointed speech in being late. Eryn watched his favorite Craft with amusement as the other rushed down the stairs. Both had been hanging out whenever the blonde was not busy, though not as the same as before but the point still stands. Eryn can notice how Tommy gives his best effort in interacting with the others similar to when they're still children and he appreciates it with having the knowledge that it can never be the same. He tearfully smiled before closing Kraken's bedroom door. When did it get so emotional all of a sudden?

---

Tommy looked at the vehicle's tinted window, hands fidgeting on his lap as he and his family traveled in a silence filled with intense tension. He and Wilbur sat at the backseat with an invisible barrier between them as their father sat on the front passenger seat, beside their family chauffeur. Everything is silent with the exception of the wheels turning to get to their destination. There's no car's music nor any news coming from the radio. He gulped, now gripping to his messenger bag.

"Wilbur" Phil called, voice stern and intimidating causing his older son to flinch.

"Yes, father?" Wilbur replied, turning off his phone and taking his airpods off

"What song are you and your band going to play for the competition?" What Phil said caught Tommy off guard. Seeing Wilbur's questionable face seems to agree with him as well. Phil never asked any questions that may concern his children instead asking necessary questions that may concern him.

"Uhm" Wilbur hesitantly looked at his youngest brother then quickly shifted his attention to his father's question, "Yo-You'll Understand When You're Older, that's what we'll present"

Phil hummed, causing chills in both his children's skin. "What about your newest song? What's that again?"

"Knee Deep At ATP? Dad?" Wilbur supplied. Tommy can see his nails digging under his skin

"Hm, yeah, that or that thing where Ranboo suggested to keep that in? What's that song again?"  
Phil looked at the rear view mirror to meet Wilbur's eyes

"Perfume, dad" Wilbur instantly said, "But we decided to play You'll Understand When You're Older since we've been performing the rest during the Longstedshire Fest except the said song and most requested to play that as well"

"Well that's your band performance, what about your solo performance?" Phil now turned to face Wilbur and Tommy with a brow raised as his glasses raised a bit upward

"I decided to sing Since I Saw Vienna" Wilbur replied, hastily

Phil turned back, his back leaning on the passenger seat, sighing. "Whatever, just— make sure to win this time around"

Tommy looked on his side to see Wilbur not paying any attention to what their father said, focusing on the music played on his phone. "This is your last year in high school with no win at all and if this competition wouldn't proclaim you as the winner then—"

Tommy shifted in his position, clearly uncomfortable with this whole ordeal. It's not the first time to see Wilbur getting scolded by their father dearest but this is definitely the first time hearing the disappointment and defeated tone in their father's tone to Wilbur. Tommy himself has been scolded multiple times and most of those times Phil used the same tone he's been using now. He's not labeled as the 'disappointment' in this family for no reason. He noticed Wilbur's face clenching, both his hands fidgeting in panic and how drops of sweat were leaking on his forehead. A part of him felt pity and sympathy to his older brother but the rest only felt satisfaction and pettiness as he finally saw his older brother be treated the same as he did, once upon a time.

"— I have no choice but to revoke your Lovejoy contract" A pin drop can be heard in the background as Wilbur and Tommy sat in their seats with confusion and disbelief

"What? Dad! You can't do that!" Wilbur protested, as his fist tightened for the umpteenth time. His head peeked behind Phil's seat, his eyes directly contacting his father's. Tommy chewed his lips, his head facing the window seat and leaning on his hand as he listened to the argument happening.

"I can certainly do, Wilbur" Phil's eyes meet Wilbur's for just a second then quickly averted to the vehicle's side mirror. "You seem to forget that I hold your band's contract and can and will sign the dissolution agreement as your head manager whenever I please"

"Bu—"

"Dad, don't you think that's a low blow?" Tommy finally decides to interrupt, leaving his brother to control his emotions before breaking down on the spot. He knew this was a sore spot to him and this past weeks were a mess to Wilbur especially with his twin running away without him. Singing was his dream from the very beginning since their mother helped introduce music to him. In fact, his very first guitar was his mother's gift years ago which he still has even if it's broken and unfixable. Wilbur played songs and music from that same guitar to his family, first and foremost and stripping away that same ticket to escape reality is twisted.

He may dislike his brother to a certain level he can't comprehend, but he hates his father the most.

"Quiet, Thomas" The youngest winced at the full name Phil used. It'll never be advisable for the younger Crafts to protest any further when their father used their full names whenever in an argument, it will end messy.

"Dad, please" Wilbur begged as his brother grew more uncomfortable any second. When did the campus feel so far away?

"We're here, Mister Craft" The chauffeur announced, interrupting the family's commotion. Tommy sighed in relief, finally.

"We'll talk about this later Wilbur" Phil firmly stated, "For now, prepare for the media that's standing in front of the campus. Make sure to smile"

"Yes, father" Both replied, Wilbur gritting his teeth as he spoke while his brother, Tommy, defeated

---

Tommy looked up from the sink, meeting his own reflection in the campus' bathroom mirror. Meeting the paparazzi was tiring as always, flashing their camera lights in front of them makes Tommy flinch, not used to being the center of attention unlike his brothers and certainly his father. Whenever his father comes to an event like this or even during company events that involve people he collaborated with in the past, paparazzi seem to catch him.

He's not even a celebrity! Sure he's a renowned chief executive officer of a famous company, but that doesn't mean he's a celebrity! Tommy groaned.

"Tommy" A voice called him, resulting in him to jump. Tommy turned to face him, "what the fuck dud—"

Wilbur Soot Craft is standing in front of him, with an unreadable expression Tommy can't understand. The blonde noticed his hands in his pockets, his brows furrowed and his eyes looked—tired. His heavy eyebags were visible to Tommy's eyes, even with the glasses covering it. "Wilbur"

Wilbur's Adam's apple bobbed, sweat drenching on his forehead. "Tommy, I need your help"

That was definitely not what Tommy expected him to say.

"Help?" Tommy scoffed, ignoring the sudden nervous beat from his heart. "Wilbur Soot Craft, lead singer of Lovejoy and the oldest son of the Craft family, needs help? What nice news coverage, don't you think?"

"Tommy, I'm serious" Wilbur said, fingers now pressing between his nose bridge. "Look, I know I fucked our sibling relationship up and that, I have never been the best brother to both you and Tech and I really regret all the stupid shit I've done but please, Tom" Wilbur ignored Tommy's twitching, "I need your help"

Tommy's arms crossed, now leaning on the sink behind him. Both of the Craft brothers' reflection is seen in the mirror with the bathroom lights a bit dim with walls painted with blue. He remained silent, waiting for the other to explain further

"I—" Wilbur sighed, looking anywhere but Tommy's blue eyes. Prime, he missed the sparkle twinkling in his eyes whenever he lit up. "Can we have a truce?"

Tommy blinked, "truce?"

"Yeah. Phil, don't look at me like that, we all know we call father his name whenever we're out of his hearing, is here with us. You and I both know that Phil caused Techno to leave and most of all, we all justifiably hate him"

Everyone hated him? Tommy involuntarily let out a noise of confusion. But thinking about it, Phil did threaten the brunette about their music contract. "Where is this going, Wilbur"

"What I'm saying is that we both team up" Wilbur raised his hand, motioning Tommy to stay quiet until he's done speaking, "and defeat father dearest"

"Team up? What is this, Wilbur? A game?" Tommy rolled his eyes, preparing to leave but Wilbur grabbed his arm before Tommy can go any further towards the door

"Tommy, please" Wilbur begged, "we only have each other. Techno already left, mum is not here"

It took minutes before Tommy replied, his mind deep in thought as he absentmindedly stared at the abyss of blues. Wilbur patiently waited for him, eyes and actions desperate, in need of help. Finally, the blonde sighed, making Wilbur tense. It's either a confirmation or a denial. "Fine. Let's make a truce"

His eyes instantly brightened up, practically shining at this point. A victorious smile is plastered across his face, hands brushing through his soft curls before grabbing Tommy's both hands. "Thank you! Fuck- thank you, Tommy"

"Hm" Tommy grunts, slowly removing his hands from Wilbur's strong grip. "What should I do?"

---

**famous seven**

**Dream and Foolish's sister :** lukee why did u change our namesss

**Eret's brother** : this is actually the 5th time this week, please make up your mind

**blondie #3** : becuzz

**blondie #3** : it's easier this way

**Punz's brother** : okay this is unfair

**Only Son Bitches** : this is faid whadt u mean?

**Dream and Foolish's sister** : bc ur an only child dipshit ofc it's fair

**Only Son Bitches** : r u even sure that I'm the only son?

**Eret's brother** : someone pls change luke's name

---

**Punz's brother changed blondie #3's nickname into "someone's brother"**

---

**someone's brother** : hah u don't even know my half sister 😂

**Dream and Foolish's sister** : you bet I do

**Punz's brother** : we all do luke, u complained about her e every single day

**Only Son Bitches** : do you want me to drop name?

**someone's brother** : please dont

**someone's brother** : I'm sorry 😔

**Punz's brother** : I just change your nickname into that bc what If someone can read this??

**Punz's brother** : safety smh

**Eret's brother** : and who will read this huh?

**Punz's brother** : do you want me to send u a list?

**WasTaken Siblings Official Adopted Brother** : what

**WasTaken Siblings Official Adopted Brother** : also why did your parents announced your an only child to the public tho??

**someone's brother** : bc my sister is a child out of wedlock toms

**WasTaken Siblings Official Adopted Brother** : oh

**someone's brother :** yes

**WasTaken's Siblings Official Adopted Brother :** anyways

**Punz's brother :** LMAO

**WasTaken's Siblings Official Adopted Brother :** Wilbur and I made a truce

**WasTaken's Siblings Official Adopted Brother :** how fantastic amiright?

**Eret's brother :** wtf

---

"Where's Phil?" Tommy looked up to face his brother

"Talking with Schlatt" Wilbur shrugged

"Where are we going anyways?" Tommy asked, clueless on their next move

"I don't really know. Phil sent me to get you but honestly? I don't want to go back and stand still while my cheeks are hurting because of a fake smile"

"Hey, aren't you going to talk with your band?"

"How? They're still on the road, driving towards here" Wilbur said, "my friends are drop outs remember?"

"Right," Tommy sheepishly mumbled, "but aren't you going to practice for your solo?"

"I'll do it later" Tommy blankly stared at him, wanting to punch him for being stupid. "Soot, you need to practice to win"

"I know," Wilbur looked down, watching their every step on the marble floor. "But how? We're required to be with Phil at all times for this so-called media presence? To show us we're a happy family? His reputation is slowly dropping off due to the rumors of Techno's running away saga"

Tommy heard him audibly sighed, looking to his left to see the chaos happening in the background. "I'm already disobeying his orders for leaving him alone for about twenty minutes and counting"

"True" Tommy shrugged, "what about Niki and the others? The ones you're acquainted with?"

"There with their own parents, what am I going to do? Interrupt?" Wilbur sarcastically replied, a small amount of snarky venom laced his tongue

"You know what?" Tommy paused, his thumbs frantically typing with the use of his phone. "I know where we're going to go"

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"Tommy, when you say you know where we are going, I didn't expect it to be here" Wilbur blankly pointed to the ground he's standing making Tommy huffed in amusement. Wilbur's voice drowned out of the crowd's loud cheering but seeing the brunette's expression made him laugh. Both are sitting at the far back of the gym's stands, watching the fencing competition occurring in front of their eyes. Since where they're sitting has the best view of the event, Wilbur can clearly see a certain familiar dirty blonde with his white fencing uniform and his foil lamé overtop. Wilbur narrowed his eyes, nose scrunching and mouth curling. "What the fuck are we doing here Tommy?"

"What?" Tommy looked at him with faux innocence, "what do you mean, Soot?"

"Why are we watching Dream's contest!?" Wilbur exclaimed, eyes frantically switching between his past friend and his brother. "I thought we're going to hang out with Ran and Tubbo?"

Tommy rolled his eyes, waving the other off, "Because I want to? Dream is one of my closest friends, you know" He immediately stood up when he saw someone familiar, lapis blue eyes brightened up while his hands waved to catch his attention. "Oh look! There's Foolish!"

Wilbur pulled Tommy down, "Tommy! What the fuck are you doing!"

"Inviting another friend of mine? Seriously Wilbur, are you blind? Should we get your eye

checked?"

"Tommy, didn't I tell you not to be friends with them? They're dangerous! Especially Foolish" Wilbur seethed

"Wilbur, in which part of them can be dangerous? I've been hanging out with them since school started. I'm acquainted with their sister for fuck's sake!" Tommy eyed the other, "Besides, didn't Phil order you to be friends with the WasTaken's? For, I don't know, business reasons?"

"Tommy, I'm only warning you for your own good. For all we know, Foolish and Dream are friends with you to get information from us! Even if we're business partners, we're still business rivals. They are our enemies, Tommy"

The blonde didn't speak for a moment or two, Wilbur notices how the surrounding seems to darken and tense, a feeling he felt back in the bathroom, during their confrontation. Tommy finally looked at him with serious eyes and a stern thin line from his mouth, his eyes physically darken as the surroundings darken with him. Is that even possible? Wilbur looked at him with a questionable expression, slowly realizing it's the same face their English professor makes when he's mad.

"Wilbur, don't you dare speak ill towards my brothers. They've been there when you aren't and you dare to speak like you know them when you actually don't?"

Wilbur didn't ignore how his brother confidently spoke the word 'brothers' that was supposed to be directed at him. However, Tommy didn't pay no mind to Wilbur's pained reaction. Instead, he kept going, "you deemed him as this so-called rival. A rival in academics and in your career. But you talked about him as if he's a snake waiting for you to catch his venom. Are you rivals or are you enemies?"

Wilbur opened his mouth to speak but no words came out. His free hands turned into a fist while he struggled to find words to express his confusing thoughts. The other sighed, looking at him with a disappointed expression that looked too much like their mother whenever she caught the twins arguing with something ridiculous. "I'm going to Foolish and the rest, you can either stay here or go back to where Phil is"

With that, he left Wilbur alone. Again.

---

Wilbur looked at what was happening in front of him. He watched as Dream flickered his foil

while the enemy, probably a junior, defended themselves. He hugged himself closely with a concentrated look, a similar expression he does whenever a singing show comes up in the television. He remembered the times where his twin and Dream usually competed with each other in the blonde's backyard. He can hear the laughs that come along with it whenever someone accidentally pokes the other's stomach. He can hear his own excitement noises as his twin is winning in their own made up tournament. He can see Dream's enthusiastic smile whenever he or Techno won, it doesn't really matter for him.

Those were simpler times where the trio were still a trio.

Wilbur looked down, taking off his glasses in the process. He can see his own tears dropping down, leaving a small wet stain in the shirt he's wearing. Huh, he's crying?

He, his twin and Dream were childhood friends. Meeting each other when his mother was still alive (Dream and his mother were close, treating Kristin like his second mother. The three even joke they're triplets. His father, Phil was normally on business trips or busy with paperworks most of the time, only met Dream once and that's it. Wilbur wanted to scoff, Phil only knows Dream now because his company is more successful than theirs). Met through a playground then became inseparable ever since. But when an argument happened between Techno and Dream, it was never the same ever since. Then the same happened with him and Dream then it all went completely gone.

He can't really remember what started the said argument but all he can think of is how he was jealous of Dream. So jealous to the point he blew up and snapped. After his mother passed away in a car accident from a trip to the hospital, their father changed. He became more workaholic then gradually became too strict on Wilbur and Techno's education, even pressuring them to join clubs he wanted for himself. So when Dream secured the role of being a top student, being the teacher's favorite and winning contests Wilbur should have won, he snapped. Jealousy warped his mind, breaking their friendship in the process.

Guess Techno snapped first when Dream also secured the fencing championship during their elementary days. *'Up until now'* Wilbur thought. His head snapped on the left when he heard a loud voice cheering for Dream with a rowdy laughter that came with it. It was Tommy, who's screaming on the top of his lungs for Dream.

Dream got everything. Even his brother.

---

Wilbur checked his phone, sighing when his bandmates didn't arrive yet. "Oh— hey, Wilbur" His

head looked at the person who called him then letting himself look surprised, because he is when he sees Dream getting him. "Uh hey, Dream"

"Waiting for someone?" Dream asked while wiping his forehead with his handkerchief

"Uh yeah?" Wilbur chewed his lip, confusion bubbling up as to why the other is starting a conversation all of a sudden. "I'm waiting for Tommy so that we can go to our father together"

"Oh! Right! Where's Phil?" Dream looked around, searching for the said man

"He's talking with someone in one of the classrooms, I think" It was such a surprise to see the two not bickering over something or starting a fight out of nowhere. Seeing the two in a civil conversation will definitely make someone faint. "Do you need him for something?"

"Ah, no, no, no" He waved his hands, shaking his head altogether. "Just wondering"

Wilbur hummed, slowly nodding. Prime, this is awkward. The atmosphere is awkward! He shifted his attention to his phone when he heard a ping. Maybe this is the right time when he's not looking at him? "G-good game, by the way"

"Oh! Thanks!" Dream thanked him with a grin on his face, "wait— aren't you joining the singing competition?"

"As usual, yeah" Wilbur shrugged, resisting the urge to continue with an insult. Dream's going to win, anyways. "Are you joining?"

"Nah" Wilbur wanted to take that smile off of Dream's face, so badly. "I already joined the fencing and writing, I also have to host an event today with the student council so my schedule is full"

"Oh" That means Wilbur has a chance to win then! Wilbur's mind flashed successful scenes from the contest that will be happening later on, getting harder and harder to not smile in front of Dream.

"Dream—" George stopped to his tracks when he saw Wilbur with Dream, narrowing his eyes with suspicion. "Wilbur" He nodded slowly for his greetings.

"George" Wilbur nodded back, shifting in his position

"Georgie, what's up?" Dream asked his partner who has lingering doubts and suspicions about the taller brunette to which the blonde can see

"Uh—" George hesitantly looked at Wilbur then locked eyes with Dream, "— Professor Bad is calling you for the student council event and I also have to go for the cheerleading dance contest"

"Oh!" Dream looked at the watch wrapped around his left wrist, instinctively. "Sorry, Wil but I have to go. Let's catch up sometime, yeah?" Dream took a step backward, resting his right arm on George's shoulders as both slowly walks away

"Uh sure" Wilbur was baffled, did Dream forget their past arguments and fights that quick? Last he knew, both aren't in talking terms. Is this part of the business partnership he and Phil have going on? He left his thoughts when someone tapped his back, "what—"

"We should really go" Tommy mumbled, "Phil is probably mad you and I both left his side for an hour"

"Yeah" A ping was once again heard, this time it was from Wilbur's bandmates, catching his attention, "Mark and the rest are already here"

"Hm" Tommy grunts

"Thanks for dragging me here, by the way" Tommy stopped, leaving him behind. It's his turn to be baffled.

Chapter End Notes

HERE'S YOUR CRIMEBOYS DUO CONTENT EVERYONE

short asf chapter bc I have plans to do for the next!!

WE'RE ALMOST ENDING BOISS

I'll try to end this asap because classes is starting this Monday and sooner or later (lets not hope), I'll be back on my two to three weeks chapter update and I woud not like that because I actually have the motivation to write for now. I want to take that as my greatest advantage to write an exciting end of this fic!

Tysm for all the comments, kudos and bookmarks and the attention that this story has been receiving! I love you all <33

**bookmarks, kudos and comments are all appreciated and welcomed! Thank you so much in advance!! <33**

## **black roses , farewell**

### Chapter Summary

*10.11.1985*

*I WON AND I'LL COMPETE IN THE CHAMPIONSHIPS!!*

*I WON MOM*

*I FUCKING WON*

*- Lady Death, a competitor for the Writing Championships*

### Chapter Notes

**TW : mention of suicide. Not graphic nor detailed, just a sentence**

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*10.11.1985*

*I WON AND I'LL COMPETE IN THE CHAMPIONSHIPS!!*

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"And now, I present to you our Writing Competition Winner" The audience watched the Captain as she pulled out the paper from the white envelope she was holding, with a touch of dramatic effect. "Please stand and give a round of applause to our representative for the Writing Championships—Theseus!"

The audience clapped while some familiar faces whistled. Foolish urged his fellow college class and schoolmates to clap louder while he, himself, was screaming in joy.

"Theseus! Prince of Death!" The famous six chanted (Surprisingly, Deo was the loudest) as the Dream Team then the Feral Boys completely, until everyone chanted loudly.

Theseus, who's wearing a white poet shirt that is tucked in under the high waisted black trousers with a black corset that wrapped around his waist, is wearing a simpler outfit compared to what he's wearing for his first appearance. He wore a pair of brown leather boots and simpler jewelry but it's elegance is still the same. His hairstyle was the same as before except a few strands were dyed white and was loosely swaying with the wind. Instead of a circlet, it was instead a smaller golden coronet with black gemstones and real amethysts shining under the sunlight that was sitting on top of his bundle of hair, however, it was slightly tilted, like it was intentional. Everyone gasped at the black obsidian earrings, black multilayered bracelets and finally, black moonstone ring worn on all fingers of his right hand.

Everyone who loves literature as well as Lady Death is familiar with the jewelleries Theseus is now wearing. Lady Death specifically wore those patterns of jewelry during the announcement of the Writing Competition Winner Year 1985. Although it may be a copy, there is certainly no doubt that the gemstones used are real and authentic. Black gemstones also symbolize death and are often associated with evil and supernatural which connects to Lady Death's title.

This may or may not hint that he's somewhat Lady Death's successor or hint that he's the next Prince Of Death. It also might be possible that this whole thing is a coincidence. But that's too good to be true.

Cameras were flashing frantically as the photographers captured every moment for their articles later on.

Theseus stared at the crowd below him, his face accessories covering his face expression. Behind the face chain, he's genuinely smiling, content with everything after such a long time. Maybe his freshman year is not so bad, after all.

Looking at the award he's holding, holding his medal he's genuinely proud of, he raised his arms and displayed his award to everyone as they chanted his mantra.

---

"Wilbur" Phil called his son, voice raising a bit higher due to the crowd's volume on the grounds. He and Wilbur were standing at the far back, the ground field in front of them as they stayed away from the noise and chaos as much as possible. "Where's Tommy?"

Shit. Wilbur gulped, looking for an excuse. Tommy told him this morning that he'll be with Deo this whole time, maybe that'll be an acceptable reason? "He's with Deo and the rest, father"

"Hm" Phil hummed with a monotonous voice, "is he also with Dream and his friends?"

"Y-yes" Wilbur carefully spoke, "He did mention that"

Phil's lips quirked but Wilbur sees it as a terrifying smile with a disgusting plan beneath, "that's good. That's good"

Wilbur sighed in relief. Phil continued, "Say, why don't you interact more with Dream? Didn't I tell you to befriend him?"

Wilbur ignored the urge to roll his eyes, he did befriend him when he was young but did Phil know that? Or remember that? No. "I spoke to him yesterday and he invited us to their family event next Saturday, father"

"Oh?" Phil lifted his brow up when he heard the information Wilbur shared, "Well, that's good. And did you accept it?"

"Yes, of course father" Wilbur seethed under his breath, "as his business partner and acquaintance, this'll boost our— your reputation, rather, as a business CEO"

"Good. Very good, Wilbur. You listened to what I told you" Phil appraised, his hand placed on Wilbur's shoulder, didn't notice the flinch Wilbur immediately reacted. "Now, let's go. Puffy is now announcing the winner for the music contest and we don't want to miss your name being announced, wouldn't we?"

He patted Wilbur's shoulder then walked towards the grounds while Wilbur stiffly followed. The sun greeted the two but quickly got covered when their chaperone brought up the umbrella. Wilbur looked at the stage distantly away from them, he internally prayed that he's going to win. He doesn't know what to do if he isn't.

---

"TOMMY!" Drista ran hurriedly towards the male blonde with arms open, greeting Tommy with a hug which he returned. The rest of the six followed with a sight of the Literary Circle behind. They are in the Literary Circle Headquarters, aware of the noise happening outside the place and wanted to avoid it as much as possible. Besides, congratulating Tommy for his second identity is a secret, after all.

"Tommy! Congrats!" Luke hugged Tommy after Drista was done, "I knew you're going to win"

"Thanks for believing in me, Luke" Tommy chuckled but yelped when both Wisp and Bitzel joined the hug. "Geez—"

"Congrats Tom" Purpled held his fist high with Tommy following then do a congratulatory fist bump

"Thanks Purp" Tommy grinned at the fellow blonde in front of him. His gaze quickly shifted when

a taller brunette slowly approached. He smiles when he sees Deo holding a bouquet of flowers and a cake that's wrapped in a box on the other hand. The Literary Circle members holding each balloon with different colors at the back of the said brunette.

"Flowers for you, *cariño*?" Deo offered the flowers to the younger which the other gratefully accepts

"It's from all of us!" Tina announced, "But I bought it with my money so it's technically from me"

"Great to ruin the mood, Tina" Karl jokes, "But anyways, congrats Toms, I knew you're going to win. Also, thanks for the money"

"Money?" Tommy tilt his head to his left, showing his confusion to which Boomer and Hannah chortled to

"The Circle are betting on who's going to win" Bitzel informed, trying to compress his laughter, "Karl and Dream bet on you so they have to share the money"

"But I was the one who bet on you first so I should have the full payment" Karl huffed. Dream rolled his eyes, fondly.

"How much did you bet anyways?" Tommy asked but instead greeted with complete silence, "guys?"

"Anyways, congrats Theseus, Tomsy, Tommy, Tom Tom, whatever—" Deo hugged the younger tightly but it brought comfort and warmth to Tommy, making him practically melt to the hug. "We love you, Toms and we're proud of you. So much"

Tommy closed his eyes tightly, suppressing the urge to cry. Proud. After so many years and so many months, he finally gets to reconcile with that word and maybe— just maybe, this warm and butterfly feeling he's feeling right now can be familiar to him every once in a while. "Thank you" His voice muffled, his face pressed on Deo's shirt. He doesn't mind the fact that his family is somewhere in the crowd outside. What truly matters the most is that his real family is here, with him. And that completes the hole in between his lungs and heart.

"But seriously, how much money did you guys bet?" Tommy's voice echoed within the

Headquarters' walls, his voice meets with complete silence until it finally erupts with chaos

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**Tina** : MY BABY BROTHER JUST WON 🥊

**Tina** : @everyone GP ONLINE AND GIVE OUR BABY BRO A SPEECHN

**Tommy** : it's not needed guys

**Tommy** : srsly Tina?

**George** : CONGRATS TOMSY!! I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT

**Karl** : congrats Toms!! I can now be your mentor for the literature world:)

**Quackity** : what my bby boy means is that were going to adopt you



**Dream** : too bad we got him first 😊

**Sapnap** : YOU TRAITOR

**Karl** : technically I got him first and I interacted with him first than you lots 😊

**Purpled** : quit the argument, we got him first you twats

**Quackity** : we can adopt The Business Bay Squad in order to get custody of Tommy

**Quackity** : I'M A FUCKING GENIUS

**Punz** : no one is adopting someone 😊

**Niki** : congrats Tommy!!

**Eret** : congrats Tommy!!! <33

**Eret** : let's just ignore the rest, okie doks?

**Tommy** : thanks Niki and Eret!!

**Tommy** : does Wilbur and Phil have any suspicions as to where I left to?

**Niki** : nope we got it all covered up, don't worry and enjoy your win!! <33

**Deo** : @everyone

**Deo** : let's celebrate for Theseus' win at Sally's Beach House Diner

**Deo** : the one where we ate dinner during our hangout last month?

**Luke** : sure! Can I bring my sister with me?

**Bitzel** : you both made up?

**Luke** : we never really hate each other but if you put it that way then yea! :D

**Drista** : that's great Lu!

**Deo** : sure, she can come, the more the merrier

---

Tommy blankly stares at his phone with loads of thoughts running in circles in his mind. He has never met Luke's sister nor knows her name, it was kept hidden from the public eye and the private's vision, with the exception of his fellow trustworthy famous six members of course. If he hadn't met Luke himself, he would not believe the rumours about Luke's father past sex life and the possibility of having an offspring but with a different mother. But, oh well, he had been proved wrong.

His phone screen turned dimmer and dimmer until the screen was pure black with his reflection seen from the mirror-y view. All he knew from his half sister is the fact that both have a love-hate sibling relationship, kind of way. Luke often describes his sister as a menace to society and an insect that will always get in his way. But besides that, Tommy can see that Luke has a protective feeling towards his sister deep down. Eyes never lie.

He was jealous at their sibling dynamic at first, him seeing the two despite not seeing Luke's sister or knowing anything about her reminds him and his brothers when they were still innocent little kids. He has mostly seen movies where they portray the other half sibling as evil or mean or an attention seeker which makes the audience hate the other. It's a stereotype, really. But with Tommy watching Luke as he talks about his half sister who is not known to the public, as how annoying she is, Tommy was yet again proven wrong. Over time, he grew out of his jealous state. When Deo mentioned that he sees Tommy as Luke and his sister as Dream or anyone within the Feral Boys, it made him happy in a way. So he grew out of it and accepted his new reality.

*Knock. Knock. Knock.* Tommy looked up at the noise.

A person who was presumably the one who knocked walked in, with two familiar faces behind her back. "Hello everyone!"

When Tommy saw who the person was, the students inside the classroom greeted her enthusiastically with him following. Captain Puffy smiled, also noticing that some students who are in the headquarters' are not even part of the Literary Circle. "I hope you're doing great! I just wanted to drop by to talk with Tommy, privately? If that's alright?"

A few sheepish glances were shared with each other but the blonde mentioned didn't pay any mind, "sure" He hopped out from his seat, slowly walking towards the school's headmistress: direction.

"Oh, by the way, we and the faculty staff who you trusted with your Theseus identity want to congratulate you, publicly for a job well done" Tommy blushed in embarrassment. Congratulatory speeches shared by Drista and the rest were already enough; he doesn't need the school's infamous captain to congratulate him on behalf of the school faculty as well!

"Yup!" Bad clasped his hand with a fatherly grin that hits Tommy nostalgia every time when he sees that specific smile for some reason. "I heard that you guys are celebrating at Sally's Beach House Diner so I booked a diner's reservation so we can have the full place to ourselves!"

"What" Tommy blurts out, "I- I mean you don't have to do that- like I'm sure Dream and the rest are joking and how did you even know—"

"First of all, we are not joking Tom and second of all, we invited them for a later event. They're our writing mentors, after all" Dream cuts off Tommy's response with a satisfied smirk after he finished

"Don't worry, the cost for the whole event is on me" Sam calmly stated which didn't help Tommy's dilemma at all. Tommy's jaw figuratively dropped to the ground, isn't the reservation fee for the whole diner with the added meal courses so expensive? Even as a Craft, their daily budget couldn't even compare to the final billing!

"I'm not even surprised at this point" Drista laughs, "I won't even be surprised if everyone would kill someone just for Tommy and Tommy? If you ordered us to do that, don't worry I'll hide the body for 'ya"

"The diner to kill someone? That fast? New record, sis" Both Foolish and Drista fist bumped

"But seriously, you don't have to pay, Pr- Sam! In fact, I insist on paying! Besides, this whole thing is about me after all and I already took granted you even if I'm just a month old member in this society"

"Tommy, that's the thing" George artificially rolled his eyes in fond annoyance, "it's your event and that means, we have to pay for everything and make it perfect for you to have fun on your

celebration"

"Bu—"

"Now, as much as this conversation is amusing as it is, Tommy and I still have to discuss something about the Championships. You may settle your ongoing debate later" Puffy reminded everyone, lightheartedly chuckling. Oh fuck, Tommy forgots she's even here. "Now, let's go Tommy"

---

"Okie doks" Tommy gulped, caught a glimpse of Sam's encouraging almost void eyes with small wrinkles around it before stepping out of the old classroom, turned into the Circle's Headquarters.

Both walked on the greenery path. Puffy led the way while Tommy obediently, both settling for comfortable silence. They were at the campus' backgate or another exit and entrance besides the front gate. They weren't outside the campus, they were still inside the school lot (although outside of the school itself) yet still near to the silver, metallic gates. The ground was covered in green trimmed grass, the sky was fair and dandy with wind blowing their faces. Both were heading to the pavilion, Tommy noticed. The gazebo consists of a mini lounge with comfortable couches and chairs scattered and a center table for the final piece. Puffy entered the structure first then sat on one of the indigo couches while Tommy sat at the opposite side.

It wasn't really Tommy's first time to hang out in the back gates nor chill inside the many gazebos laid across the back school property. In fact, when he's not seen with Deo or Dream's group, he'll always sit here, with a book or his leather handbag, admiring the view outside the gates and the trees and the wind and the leave falling and—

"Tommy?" Puffy gently called, catching the other's attention

"Yes, Miss Puffy?" Tommy replied formally

"No need for formalities, Tommy" Puffy playfully looked at him with knowing eyes, "Sam, Bad and I already told you this before"

Tommy laughs a bit. It felt wrong calling your teachers, the principal herself, by name. It sounds disrespectful and wrong, even for the teenager. "Sorry, sorry, force of habit"

"It's alright" Puffy then smiles, pulling out a small handbook. "So, Tommy. I want to firstly congratulate you personally, for your well deserve victory"

Tommy's cheeks up to his pair of ears flushed in red. Personally congratulated by the headmistress herself is an achievement for his freshman year. "Th-thank you, ma'am"

Puffy sighed, Tommy sheepishly smiled, looking everywhere but the Captain herself. The ash gray haired headmistress continued, "With this, you are our representative for the Writing Championships, do you know that?"

"Uh- yes. Dream and the rest explained to me how it works" Tommy nodded along, his eyes guarding around the area in case someone was able to hear this private conversation. But he doubts it, most are enjoying it to the fullest before the Intramurals will officially end and the first grading examination week will officially begin.

"That's good," Puffy nodded, grateful for her children and their friend's action. "Scott, the sponsor for the program, is one of the judges for this Championships. Alongside with him is Jimmy Beast, Rae Valk and Imane Poki with the hosts, Corpse and Sykkuno, two of the best hosts and narrators worldwide"

Tommy's jaw dropped, the people consisting of the panel of judges and the hosts are famous people that he idolized when he was young. He can't believe he'll be meeting them soon through a Writing Contest! That's amazing and a dream come true which fulfilled his inner child's dream. Puffy chuckled at his expression, pausing for a moment before further continuing, "the panelists and Noxcrew agreed to inform the contestants beforehand the mechanics, rules and regulations and finally, the topic and genre you'll be basing your story on but! But, the contestants will make their entries on the time of the event which is held live on television, news and on social media"

Tommy didn't reply but nodded in confirmation to continue, still staring at the open air. Puffy take that cue to further explain and share the information she has gathered, "Now, here's what make this event interesting and rather different than the past Championships,

Since the Writing Championships reopened, thanks to Scott, after two to three decades, Noxcrew and the judges decided to make this different to mark a new historical era in literacy. Instead of making entries with full on content, this year's contestants will be making an entry that is similar to a movie trailer. Instead of making poems, 20 pages narrative, you'll be making just a short entry that will either show a scene from your first published novel if you win or a written trailer that will captivate the panelist's attention"

"Huh" Tommy muttered, face morphing in confusion. "So what you're saying is that I'll make a sort of like a trailer or an opening for my future first published book if I ever did win for my entry? That's it?"

"Yup" Puffy said, her expression changed from enthusiastic to apologetic, "pardon for the confusion"

Tommy furrowed his brows, his eyes narrowing in the process. Puffy can see wheels running in circles inside his head by the level her student is thinking. He finally faced his professor with a straight face, eyes meeting with each other. "Puffy, I feel like there's a twist in that"

"Well, of course" Puffy mischievously smiles, "where's the fun in that if there is not a twist?"

Tommy clicked his tongue, why do teachers always have to be so vague? Mischievous? Dramatic in dropping the bomb? Not directing to the point, leaving their students to suffer in confusion? "This may sound easy, Tommy but the challenge is that you have to make a 20 page out of it without writing the whole story"

"A fucking what now?" Tommy immediately covered his mouth in disbelief with the news and with himself. Fucking great, he cussed in front of the teacher. "They expect me— us to write a 20 page without actually writing a whole story?"

"Yes" Tommy looked at his teacher with a horrified expression, his lips twitched when Puffy spoke to her mouth to continue. "Writing a chapter that maybe you have prepared beforehand is not allowed. Writing a whole story is not allowed. if this is violated then you ultimately fail"

"What am I going to write if I can't write those?" He regrets joining this competition, now he's facing his consequences for joining.

"I don't know" Puffy shrugged which made Tommy groan in annoyance and frustration. "don't tell this to anyone but a tip from me is to come up with a summary or a chapter that you may have already written but make sure not to drop any spoilers from your future first book, when you'll win, alright?"

"Huh" That doesn't help Tommy at all. In fact, it made his head hurt. He scratched his head, looking at the birch wood floor below him.

"Your topic is—" Puffy looked at him, "—Rebirth, Tragedy and Action"

Tommy's mouth shapes oval, his head bobbing at the thought he's thinking. That's not bad, at least it's not romance or similar. He shuddered, visually imagining what he's thinking. He doesn't know how to write romance nor is interested in the romance genre. He doesn't know how to make a progressive build-up between two characters that effectively. Sure he can write a side pairing in a story but writing detailed by detailed how their history went and all the endless pining? He can't do that.

"I can tell that you like the genres, can't you?"

Tommy's eyes widened, caught red handed by his professor nonetheless. "U-uhm yeah. I love angst and the plot twists I can pull in that genre, you see" He awkwardly scratched his head with a strained, forced smile which Puffy did not mind. She instead flashes him a knowing grin.

"Anywho, this isn't part of the mechanics or tips from the Noxcrew team but between the two of us, I advise you to make an entry that will leave the judges on edge or on a cliffhanger. Additionally, if ever you do win which I believe to, you will be given the chance to publish a full novel and the Noxcrew team can even make this novel into reality by making a television series out of it! How cool is that?"

If he does win, at least. Tommy's pessimist voice inside his head echoed. He shakes his head then smiles at his professor, headmistress and mentor. "Yeah but um, Puffy— when will the championships occur?"

"Hm" Puffy hummed, closing the folder she's holding and placing it on top of the coffee table in front of them. "I'm not sure but sometime next month or the first week of the month after that. Don't worry, the Noxcrew Management Team will send an email consisting of the event date, some forms you have to sign and an electronic copy of the folder that's on the table. Basically, the copy is reminding you of the more detailed instructions, format, rules and etcetera"

"Will there be a dress code?" Tommy asked, "the competition I've joined back then have dress codes the participants have to follow"

"Oh! Yes, I forgot to mention" Puffy leaned back at her seat with crossed arms. "There's a theme for you to follow! I think the theme is going to be light or dark academia or medieval. I'm aware that they haven't decided it yet but I'm sure it'll be part of the email they'll send"

"Do they know that I'm— you know? Theseus?"

"No," Puffy firmly stated, "they do not. I've created a new email for you, I'll share the details with you later and it's where they'll send updates and announcements. It could also be your business email, if you want to"

Tommy sighed in relief. After all, he still did not particularly trust the woman in front of him.  
"Thank you, ma'am"

"Your welcome, Tommy" Puffy smiled yet quickly turned into a serious look that teachers usually excelled at, "Tommy, your second identity is safe with me and I promise to keep it that way. I know you still don't trust me considering I'm almost never there during Circle's meetings and I understand but I promise you, that I'll never share this to anyone without asking for permission. And thank you, for letting me personally know"

Tommy gratefully smiled, "Thank you and your welcome too, Miss Puffy"

Puffy looked at the student in front of her, noticing Kristin's resemblance in him. Puffy sadly smiled towards the bittersweet memory back when she herself was a student in Esempi High. Both Kristin and her have been great friends since the other moved in but quickly their friendship fell apart when Kristin had been head over heels towards Phil when they established a relationship. The ravenette slowly became distant until their friendship cannot be salvaged. Well, Puffy wanted to. When both graduated college, Kristin moved back to her hometown, the Antarctic Empire States to continue her writing legacy and to reside there permanently while Puffy stayed in the Dream Esempi, the country she loved.

And they never have time to make up due to the news Sam has to deliver. Therefore, she never knew she had nephews to look after.

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9.24.2005.

*How is Puffy? That's my thought that's been bothering me lately. Where is she? Is she still in L'manburg Avenue? Does she have kids? Husband? Did she successfully became a teacher she dreamed of? Probably. I heard she's building a school from Sam but I still don't know about her personal life. Thinking back of my past actions and thinking what's the exact reason as to why our*

*friendship had fallen apart, I guess it's my fault. I've been too caught up with Phil who were my boyfriend back in the time, forgetting my best friend in the process. Does Sam think about that too? Surely not, we made up and now hanging out with Phil and I with event invites and dinner.*

*Anyhow, I really want to visit Puffy but this guilt and the prideful thought that she was in the wrong as I was keeps getting in the way. I really wanted to tell her about my wonderful children and want Puffy to be my youngest's godmother.*

*Someday, someday. When I'll heal from this stupid sickness.*

— Kristin

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"You remind me of your mother, Tommy" Puffy decided to share her thoughts. After all, in front of her is her son that looks and acts exactly like her. At least it seems like she's talking to her friend's counterpart

"Really?" Tommy perked up, straightening her posture and eyes leaning with curious glint

"Uh huh" Puffy nodded, yet her eyes did not stay at Tommy's but towards the beautiful bright blue sky visible in her sight that reminded her of Tommy's sharp eyes. "Even though you look like your father with facial features, the gentle look on your face whenever you're with your friends plus the teasing smirk resembles too much like Kristin. You even act like her too"

"How so?"

"She loves writing" Puffy hesitated, not sure if her past friend's younger son knew her mother as Lady Death. "Which— makes both of you similar. She has written assignment entries that involve creative writing for English and safe to say, both of you have similar writing patterns and format in terms of story writing. It made me feel a sense of *deja vu*, if that's the term I guess"

"How do you know her?" Tommy slowly asked with a small voice

"She's my—" Puffy licks her upper lips, thinking of what she's going to say. Whether to tell the

partial truth or a lie? "— my friend. We met during the first weeks of our freshman year and I guess we clicked"

She laughed although the other didn't. "Then why aren't you friends anymore? "

"W-what?"

"I mean- it's quite obvious, innit?" Tommy shrugged, "If you were still friends up until she died, I should've seen you talk with mum back then or to dad now or have family dinners not because Dream and Foolish were friends with my brothers but as your nephews? Or godson?"

"G-godson?" Puffy stuttered, head bubbling in confusion. How did Tommy know all of this? Did Phil tell him? No, that wouldn't be possible unless Kristin talked to him about their friendship falling apart

"Yeah? Mum wanted you to be my godmother when I was born, you know? It said so in the journal" Tommy nonchalantly replied, "It's because of Phil, wasn't it?"

"Tommy" Puffy narrowed her eyes, slowly dragging his name in a dramatic fashion. "What journal?"

Tommy just smirked and looked terrifyingly like his mother, "I thought you know, Miss Puffy? The journal mum usually writes her story on? Her new freshman year to her feelings to Phil to being Lady Death to her love life to her graduation to finally, her family? Don't you know?"

"You've read her journal?" Puffy gasped and exclaimed in disbelief, not believing what she's hearing. Kristin's leather bound journal or diary as she dubbed it once or twice is a secret that only she and Sam know. Even Phil didn't know! Although even if only she and Sam knew about it, they never once peeked into what's inside or its content. Just the leather brown cover in Kristin's matching leather handbag she usually brings. Puffy closed her mouth shut. Kristin would've hidden it from Phil if the said man remained clueless about her secrets. "Would've she kept it away—?"

Tommy tilted his head, watching Puffy' eyes widen and mouth hanging, "she did keep it away but I found it in our storage room in an old luggage. Probably from mum"

"Then how did—" Puffy shook her head

"How did I find the journal?" Tommy hummed, "Let's just say a little crow told me" He chuckled, choosing his words to be as vague as possible. Just like his mother.

Puffy's eyes squinted, as if doing an inspection to Tommy. She chooses to not budge her previous question, instead moving to the other one. "Is that the reason why you joined the writing competition? Because of your mother's past?"

Tommy sighed, "when Sam offered me to join the Circle, I hesitated and didn't come up with an answer immediately. As to why, well— guess I was just used to the fact that my brothers are better than me. I was in shock as to why he chose me, not Techno nor Wilbur but me. I mean, Techno loves history and literature and Wilbur songwrites and literature, as well. Why not them but me?"

Puffy resists the urge to speak up. To comfort Tommy. To stop what Tommy is saying. To stop Tommy's insecurities. But she holds it, wanting to hear more to further understand this context.

"Don't get me wrong, I love literature and history as well! Depending on the topic that is, but I love learning more about our country's past! Even if history books are incomplete, just ending with theories. It- it is still intriguing to learn! And don't get me started how history is associated with literature. Did you know Disk often writes poems during the Pogtopia Revolution? At least that's what the historians say, there's not yet proof but still. It's wonderful" Tommy babbled, flushing in red when he realized he shared too much of what he had learned and read. Seeing Puffy, she has a smile plastered across her and laughs slightly at the look Tommy made when he finally finished his rant.

"But- uh, I believe until now- like I don't even know how I won but I believe I have questionable writing skills and that's the reason why I resisted to join right away without thinking possible consequences" Tommy breathed, "But then I have a dream"

Puffy raised a brow, a dream? How is this connected? "I have a dream about a woman dressed in purple with black smudges robe and a wide brimmed hat with- with ridiculous danglings hanging below. She was carrying a baby and was singing an unfamiliar song that feels nostalgic for some odd reasons. And- and the last bit she stated a sort of riddle? Karl helped me solve it the next day and he said the answer is a storage room! And then the next thing I knew, I found a leather bag inside a luggage in our storage room where I found mum's things—" He finally finished, taking a long breath then looked at Puffy, "Look— I know you're not going to believe me but I—"

"No—" Puffy said, "No, no, no! I believe you" She smiled at him for the umpteenth time. Of course she believed him. The lady he describes sounds too much like Lady Death. Even in the afterlife, Kristin will always find a way to reach his son. She wonders, if the Craft Twins had vivid dreams

similar to Tommy's

"Oh" Tommy mumbled, his lips slowly developed into a small smile that Puffy could see. "Uhm-yeah"

"Did this Theseus' identity get inspired by Lady Death's character?"

"Uh- yes" Tommy looked down, "It's quite mesmerizing that people only know Lady Death by her literary works, not the person behind that black veil which mum intended it to be. Even by death, people still did not know who the person playing Lady Death was. Even the people who love creating theories did not find any loopholes and enough evidence to support their claims" Tommy softly grinned, "people tried to copy her ways but everyone knew no one can outdo the original. Rumors may be circulating currently about Theseus but I don't personally care"

"And that's good behavior, Tommy" Puffy grinned back then felt vibrations inside her pockets. It must be the timer she placed before talking with Tommy. "Well, this has been a nice talk Tommy but sadly, we have to end this short. I have a meeting with the Noxcrew to attend to but can I expect to have dinners and talks with you outside the school grounds? I'm sure my children would love to see you from time to time, as well"

"Of course Miss Puffy!"

"Just call me Puffy every time we talk privately, it's not that hard" Puffy playfully rolled her eyes, "Besides, you did call me that earlier albeit not being constant, but you still did call me that"

"I did?"

---

Tommy walked, his eyes landing on the blue and yellow butterflies, yellow dandelions and warm weather by the window. For once, the school was peaceful, at least in this secluded section of the campus Tommy is walking. The college students with their own visitors went back on the college campus while some high school students and their respective families already left the school early. Tommy sighed, Phil and Wilbur probably left too. He guesses he's used to it and frankly for his current state, he's grateful. He's free to do whatever he wants to do and this enables him to freely act himself without any restraints by his father. During the past two days of having visitors come over within the school grounds and during Wilbur and Tommy's short truce in that moment, both quite talked it out. They talked a few things about their new life experiences, how freshman and

senior year has been for them, how both felt about their other brother leaving. They discussed unusual things and Tommy even laughed at his jokes after such a long time!

They talked about the most interesting and weirdest thing but never their problems.

Techno has always been the one who'll usually confront emotions directly rather than waiting for the right time to come. Contrary to popular belief, he does not wait for anything less and will face his problems head on straight away before things get worse. Guess Tommy and Wilbur can never talk it out due to their own stubbornness without their brother.

Both knew they wanted to talk serious problems out but both waited for the right to come or when the two of them were in desperate measures.

The teacher and the students went on separate ways. The Captain walked towards the parking lot to travel towards their meeting area while Tommy walked further inside the school grounds. Tommy stopped and pulled out his camera Deo bought for him, capturing two stray cats playing with each other just below the tree's shade. It was cute and it will be such a waste to not capture their moment. He's currently in a hallway, just near the administration office so it's best for this place to not be quite as loud as other places seems to be to not disturb the offices.

Humming a song, Tommy looked at the photos his camera had taken, including photos that were taken the week before. Maybe he should use social media to post these beautiful photos he surprisingly captured in time. Looking up at the gradual noise, his eyes greeted at the sight of Ranboo and Tubbo. Oh great.

"Oh— hey Tommy!" Tubbo cheerfully grinned while the tallest of the three awkwardly waved behind the shorter's back. Tommy nodded, smiling a little for politeness. The last time they talked — it ended up with crying but at least three of them made up?

"Uhm, hello" Ranboo keeps his head down low, his eyes keeps looking up and down, not sure where to look

"Hi" Tommy greeted, he put his camera away, deciding to get out of the scene as fast as he could before something would happen.

"Wait—" Ranboo stopped Tommy from completely leaving, Tubbo frowning who's now beside him, "Uhm- sorry but we're looking for Phil and Wil?"

Tommy raised a brow, "didn't they leave early? For unknown reasons?"

"And you didn't come with them?" Tubbo tilted his head

Tommy scoffed, "eh. They do that all the time"

Tubbo's frown deepened while Ranboo looked rather shocked, as if not believing they would do that. What's wrong with them? "Anyways, I have to go but if you want to then just visit them at the manor. Both of you have access, anyways"

Ranboo, quite guilty, nodded, "ah yes, yes. Thank you"

Tommy shrugged, waving his hands before continuing his journey to the headquarters. Yet he stopped, again. Looking back, he sees Ranboo and Tubbo are not moving, instead watching the blonde leave wherever he's going. That's kind of creepy, Tommy thinks. "Uh- I'm curious but why are you looking for them? Not that I cared or anything but yes, why?"

"Didn't you know?" Tubbo said, his arms slowly crossing themselves. "Wilbur's upset because he and his band lost the singing competition, again. Well- the group performance placed them first runner up but the solo, he placed second. A guy named Jared? From STEM, won"

"Jared? Isn't that the guy Sally replaced Wilbur with?" Tommy asked, incredulous

"Who's Sally?" Ranboo decided to join in the conversation but got ignored by the two

"Yup" Tubbo shortly replied and sighed. "Phil also seems upset. He's probably comforting Wilbur now or something"

Comforting? Tommy scoffed. Wait— "Wilbur lost?"

"Uh yeah?" Ranboo said, confused at Tommy's question. Didn't Tubbo say that earlier?

Oh no. Tommy plastered a smile, "oh, sorry. I just heard the name Jared and didn't hear the rest but I have to go now, bye!"

"Oh! Wait! Tommy!" Tubbo is now the one who called the blonde who's a couple steps away from. Tommy looked at him with a curious, quite annoyed expression. "Freddie, Aimsey, Ranboo's younger brother, Ranboo and I are having a study session in L'manburg's local library for the exams next week and we wanted to invite you?"

"Sure" Tommy answered, "Why is Ranboo's younger brother is invited though?"

"He wants to come. He's applying for this school's scholarship and entrance exams are nearing so he wants to study ahead. If it's alright with you?"

"I mean- sure, yeah. " Tommy shrugged, turning his attention back to return to the old classroom for the Literary Circle to use, unaware of the two excitedly smiling at the back. Ranboo's younger brother? Interesting.

---

"Tommy! Come on!" Dream called, motioning the young teen. All of them are now in the backgate's parking lot, each group having their respective vehicle. Dream is hitching on Sapnap's ride where Bad, the black haired foster father is the one driving. George, Karl and Quackity are joining their ride as well, Tommy dubbing their ride as 'The Feral Boys, featuring an actually stable adult' ride. The others are either with Sam, who's actually fun outside the campus grounds or with their own vehicles.

Tommy is riding with the famous six with the van used a month ago for their ride.

"Wait a second!" Tommy swore under his breath. He has been calling Wilbur for the past ten minutes, and he won't pick up. It's not like he's worried about him, he's worried about what he's going to do. Besides, he needs an update. He promised to Techno to look out for him in a subtle manner, after all! "Fuck it"

"Who are you calling?" Luke tiptoed to look at Tommy's phone, seeing Wilbur Soot's dial number on screen. "Why are you calling him?"

"I'm worried about what Phil's going to do" Tommy faced Luke, his eyes looking so lost and not

catching up to Tommy's statement. "Uh— Wilbur didn't place first in his singing contest. Both the group and solo performance. Phil threatened him that he'll end the band contract and will forced Wilbur himself to join a Geography course if he won't place first, which he did"

Luke's face morphed into a surprised reaction, shocked at the news he's hearing from Tommy's mouth. Shock was an understatement. How could a father do this to his son? He lost his youngest ages ago, recently lost his middle and now having the possibility to also lose his oldest? He's not even a father at this point. "What the fuck"

"Guys— Dream and the rest are going ahead so we have to—" Bitzel paused, feeling as if he interrupted an important talk between two of his closest friends. "What happened? Why does Luke look so angry? Tommy, why do you look so concerned? What the fuck is happening?"

"Apparently, Phil is a shittier father than we expected" Luke grits out, snarling. Bitzel nervously laughs, he may have anger issues but Luke is worse when he's seriously mad. "Uh what?"

"Shit! Why is he not fucking responding?" Tommy yelled, stomping towards the van, still looking at his phone leaving the two behind

"Seriously, what's happening?" Bitzel rubbed Luke's back to soothe his inner anger out. Luke breathed in and out, shaking his head when he finished. "I'll explain on the way"

---

"Hello! Welcome to Sally's Beach House Diner, how may I help you?" A young ginger haired girl recited with a bright smile. She was wearing a steampunk outfit, Tommy can notice. With the Bronze Steampunk Goggles she's wearing on top of her head, the sturdy corset visible to everyone and a poet's shirt underneath with too many vintage accessories and the white and brown mixed long skirt? It's noticeable to everyone. Admirable to Tommy's eyes.

Not until Tommy recognized her face, that is. "Sally?"

The ginger got taken back, so did everyone. "Tommy?"

"You two knew each other?" Sam interrupted, looking back and forth between the two.

"Yeah, " Tommy breathed, "We're um- friends? I guess"

"Yeah" Sally scratched her head, "uh- anyways, how may I help you?"

"Right" Sapnap looked at Tommy then to Sally repeatedly, with a strain smile plastered on his face, "uhm- our reservation, please?"

"Oh! Right" Sally hummed, quickly striding towards the front desk to look at her desktop, "Name for the reservation, please?"

"Puffy WasTaken" Dream answered, "Oh, did she arrive first? Is she here?"

"Ah, yes. You must be her friends or relatives! She's already in the celebration place, just near the shore" Sally replied with a smile, "Do you want the food to be served already?"

"Just the appetizers. For the main course, you can serve it later by seven" Bad said, flashing back a smile to the younger female

"Noted!" Sally saluted, typical Sally. "You can go ahead and explore the seashore! The place is all yours. Have fun!"

"Thanks!" Karl beamed, taking his boyfriends' hands with him. As the others slowly leave to go to the celebration place, Tommy firmly stands his ground who's staring at Sally with a curious expression. Sam, who was the last to leave, looked at him with a question written in his face which Tommy replied back with a nod. Sam hesitated yet followed his group out, leaving Sally and Tommy inside. Since Puffy reserved the whole Diner as a whole, no customers were seen. Just the waiter and waitress roaming around the area, Sally and Tommy. Speaking of Sally—

"Didn't know you own this place, considering the restaurant's name" Tommy shrugged, leaning towards the front desk with both his arms leaning on top of the space.

"Yes, uhm, I bought it with my own savings" Sally looked up and smiled, laughing awkwardly

"With your own savings or from our dear father?" Tommy slyly smirked when Sally paused from

what she's doing

"Wh-what do you mean?" Sally chuckled nervously. Tommy can see her flinch from his stare and from his tone. Tommy notices her hand opening and closing from time to time with her left shaking, it's clear she's nervous and it's clear Tommy's suspicions are right. "What do I mean?" He scoffed

"Don't act surprised, Sal. You broke up with Wilbur not only because of his mental health issues and jealousy of Jared but because Phil gave you money for you to break up with him. Am I right or am I correct?" Hand under chin with a slightly tilted face, Tommy decided to continue his taunting. A good hack to expose someone, he learned from the very actions of his childhood best friend, Achilles. "You obviously couldn't refuse, no matter how much you love Wilbur because you and your family are short in budget so of course, you have to take the money? Innit?"

"I thought Phil didn't tell" Sally trailed off, looking down below with dead expression

"Father dearest didn't because if he did? Wilbur would chase after you and that's not what Phil would want" Tommy playfully pouted then laugh, "I just know because it's obvious. I solved the puzzle, I connected the dots. Now I want real answers from the suspect herself. Why did Phil offer you money?"

Sally finally looked up with teary eyes, hands wiping the tears threatening to spill. "Because Phil doesn't want me, okay? Phil doesn't want me because I'm poor, a high school drop out and my family doesn't have the best reputation. He says I'm too 'low' for his son and doesn't know how Wilbur sees the good in me. There. There's your fucking answer. Happy?"

"Oh, definitely" Tommy fixed his posture, stretching his back and yawning. "Sorry about that, I just want answers, that's all. Anyways, I have to go and see what my family is up to. Toodles"

"Wait" Sally wiped her tears, inhaling and exhaling to maintain a stable breathing. Tommy turned around with a noise, tilting his head to the side. "I- how's Wilbur? Jared didn't mention how he's doing in classes and him as a whole. Is he alright?"

"Huh" So she still loves Wilbur. Tommy thought. "Wilbur's alright, I guess. Slowly getting better from his twin brother leaving but I'm not sure about now since he technically did lose the singing competition held by the Intramurals"

"Oh" Sally chewed her bottom lip, "But um— if it's- never mind"

"You know, if you want to visit Wilbur, just go to the campus or something. But I'm not sure if Jared would be happy, you know— possessive tendencies" Tommy sheepishly whispered yet his voice is still loud to hear. Sally didn't say anything but nodded, eyes drooping low and hands still shaking below the desk. "Anywho, I really have to go. Nice talking with you!"

Sally watched him leave, watched as the glass door shut closed. There's a reason why Sally is always hesitant to be around Craft younger than any of the family members and it's because of that. He strikes while the iron is still hot no matter how cold the weather is.

---

"More victory to come for our Prince Theseus!" Quackity yelled, toasting a glass of wine as everyone followed suit with their own drinks. Both Foolish and Dream yelled in a victorious manner as they hugged Tommy tightly, Drista following. Tommy grinned happily, hugging them back. The sun is about to set, an orange color shone their reception with noises of the waves splashing across the seashore. The beach is quite near from where they're standing, making it a nice view to end the successful day. Hanging lights were decorated above them, chairs that surround the tables are scattered accordingly, a mini stage where Quackity is currently standing is placed in front with a standing microphone and instruments in the background for the musical artists Deo rented to use. Coincidentally, the weather is fair. An average speed if wind is blowing on to their faces and the weather is quite chilly for them to create a bonfire later tonight.

It's perfect in Tommy's eyes. And this is made just for him.

"Why are most of our students drinking alcoholic beverages? They're minors for goodness sake!" Bad reprimanded, a disappointed frown displayed in his face. The teachers beside him shakes their head in amusement

"Let them have fun, Bad" Sam rolled his eyes, chugging down his own drink. "Besides, this is outside the school grounds. Rules are not applicable here"

"But- but we're teachers for gracious sake, we should set a good role model for them to follow!" Bad whined, covering his face with both his hands. Skeppy placed a comforting hand on his back, although his face was about to laugh. "Don't worry Bad, they can drink and we're here as adults to make sure they have a limited consumption of alcohol to prevent them from getting drunk. Besides, Foolish is an adult and seniors are turning eighteen! It's alright" Puffy sipped her wine, watching the view in front of them, not particularly worrying about Bad's current problem

"They're right hubby! You know, you really need to relax and take a break from your work, don't you think?" Skeppy offered his glass of wine to his husband, "here, drink mine"

---

Bad huffed and aggressively accepted the drink, "whatever"

"Oh! You must be Tommy!" Luke's sister offered a hand, the rest of the famous six are with them. "I'm Beau Tee! Luke's half sister, nice to meet 'ya!"

"Oh God" Luke groaned, "Now my last name is also exposed"

"Uh- nice to meet you too?" Tommy accepted Beau's hand and shakes it, "You know, you seem familiar"

"Yey! Another girl joining our group!" Drista clapped her hand, Bitzel facepalm

"I am?" Beau asked, and got taken back. She immediately lights up once an Imaginary light bulb turns on inside her head, "Wait— I am! You're Tommyinnit from fourth grade, aren't you? The one who participates in all events the school holds? I actually idolize you like how the fuck do you have time to join contests inside and outside the school?"

"Yup. That's me" Tommy sheepishly smiled, "and you're Beau who tried to cut someone's hair in class—"

"And— we'll stop there" Beau patted Tommy's arm, face sheepish than Tommy's reaction

"The world is really small, huh?" Bitzel murmured

"You both know each other?" Luke's face looked offended, can't believe what his sister was spouting nonsense. "Before me? That's fucked up"

"Oh get over it Luke" Beau rolled her eyes, arms crossed, "I thought you're mature?"

Luke narrowed his eyes as a warning, "Oh you little—"

Suddenly, Tommy plucks his phone out from his pockets when he feels phone vibrations in his pocket. Deo moved over to Tommy, curious to see who's calling, "Wait- why is Phil calling you?"

"Phil called Tom?" Niki yelled across from where she's sitting at

"Phil is calling who now?" Karl stand up as Sam turned off the music speakers

Tommy looked at the phone he's holding, dread filled his mind. Phil never calls Tommy unless it's important. He normally messages him to come home which is actually rare to send someone to come and get the younger so receiving a phone call from his very own father is surprising and dreadful. He slid the dial to the side, accepting his call. This is certainly bad news.

"Who the fuck is Phil" Beau asked to his brother beside her which the other tugged her closer to whisper something in her ear, "Oh. So Phil is the bitch of a father then? Alright, noted"

"Sh! Shut up!" Luke hit his sister's elbow a couple times, not hard to leave a bruise

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"Uh yes, hello dad?"

"Tommy" Shuffling noises is heard in the background, "wherever you are, go home"

"What- why?" His heart is pounding frantically internally. His mind circling around like cogs trying to work out. His hands involuntarily shaking. Muffling voices heard in his own background as the silence went louder and louder. Why is everything so loud? Who touched him? Why does he have to go to the hospital? No. Hospitals remind him too much of his mother dying. No matter how young he was when Kristin died, he can still picture her blood. Wounds. What? Why?

"Wilbur committed suicide"

Because it's always Phil's fault.

## Chapter End Notes

My thoughts (not in order) in writing this chapter for like a month) Oops I accidentally killed a character lol. Tommy can be psychotic sometimes, yes yes. Beau as Luke's younger sister? Genius and I don't know where I got that idea. I wrote an 8k+ word chapter?? At what cost?? Tommy's duality though. SLAY (and a bunch after that)

Anywho, I'm sorry for the late upload. I did tell you guys that this maybe published later than what I expected (did i?) And, the ao3 author curse is now following me:D

This month has been the unluckiest month for me. I got food poisoning, headache, need glasses, broken eyesight, school started, failed test scores and more! Why did I even become a writer in the first place?

Anyway I won't rant on u guys since that'll be boring lmao and just wanted to say that this chapter is the second to the last chapter of this fic! One more chapter to go and we will meet the end of this fic. Don't worry!! I'm planning to make a new story about dsmp high school trope (I think??) After a short break!! So cheer up everyone!! (I'm not even sure if you'll like the ending? I don't know hshshs)

Also, I'll make a chapter (a bonus) listing DC facts and head canons that I wasn't able to write. I may post it here or not, but you can certainly find it in my Wattpad acc! Follow me there!

And yes, DC! Wilbur is dead. He's off to another reality just like in canon except he's not in Utah. Not also in the afterlife. He's just dead.

OH AND DREAM FACE REVEAL SOON?? DTEAM FINALLY MEETING UP?  
YES IM LATE BUT IDC

## epilogue

### Chapter Summary

***Wilbur Soot Craft Passed Away Due To Suicide At The Age Of 17***

***By Summer Brooklyn***

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

***Wilbur Soot Craft Passed Away Due To Suicide At The Age Of 17***

***By Summer Brooklyn***

***Wilbur Soot Craft, son of Philza Craft, committed suicide yesterday afternoon, 21st of October, 2015 at exactly, 5:26 pm. He was proclaimed dead as of 6:00 pm in L'manberg Avenue General Hospital. Wilbur Soot Craft, 17 years old, was the oldest of the three Craft brothers and was a third year student in Esempi High. He was also known to be an indie singer and composer with trending hits such as, "Your New Boyfriend ". Lovejoy, a band formed by Wilbur Soot Craft himself, announced to be in an indefinite hiatus due to the saddened news of their lead singer and friend.***

***Philza Craft will be announcing more news in a press conference happening tomorrow morning, 23rd of October, 2015 at 8:00 am regarding this unfortunate and sudden news. We are still waiting for Techno Blade Craft's, twin brother of Wilbur Soot Craft, response about this situation.***

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The rain is pouring, slow and comforting despite the unfortunate occasion. The skies are gray, sad and gloomy. People are wearing black, a signature uniform to respect the dead. Black umbrellas were open and wide, covering the crying and teary individuals from the droplets of rain.

Tommy was at the far back, his eyes twitching in irritation once Phil walked in front with a prepared speech stored in his cerebrum, words are probably filled with false emotions and fake messages. His fist tightened, only to stop when Deo pulled him closer in a warm side embrace. Right, his friends are with him including Dream and Foolish, for support and to pay respect to the dead. Fuck, that's weird. It seems like it was yesterday where his heart held an unhealthy amount of malice towards Wilbur. Here he is now, tears are running down his flushed cheek, only to be wiped again by his handkerchief.

He may understandably hate his brother but he is still his brother after all. That love and idolatrous feeling towards his brothers are still there. Hidden but still present.

"Why did he leave the time we are actually getting along? That's unfair" Tommy asked, particularly no one. Deo remained silent, letting him express his feelings. But Tommy did not speak afterwards, only quietly sobbing, muffled due to Deo's shirt in the way. He felt Deo's head move to their right direction and nodded, although the blonde didn't pay no mind, finding comfort in Deo's comfortable sweater. Deo soothingly rubbed his back before pulling away to which Tommy replied with a whine, confused as to why he did the act. Both eyes met with each other, the brunette shifted his eyes between the blonde and a figure in the right direction he had been facing for a minute. Tommy switched his attention to the figure coming closer. Due to the tears clouding, his eyesight has been quite blurry, making it impossible to see the figure clearly in such a far distance.

He sees Deo smile reassuringly to the blonde before walking towards the back, despite the progressing build up of the bad weather, where Dream and Foolish with the rest have been standing. Tommy chortles when he sees Luke scolding him while lending him an umbrella, realizing that Tommy is holding Deo's supposed umbrella.

"Hey" Tommy quickly looked to his right, widening his eyes in disbelief once he saw the figure earlier, now clearly. Phil's eulogy is coming to an end and Tommy doesn't really want to share his speech to the crowd, preferring it to be personal. Techno is not here, making Tommy the replacement of giving a eulogy instead of Wilbur's twin. But Techno is— here.

"Tech?" Tears formed in his eyes, for the second or third time, he lost count, time this day, once he saw Techno. Both are caught up in a comforting, teary and tight hug, both having their own tears spilling. "You're here, you're really here"

"Of course, Wilbur would haunt me if I won't" Both tearfully chuckled. Their voices are hushed when speaking, not wanting to disturb the commotion happening in front and Tommy assumes Techno wouldn't want to shift everyone's attention to his return. Temporary return, he also assumes. A corner in his eye, he sees Ranboo comforting Phil who just finished his speech while

Schlatt stepped in front to begin with his speech.

"Do you think he's in a better place now?" Techno started, both still in a tight hug

"He's with mum, I think" Tommy rested his head on his brother's shoulder, "By now, he's reincarnated to another person. Be it as a king or an ordinary person. Or a person planning to build a nation or just a citizen, I'm sure he's in a good place"

"Yeah," Techno sadly smiled, "Guess he's free from the pressure now"

Both stayed in their position, watching things unfold in front. In another perspective, Techno can't help but blame himself for not noticing it sooner. Blaming himself for leaving Wilbur and Tommy so soon and not bringing them with him. Blaming himself for not apologizing to him sooner. Blaming himself for not being there with his twin, his one and only twin that he's with from birth to growing up. He blames himself for Wilbur's death.

"I can hear your thoughts, Techno. Stop that" Tommy said, now looking up to face him. "It's not your fault and it's not mine but Phil's. You should know that"

"Yeah but what would happen if I was there in their argument? What if I didn't run away and intervene in Wilbur's reckless plans? There's tons of what if's running in my mind Theseus, and I can't help but blame myself for what the results came out. I could've stopped this but I didn't!"

"I could've stopped it too. I didn't run away, in fact, we interacted and I could've intervened in the argument before things went south. But no. I went off to see my friends because we were celebrating to a happy memory that I'll surely cherish so if you think you have a part in Wilbur's death, then I have too"

"Both of you shouldn't really blame yourselves nor blame others. It's unhealthy and not true" Both whipped their heads to the back to see Dream and Foolish, both in a black and formal attire. "Supposed your what if's happens, we still don't know if Wilbur's death will be stopped or not. We do not know if it is really fate we can intervene or destiny we cannot do anything about. Besides, Wilbur wouldn't want to see you both like this. He does not want to see his baby brothers blaming themselves"

The Craft brothers did not reply, now pulled each other out from the embrace. Both Foolish and Dream shared a glance before crushing the other two with another hug, as tight as before. At the far

back, Tommy saw Drista and the rest smiling, emotionally. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the hug. Prime, he wishes Wilbur is here and joins them.

Tommy pulled out first, seeing the other three in a hug and whispering reassurance with each other. Umbrella now gone. He softly smiled in amusement. A blue butterfly flew in his direction, a flock of doves flying above. He smiled.

"Uh Tommy?" Tubbo called quietly yet his eyes looked at Techno in disbelief

"Tubbo?"

"Um, Phil is calling you up for your eulogy"

Techno wiped his tears and rubbed his eyes before nodding at Tommy. The blonde smiled and looked at the short brunette in front of him, "We'll be there"

"We?" Tubbo asked with a tilt

"Yeah, Wilbur's brothers are going to be there"

And later that day, Tommy saw a hoard of sheeps.

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12.20.1999

*I just came home from the hospital with two new family members. My first born only for a couple minutes or hours? Either way, I do not know but I know that Wilbur Soot Craft, my Apollo, will be the greatest older twin to Techno Blade Craft, my Lycomedes.*

*Oh I wish to be able to see their future going well*

— Wilbur and Techno's mother, Kristin

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Tommy entered his so-called office, flicking the light switch on his way. It was the day after the funeral and it was still surreal to think that Wilbur was gone. Wilbur who Tommy just made a truce and agreement three or four days ago. Wilbur who he idolized and who he hated. He sighed. He passed a mirror on the way, stopping suddenly to speculate his dark and heavy eyebags he carried under his blue eyes. His hair a mess and clothes he slept in, he looked like a mess himself. He shrugged and continued his way to his office he renovated a month ago after he discovered this abandoned yet beautiful place. No one seemed to claim the property so he took the role himself.

But here he was, planning to have a final look before packing his things away.

The famous six suggested to live together, inviting Tommy to come along to which he dubiously agreed after much persuasion. But thinking about it now, he does not really want to live with Phil. A monster of a father that made Techno ran away and for Wilbur to commit simply due to his own ideals. He does not want to live in an empty and lonely manor that brings him only painful memories and lonely feelings. Living with Deo and the rest, it'll be chaotic, he thinks but he's willing to partake in the said chaos. Furthermore, he's planning to bring Eryn and his family with him. He'll be crazy to leave Eryn, his first friend, at the hand of Philza Minecraft. There's a great possibility for Phil to fire house servants and hire another one, paying them to keep their mouth shut from sharing their family's revelation to the public, not that Tommy cared, he'll be gone before things go out of hand. Besides, he'll be paying Eryn due to savings and Wilbur's bank account that has been named as his before he died.

Guess he really did prepare it, huh?

Did he also know that he's going to lose the event? Is that the reason why he spends his time on Tommy an hour before his performance rather than go off practicing, even if his bandmates are already on campus? Maybe. Maybe he hoped that Phil could be understanding and decided to not cut their band agreement and contract off. Maybe Phil's threat is false. Maybe but nonetheless, Wilbur prepared and that means he's been planning to commit anyway.

Wish Tommy noticed sooner.

"T-tommy?" Tommy's thoughts vanished, he blinked. Sitting on the couch was his father, the person who he hated the most. How did he get here? He questioned himself. Looking at him with a sullen stare, he noticed the dried stain of tears on his flushed, probably from drinking from the alcoholic bottles sprawled on the floor Tommy recently cleaned, cheeks. His hair's a mess, gray

and silver hair visible from the golden light. "Phil"

He saw him wince, sitting up almost immediately causing him to grip his forehead, probably from a headache. Tommy's blue eyes watched as the person in front of him struggled to get up.

"Tommy! W-what are you doing here?" Tommy watched as the smile come up as strained and sheepish

"No, what are you doing here?" the younger narrowed his eyes, "I should be the one who's asking you that"

"W-what do you m-mean?" Phil scratched his head as he watched his son cross his arms and narrowed his eyes.

"This is my place Phil, what are you doing here?"

"Y-your place? This is Kristin's! Your mother!" Phil answered, confusion clouded his mind

Tommy pursed his lips, he knew it. This place was where Phil confessed to Kristin, a precious wholehearted story once upon a time. "Mother intended to give me this room, Phil so it is actually, my place as well"

"Kristin didn't tell you that"

"Oh she did, in her journal" Tommy's eyes were filled with a determination that Phil hadn't seen before, mainly because he was too busy to notice to which he regretted. "Kristin — has a journal?"

"Ironic that her husband did not know" Tommy scoffed mockingly

"I am your father and you should not answer me that way, answer me properly Thomas" He demanded

"Father? You dare to call yourself a father? Answer me Phil, does a father drive their son to run away due to the countless pressure you have invoked upon him? Does a father drive their son to their death because of the threat you have placed?" Tommy walked forward towards Phil's

direction. He stopped when he's a few steps away from his father, his head standing firm and expression filled with hatred and disgust. "Does a father neglected his youngest son and eventually, emotionally adopted a random kid whom the said youngest son met, leaving him in the dust. Tell me Phil, does a father do that?"

Phil looked away from his intense and serious stare, ashamed. He knows it's him who he just described and he knows he's not a good father, far more than that. He's the worst who doesn't deserve his children.

Tommy sneered at him, "Don't look at me with that pitiful expression, Phil. You know you did this by yourself, you ruined not only our family but yourself in the process of having the best and ideal rich family everyone stereotypically wants"

Phil, about to open his mouth, got stopped by Tommy. "Don't even try to apologize. What you did is unforgivable" Phil noticed the small tears, disguising itself with sweat, dripping from his youngest son's blue eyes. Is Tommy's eyes really that sparkly blue? From this angle, Tommy looks angelic despite the situation. It reminds him of— his late wife. God, he wished he noticed it sooner. He touched his own cheeks, feeling slightly moist and wet from his own cheeks. Is he crying?

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*"Phil" Kristin tearfully covered her mouth in disbelief, tears threatening to escape from her eyes, "You—you willingly give this room, this place for free? To me? Wh-why? I don't deserve it"*

*Phil smiled, walking forward to reach her. Both heads are centimeters apart, Kristin looking up while Phil stared at her lovingly eyes. "Kristin, I love you, for such a long time. Ever since I saw you on the first day of our freshman year, Prime, I fell in love with you. I thought I could catch your attention quickly like most girls I've come across with but you— you're different. You carry that loathsome look in your eyes whenever you look at me and I wasn't discouraged at all! In fact, it was the opposite. It made me want to chase you even more"*

*Kristin felt her heart palpitating, beating fast in each anticipation. Her face flushed in red as soon as she heard his confession, lips with dark purple color pursed together.*

*"When I found out we were partners on that specific project we did months ago, I was ecstatic to know more about you. I was excited to work with you. So when we finally had a decent conversation, I paid attention to it all. You're friends with Nook and Puffy, a scholar, wants to be a writer someday, favorite subject is English and finally, loves reading"*

*Kristin's eyes widened in surprise, he remembered it all? Looking back, she remembered how focused Phil is, how he was nodding and asking questions here and there and adding personal comments whenever Kristin shared something most people got usually bored of. Her heart skipped a beat and smiled emotionally.*

*"Walking to get my mind off, I find this alleyway to which it leads me to this place. This place was owned by a neighbor to whom I don't really know. She was moving to Origins Esempi and did not know what to do with this place so I decided to buy it from her which she graciously accepted. To be truthful with you, I originally did not know what to do with this place other than my little hangout area considering, my home life isn't that great—but then I thought about you" Phil ranted then paused, taking a look at the female in front of him who looks so beautiful especially under the yellow glow from the chandelier. "I remembered you like reading so I hired a construction team to improve this place which they marvelously did"*

*"Phil— you shouldn't have done that! This is too much!" Kristin argued*

*"Kristin Rose Diomedes, I am wishing to court you. Fuck, there I said it" Phil chuckled anxiously, "With this small library place, I offer this as my first gift to you and I do hope you'll accept it"*

*Small? Has Phil Craft lost his mind? Does he think this place is small? This place is huge! Twice bigger than her small cottage which she and her mother lives in back in the Antarctic Empire, her hometown. Kristin opened her mouth before gasping, realizing what Phil had just said. Courtship? Did he mention courting? What? "What?"*

*Phil's sheepish smile slowly turned into a conflicted frown, "Huh?"*

*"Courtship? Are you serious, Phil? Is this one of your little games?"*

*Phil stood straight, "What do you mean? Of course I'm serious, Kristin! I love you and want to spend my life with you until eternity"*

*"Why me Phil? I'm poor, belong in a peasant family, I'm not beautiful, I can't afford things— your parents probably have someone in mind for you like most upper-class parents do! Phil, you can't be with me"*

*Phil held Kristin's hands and kissed them with a single peck each, "Kris, you are the most*

*wonderful and beautiful person I have ever met in my entire life. I don't care if you're poor or whatsoever. I love you for your personality, I fell in love with you because of your adorably grumpy attitude. I love you as a whole and as a person, not for your social class and not for looks — only a little bit"*

*"You sly bastard" Kristin playfully slapped Phil's shoulder, genuinely chuckling. "Phil— I-I love you too, so much. But what about your parents? Do they know about this?"*

*"I don't care about my parents, Kris. I don't care about their preferences of women that I am to be partnered with until the rest of my life nor their dictatorship about my life. They have controlled and manipulated me enough, I don't want them to take away my only happiness as well" Phil pulled Kristin close and kissed on top of her head, "I don't care if we have to run away in order to get married and have a wondrous life or for me to be disowned from the Craft family. I don't care. Besides, I don't want my future kids to be involved with them, anyway. I'll treat my children right, opposite to what my parents did to me"*

*"You're already thinking of children, Phil? Really?"*

*"Why of course, my lady. We need someone in this relationship to plan ahead, am I right darling?"*

*"Oh shut up" Kristin looked up to meet her lover's eyes, "You'll be a great father and husband, Phil"*

*Phil returned the smile back, "And you'll be the greatest wife and mother, Kris"*

*That very same night, air filled with love and joy from the newly promised couple, a black cat passed the door.*

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Tommy looked at the crestfallen person in front of him, both settling in an uncomfortable silence as the other was lost in deep thoughts while the other didn't know what to do. Should he escape and get away from here? Should he stay and endure Phil the whole time? Either way, he does not know. So he stayed, even if his mind said the opposite. Maybe this is the best time to—

*"Your mother would be so proud of you, Tommy" Tommy looked at him with an expression the other couldn't quite place. Disbelief? Curiosity? Or nothing at all? He continued, "She has seen W-*

Wilbur and Techno grown up, even for just the short beginning period of their lives but you, you were barely developing your cognitive skills at the time she left us. And seeing you enduring the pain this family has caused—I have caused, she would be proud of you for not giving up. And to be truthfully speaking, that's enough for me"

Tommy remained silent, arms crossing while finding the wooden floor interesting. Phil chewed his bottom lip, "I don't care, for what it's worth, if I'm not forgiven. Even until my last dying days. Witnessing you have grown up to be an independent man, is enough for me"

"That is the thing, Phil" Tommy sighed, "I grew up way too early. I became independent at the ripe age of six or even younger than that! Both of us know it's not the right way of growing up! I need a parental figure, Phil. I needed my brothers! And don't give me the 'witnessing you growing up' bullshit, you were never there, mind I fucking remind you"

Phil sorrowfully nodded, not having the takes of replying or arguing. He just stood there, accepting his fate and what Tommy had said and will be saying. After a short silence, he gathered himself to speak up. "I know I haven't been the best father, the best parental figure but—"

"You were never a father, in the first place" Tommy sobbed, "You are merely a stranger that disguises themselves as a father. A figure whose role is to guide his children to his own beliefs and not to love them equally or nothing at all. A person who have lost parental capability and the right mindset once his wife had died"

"Believe me, Phil" Tommy hoarsely laughed, filled with different kinds of emotions, "You're just like us, your children I mean. After mother died, you changed so suddenly without taking a moment to grieve. Or your way of grieving is by busying oneself to work? Who knows? But it's obvious innit?"

"What?" Phil hesitantly asked, trying to figure out where is this leading to

"You lost the right mindset, having your mental health deteriorate slowly after knowing mother is sick. Wilbur started to have suicidal thoughts and depression for who knows why. Maybe because of the pressure? Maybe because of Sally breaking up with him out of the blue? Then Techno slowly started breaking until he can never take it anymore" Tommy narrowed his eyes, "Do you see the pattern, Phil? The resemblance?"

Tommy sadly smiled, "This family is a mess from the start. All it takes to crumble is mum leaving"

And that's when Phil felt that pang in the chest. And Prime, it hurts. He started crying uncontrollably, and couldn't take it in anymore. He doesn't care if it's embarrassing, he just can't take it. What Tommy said is true. As he now begins to slowly realize it, Kristin was just a pillar that held the family together and that family crumbled down to the ground once Kristin died. And that is true. It hurts.

"I'm moving out, Phil" Tommy looked at his father rather awkwardly, he's not that type of person to comfort a crying man. But hey, he deserves it. Phil looks at him with wide eyes, muttering a "what?" before collapsing on the couch. In the position he's standing, seeing Phil acting hysterical despite the reason behind it, seems new, amusing and awkward. Phil was always a stoic, strict and collected man and it was a new feeling seeing him like this, for the very first time in his sad, unfortunate life. "I-uhm, I don't think it's good to be living in the same home. Besides, the manor wasn't a home in the first place. It's more like a prison that suffocates me, that's what"

"B-but why? We ca-can change the ma-manor i-if you want? I don't want to lose another son— you're only the only one left"

'Guess I was always just the last choice, huh?' Tommy kept his mouth shut, not bothering to say it out loud. "Ranboo would be able to still visit you, Tubbo too with your good friend Schlatt"

"b-but"

"I'm also taking Eryn and his father with me"

"Huh? Them? Wait— why this s-sudden decision?"

"I wanted to leave, years ago. Even when I was just a little kid. Techno's running away saga was almost the go signal for me but I made a promise and that promise held me back, and now that promise is gone" Tommy looked at him straight in the eye, "No one is holding me captive anymore. That was my final straw"

"I- where will you be staying? Why are you bringing Eryn and his father with you?"

"Firstly, I'll be staying away from here, obviously. However, I won't be exchanging schools until I graduate my senior year in Esempi High so you would be able to see and visit me there, I guess but don't be assured that I would like to see you. In fact, I do not want you to visit me indefinitely. And

second, Eryn is my childhood friend. He has a special place in my sunken heart and leaving him in the manor seems and feels wrong, so I'm bringing him, with his father of course, with me. I'll be paying them regularly for salary still but with my own money from my savings so do not fret"

"I—" Phil pursed his lips in concentration. He really did think this out. "I can give you money for bill payments and—"

"No need" Tommy replied quickly, "As you said earlier, I am independent. I can find money on my own and I do not want to live by myself that easily, depending on your money. I have my own savings and I am thinking of having a side work for future expenses"

"A-are you sure?"

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Tommy paused for a moment or two before continuing, "Yes, I am. I never needed you before, Phil. What changes now?"

*"This tower, was where I tried to kill myself"*

*That line haunts Apollo. Shivers ran up across his skin, his spine and in his heart, he felt a pang. A pang that brought him up to his imagination. He's going to kill Dolos, similar to what he did to his dear little brother except, it's much worse. He's going to murder him, repeatedly, countless times of stabbing and he does not care if it is going to take long.*

*He is disgusted with himself. Praising Dolos as a god that saves Apollo from that colorless, empty express he calls limbo. Praising Theseus' torturer as his savior disgust him, wanting to puke from this very moment.*

*Theseus looked at him with silence, fear contemplating inside him. Is his brother going to take his abuser's side? Or will he take his brother's side? Overall, doubts have clouded his mind. He won't be surprised if Apollo would take Dolos' side, after all he did think of him as his god and savior. Theseus clenched his fist, looking away and now staring at the cobblestone tower that reached into the night sky in front of him. How he wished he had jumped on that day, he would be avoiding the painful death and revival and would meet his brother sooner in the express. None of this would have happened.*

*Snapping from his imagination, he returned to reality. "Let's visit him, Theseus"*

*"W-what?" Theseus stuttered in reply, gulping as he was being stared at with intense gaze. Apollo's eyes seem to shift in a bright red color from the limited light he's standing at, similar to their other brother, Lycomedes, when he is filled with rage and voices succumbing to him. In the blink of an eye, that thought was gone. The red iris was replaced into a dirt shade almost in an instant. He seems to be imagining things. "We cannot visit him, Apollo for he escaped and now, out of reach and on the loose"*

*"What?" Apollo replied with a flat tone, causing his brother to jump, surprised at the monotone note. Theseus stood the opposite of him, head down low looking as if he was ashamed at their current predicament. However, it was not a shame he's feeling. It was remorse, anger and fear. Apollo shakes his head, "Well then, let's lure him in order to capture him and place him to where he belong"*

*"Lure him?" Theseus asked incredulously and albeit confusingly. What's with his plan? Does he really want to feed him to his abuser that badly? He stepped back, now shaking. "I-I don't think that's a good idea, Apollo"*

*"Why not? Theseus, we're putting him in his place and by luring him, we can do that. Don't you not want to be safe and sound, rather than thinking he's out there somewhere?" Apollo said, "We just have to think a way on how we can set the plan into action"*

*Theseus hesitantly replied, "We could um— we could trip the Pandora's alarm? To maybe alarm him?"*

*Apollo clasped his hand, head nodding enthusiastically. Expression almost laughing insanely, "Yeah, yeah we could do that! I always knew you're smart, dear brother"*

*"Yeah" Theseus chewed his lip, having second thoughts. "Yeah"*

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It was about two months since he moved into the two storied modern house. A house Deo gave him with Tommy reluctantly accepting, after a lot of urges from his platonic brunette soulmate. Tommy decided on a short notice to live on his own, maybe for several months before moving with his friends, the famous six. He wanted to practice living on his own, he reasoned yet the true explanation behind it is wanting to experience firsthand the freedom of living independently (and

by that means, doing the process slowly thus, he asked a favor to his friends to wait for him until he's ready to live with them). Even if Eryn and his father is present, he still felt free (maybe because of that fact that none of his family members are present nor the gossiping maids and house servants).

It was smaller than the manor he got used to living in but it was definitely enough for him, excited to the idea of being able to decorate his own property with no one judging. Deo's address was just around the corner, making it easier to come over and hang out. Drista and the others are planning to move in the same village as well for easier access when Tommy finally agreed with the idea, promising to not take the promise back. Eryn and his father are also living with him, having bigger rooms than the house servants headquarter rooms in the manor.

There's a library down the road, just a few blocks away from Deo's manor who's hiring a librarian for a part time job and safe to say, Tommy immediately applied with his *family's* encouragement. Although the salary was lower than any minimum wage, it's enough for Tommy. He could always look for better work soon if this doesn't satisfy him, both environmental and money wise.

Nonetheless, this life he had decided for himself was far from perfect but it is for Tommy and that's enough.

An aggressive knock on the door interrupted what Tommy is currently doing, scrolling through Twitter. Before Tommy could even respond, the door opened, revealing the famous six. "What the —"

"Tommy! What the hell are you doing?" Drista began, walking straight towards Tommy's wardrobe. Luke followed, holding a peace sign and a look of pity in his face. Bitzel then entered, shaking his head and sighing tiredly, sitting down on the loveseat sofa near the room's balcony, holding three paper bags with designer brands labeled in front in each arm, making it six in total. Purpled focused on his game while Wisp can be seen holding three boxes of newly bought shoes, Tommy thought. Finally, Deo entered the room and sat down beside Tommy, collapsing once he saw the bed and the comfortable pillow. "What the fuck happened to all of you?"

The boys pointed at the blonde haired girl who's looking through different option wears and dropping those who she did not want to see. "Hey! That's my clothes!"

"Tommy, you need new ones" Drista said, not bothering to look at him, "And why are you so relaxed? Didn't you forget you have a competition to win?"

"Dris, the event will happen at one in the afternoon" Luke replied, massaging his temples

"Yeah! And that'll happen any minute by now! We don't want to be fashionably late at a legendary event like this!" Tommy saw Drista's expression once she saw clothing she definitely did not want Tommy to wear. As she threw it in the, assuming, the don't want pile, Tommy pouted as he finally recognized the one she threw was his favorite.

"Dris, it's seven in the morning. We have time" Purpled said, still looking at his phone. Battle noises were heard from the black gadget and Purpled muttered a victorious cry to which Wisp rolled his eyes at.

"So? That's still a little time to prepare!" Drista scratched her head, pacing back and forth, "Prime, why am I even looking in this closet of yours Tommy when I bought clothes that'll fit you for later!"

"We could always call my personal stylist, Drista" Deo muttered, still laying on the bed with face muffled on the soft sheets

"Oh! Right! Where's my phone? Let's call them"

"So we bought these clothes for nothing?" Bitzel deadpanned

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"No, no, no— that's for Tommy's. His closet is practically empty!" Drista pointed at the almost empty closet, the rest were piling on the floor. The others groaned, Good Prime.

*"Are you leaving me again, Apollo?" Theseus frowned and continued to prod, "Are you planning to murder yourself, again?"*

*"What? No, nothing like that" Apollo waved his hand frantically as a form of denial, "I'm— simply going to my hometown, that's all"*

*"H-hometown?"*

*"Yes, the State of Deseret" Apollo explained*

*"Why did I not know of this?"*

*"I kept it hidden, Theseus" Apollo softly said, sadly smiling, "My life was quite a bore so I do not have the means to share it with you. I'm sure you do not want to hear such a boring story"*

*"But— but still! Why now? Why go back?"*

*Apollo defeatedly sighed, "Theseus, The State of Deseret has a place in my heart. I was born in a storm in that place, grew up and worked as an establishment servant for sixteen years of my life before arriving to the Kingdom of Terra and met you"*

*"But— but what does that mean? Why is that connected to the reason for you leaving? You are befuddling me, Apollo" Theseus looked at him with perplexion, teary eyed and desperate for him to stay. Apollo was the only person who loved him and treated him right in this Village and despite his past actions, Apollo was still his brother through and through. He had found justice for Theseus and even gave back his two special beloved artifacts. If he will leave, what is Theseus' purpose? He was freed to be Dolos' little plaything, Dolos is now rotten in prison or now dead due to the numerous bounty on his head, his name as Lycomedes' brother and Zephyrus' son was revoked, his best friend for years found someone new who is much better than the brash and arrogant person who sticked by him through thick and thin, even when the said close friend betrayed him in countless ways.*

*He's free but at what cost?*

*He has been living in a war filled area where one single mistake leads you to death. He was a child when the first war started and still has the mental thinking and intelligence quotient of one due to not attending any learning center at all. He has been a second commander, deputy president, someone's brother, someone's friend and someone's enemy but never Theseus. Theseus who had been forced to grow up quickly because of the environment around him. Theseus who faced several challenges that no other person should encounter. Theseus whose favorite color is ichor red, favorite flower is yellow rose and alliums, favorite constellation is Aries and favorite insect is moths.*

*What is he without Apollo? What is he without Apophis? What is he without Dolos? What is he without Lycomedes? Without Zephyrus?*

*"Myself" Theseus whispered as he saw Apollo walking away, leaving Examinus Bane. Each step makes him farther and farther, until he completely disappeared*

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"I'm nervous" Luke blurted out

"Nervous?" Deo laughed, "Couldn't be me"

"Kindly shut up, boss" Wisp breathed out heavily, "You are nervous too"

"Me? Nervous?" Deo continued to laugh, shaking his head before stopping, "We're all nervous, aren't we?"

Several agreements were heard amongst the group, each sweating and fidgeting in spite of the cold atmosphere in the place they are at. A month ago, the Writing Championships took place in Esempi Earth, Antarctic Empire to which Tommy had to undergo sky trip and land trip at the same time. However, it was not a problem considering Deo's family is willing to buy him a private plane and hired a pilot for him as well, much to the other's amusement and Tommy's hesitancy and denial to the brunette's wishes (still, he accepted the surprising gift because he had no choice. The plane was literally in front of him with the pilot. Prime help him). Dream (with his family and a special childhood friend) and others attended as well, supporting Tommy greatly (he may have shed a tear or three, but they totally did not see it rolling) with their own private jets.

And now here they are, the same location but different day and month. The day of results. The day where the people will declare another literary royalty and will finally know who will be Lady Death's successor.

The venue is bigger than what they expected to be. It was, after all, the biggest and widest coliseum worldwide where important events were held. For such instances, the Writing Championships.

The group were seated at the first three rows at the front , the judges who were standing in front and the host and hostess are clearly seen in front of them. At where Drista was sitting, she can see his brothers and Techno talking animatedly, Foolish chuckling as to what Techno Blade had whispered in his ear while Dream looked playfully offended. She smiled, happy that they were finally getting along after years of being distant with each other. The crowd clapped and howled in cheer, bringing Drista out of her thoughts. "What's happening?"

Purpled, who is sitting beside her replied, "They are reading the winning entry before announcing the champion"

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"Oh c'mon! They are seriously getting us on edge" Drista complained, her cousin nodded in agreement

**The fragmented chaos is ending**

**The final chapter is close to finish**

**Regardless, a new season is impending**

**While this current story will finally diminish**

**The hero got freed from the relentless violence they had suffered**

**The villain met their demise, karma awaits**

**The hero will recover**

**The villain will face their impeccable fate**

**A stereotypical end**

**A predictable story**

## **A boring, languished plot**

**What if the creator twists it to have originality?**

**What if everyone are heroes and villains of their own lore?**

**Everyone are antagonists and protagonists**

**Doing ambiguous acts counted as villainous and heroic?**

**Would that be a bore or languor?**

...

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The crowd listened in complete silence. Some are trying to figure out who wrote the poem while some are trying to understand the message behind it. The poem was quite long, letters combined to make words some people wouldn't understand. It narrates a story about a villain and a hero transitioning to how there wasn't actually a hero. From that, it changes about a goddess named Trixtin then to two brothers stumbling a Village to wars to depression to violence then finally, back to peace. Its description was vague but understandable to retell. No dialogues but emotions were captured perfectly.

From your point of view, it's confusing, poor choice of words and unsatisfactory but from theirs? It's perfectly understandable, words holding much impact that affects the people present and just— incredible.

Media workers are recording the whole thing with Noxcrew team's approval, live on all media platforms including the news. Reporters were writing information, photographers capturing photos that will later be published online.

Thirty minutes passed to what seemed like a few seconds, the poem was done with the last lines consisting of "found peace" and "loneliness". Everyone stood up and gave their best and loudest applause they could give before sitting back on their seats to finally hear the champion.

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Hearing the winning poem, story— literary entry, both Wilbur and Techno, in their heart and mind, knew their brother finally made it.

### ***Prince Theseus Of Death! Our New Literary Royalty!***

***Written by Elizabeth Hazel***

***On the 20th of January, 2016, the champions of the Writing Championships were announced in the Historical Coliseum in the Antarctic Empire, Earth Esempi, the supposed kingdom of literature. After a short introductory speech from Scott Smajor, the hosts, Joel and Lizzie Shadow, read the winning entry before announcing the results, giving a suspense anticipation from the awaiting citizens worldwide. The poem, entitled "Deadly Chaos" lasted around thirty minutes, finally announcing the author of the winning entry to which was Theseus, a literary writing contest winner in Esempi High, Dream Esempi. Wearing a tuxedo medieval retro coat with classy boots and their signature gold accessories covering their face, they quickly stole the spotlight with their powerful aura once they stepped foot on the wide stage.***

***"The whole thing was worth the wait and awesome to witness it live!" A guest from the venue exclaimed, "I can't believe he wrote the entry in under an hour. It's unbelievable"***

***Popular celebrities were spotted in the venue. People such as Justin Deo Time, Dream WasTaken, Puffy WasTaken, Karl Jacobs, Techno Blade Craft and friends are seen cheering for Theseus. Could they know the man behind the mask?***

***More news about Prince Theseus of Death will be published soon. Subscribe to Earth Esempi Times to be notified.***

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## **PRINCE THESEUS OF DEATH**

### **A BIOGRAPHY**

**page 101**

I graduated high school in Esempi High and continued my studies in the Antarctic Empire together with my close friends whom I saw as family. I took up a Bachelor of Arts in Creative Writing and later on, found myself in Psychology, studying it for the sake of my writing career in order to indulge more in depth knowledge about character's personality and such for future books. For instance, in "La Vienna", the protagonist has mental difficulties to where I used my profound knowledge in psychology. Other books of mine like, "ARG" which is deep in psychological horror, was a challenging thing to write especially when I need to gather all the help and information I could get in order to pull the story that I want off.

My book that I've worked on from my high school first year, entitled, "The Examinus Bane" was published a year later after I won the Writing Championships. Thereafter, I wrote a prequel, "Kingdom of Terra" where I showcased Theseus and some other characters' background. From the origin of Trixtin to the destruction of Terra, it was all included. After some breaks and more books, I decided to write a sequel which will be published soon. Nonetheless, the Examinus Bane has a movie adaptation which I handpicked the actors themselves! It was an amazing process and I'm

glad to be part of it! During the teaser, I did see comments expressing their disappointment about the decision of actors and actresses I chose because of them not being well-known and most are new to the acting environment but I am assured, they would exceed my expectations and they did when I saw the movie trailer! The comments improved as well to which I'm happy about! I am forever thankful to my friend, Tommy for his help in choosing the casts and movie sets and with the whole cast.

Anyways, the Antarctic Empire was the place my mother used to live. It was a poor country then and Lady Death helped the country rise to the top, calling it the kingdom of literature. Ever since I saw my mother's journal, I have always wanted to go there and live there, considering I never knew my mother best. So by now living here, I guess I felt like I was connected with my mother in some way.

I now live in an apartment, working full time as an author while planning to set up my own business in the future. I was content with knowing if I needed help, my friends had my back.

Achilles and the rest of 'his' squad live just around the corner of my apartment, treating my apartment as their own home due to the loud knocking coming from them every single day. Achilles who finished Civil Engineering and Business Management Degree, now manages his family business and also became a government official. Odysseus, who finished his Bachelor of Fine Arts, now has several art galleries and makes art for sale, his father passing the role to him as the one of the best artists worldwide. Helen, who finished political science, is now a chief executive officer of her own business and occasionally a government official who occasionally helps Achilles with documents. Hector, graduated with a Degree in Communications, became an actor, much to his father's disapproval. His father did agree at the later rate and his theater acting paid off. Dolon who graduated in Information Technology and halfway in finishing Law, he's too focused on his studies these days. Finally, Machaon finished his Bachelor of Business Administration, managing his casinos and branches worldwide.

That was a lot.

Anywho, my brother Lycomedes who successfully finished his English Major, good for him, and I meet up once a month to catch up. He now lives here in Earth Esempi, joining me a year after my high school graduation. Although, I am unaware where he lives since he wouldn't tell me exactly where. I do have an idea that he's a town away considering that on some occasions, he would suddenly appear in my apartment, watching television whenever I'm in my own office. It's strange and eccentric for the first few times but I got used to it at some point.

My father, Zephyrus passed away two years and a couple of months after my brother's death. It was the day of my graduation when I received the news. I only felt numbness, confused on whether I laugh or cry or what to exactly react. I found out he was suffering from liver disease and lung cancer that night from my brother, Lycomedes. I remembered I just nodded and resigned on my

bed, flopping on the mattress and finally crying out of anger, frustration and finally settling on sadness. Even though my father wasn't the best, my heart still felt that loving sympathy for him. He died alone, his last contact with his children was three years before he passed away. It was sad to think about and an underlying regret succumbed to me at that moment. Lycomedes and friends were there, reminding me that it wasn't my fault. After a few weeks, I was back to normal and moved on rather quickly (I had always been that way) but up until now, I still have that feeling from time to time. And when that happens, I tried to find time to visit the Craft Manor and visit my mother's, father's and my oldest brother's grave.

Setting this information aside, I actually expect to reconcile with my brothers. Or, you could say, I want to express my anger by slashing out on them. Or, make them jealous that I have another friend whom I saw as a brother figure. It may sound petty but it's true. I was always a petty person. We did talk, close to reconciling but fate knew otherwise. I talked to the younger twin shortly before running away and I talked to the other due to a temporary truce that I hoped to be permanent. But fate knew otherwise.

I was meant to be alone.

I have two biological brothers who I have idolized. I grew up with two biological absent brothers that I loathe. And I graduated with the support of a brother to whom I got close with after his death. But despite his support, he still felt missing, sad perks with living in a far distance.

And there I realized, I only have myself at the end of the day.

And that's alright. I got used to it.

It's been twenty two years, fifteen days, twenty five minutes and thirty seconds since Apollo, my brother, died. Today is the fifteenth of November, 2037. I'm currently 33 years old and I know more challenges await me, but I've been facing problems since childhood. I'm ready.

So fucking bring it on.

## Chapter End Notes

It's finally done. Woah.

I'm sorry for the delay! Shit happened and now I'm failing exams! Woo.

For me personally, this isn't great like at all. I have troubles in writing when it comes to ending the story because I felt like it wasn't enough? If you get what I mean so if you aren't satisfied with this ending, then I'm so sorry! Hopefully, this doesn't look like a rush writing. I tried to leave details as much as possible (compared to my other books) so that it doesn't seem rushed type of thing. Tysm for all the support I have received, this was the biggest one yet here in my ao3 history and hopefully, you will support me for my future books still!

Check [Wattpad](#) for a bonus chapter!

## End Notes

This fan fiction is also available in Wattpad! Click [here](#) to open this version! Although, I prefer reading in ao3 rather than in Wattpad for better reading quality and details. I originally and firstly made my Wattpad account than my Archive Of Our Own account for offline reading as well as funny comments lmao.

*kudos, comments and bookmarks are greatly appreciated! I love reading your comments so much, even though I don't reply much (because I don't know how to respond or am overwhelmed /pos) and tysm in advance!!*

## Social Accounts

### **ACTIVE SOCIALS**

[Instagram](#)

[Wattpad](#)

### **RECENTLY MADE SOCIALS**

[Tumblr](#)

[Wattpad \(second account\)](#)

## ***YOUTUBE***

[haikyuu texting channel](#)  
[gacha channel](#)

*won't include my third since I'm still not sure what to post*

## **Works Inspired For This Fic**

[camisado](#) by [BexOfCards](#)

[Ours Poetica](#) by [zeeskait](#)

[Butterfly Reign](#) by [SilentTeyz](#)

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